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Lizzie B. Estey.
From Fannie.
Aug 30 th 1861.

GÜNDERODE.

CORRESPONDENCE
OF
FRÄULEIN GÜNDERODE
AND
BETTINE VON ARNIM.

"Our communion was sweet,—it was the epoch in which I first became conscious of myself."

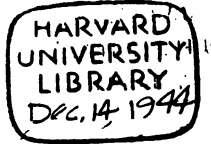
"The kingdom in which we met sank down like a cloud, parting to receive us to a secret Paradise:—there all was new—surprising, but congenial to spirit and heart; and thus the days went by."

BOSTON:
T. O. H. P. BURNHAM.
M.DCCC.LXI.

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*Society for the preservation
of
New England Antiquities*

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1993



TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THIS translation is offered to the public with diffidence, for the task is one of great difficulty. The original is not a work subject to the canons of literary criticism, but a simple product of private relations. Its negligent familiarity is one of its chief charms, but one difficult to reproduce without in some degree offending established rules of taste.

The letters are published, to judge from appearances, as they were thrown off at the moment, in haste and girlish freedom. Many passages are obscure, others are wordy, yet in such wise that it is dangerous either to make clear or compress. In such cases the translator has been content with the strictest verbal fidelity possible to her apprehension of these passages. Mistakes may, probably, exist, for often the meaning of sentences is only to be explained by a general view of the writer's mode of thought; at other times, localities, or shades of meaning, dependent on peculiar circumstances, may have been misunderstood. I had not the advantage of consulting any person who could aid me from an intimate knowledge of the influences under which the two girls lived, and my doubts have been more frequent than in any book I ever read. Still, I hope, it will be seen that the translation retains the delicate lineaments of the original. It ought, — for their beauty has been keenly felt by the interpreter.

I cannot hope to please those who know how to prize the naiveté of Bettine's own German-English. To invent such a dialect requires her peculiar genius and devotion to the task. I cannot boast of having "pried all day for the fit word" with such zeal as to force it to come to my pillow. Neither have I sought, with bigoted precision, to render these wild graces of style, willing or unwilling, into pure English, which many persons wish the translator to do at any sacrifice. The exact transmission of thought seems to me the one important thing in a translation; if grace and purity of style come of themselves, it is so much gained. In translating, I throw myself, as entirely as possible, into the mood of the writer, and make use of such expressions as would come naturally, if reading the work aloud into English. The style thus formed is at least a transcript of the feelings excited by the original; and is a likeness, if a caricature. Such translations please me best, — foreign works "done into English," as was the simple phrase of an earlier day, when the preservation of thought was the grand object. *Now*, people are as impatient of peculiarity in style, as in dress or manners.

All who read this translation should turn again to the story of the friendship between Bettine von Arnim and the Canoness Günderode; (Correspondence with a Child, p. 50.) Apparently the letters were written in the years 1805–6. But it was not until long after, at the request of Goethe, that Bettine was induced to "make a perfectly free confession" as to the date of a letter.

A single page of Bettine's give some notion of her fresh, fragrant, and vigorous genius. But a character like Günderode's, of such subtile harmonies, and soft aërial grace, can only be described through multiplied traits. She is a soul so delicately apparelled, a woman so tenderly transfigured, that the organs made use of to observe common mortals, seem to need refining in her own atmosphere, before they can

clearly appreciate her. And, after all, as the loveliest woman is better seen in the love she inspires in some heroic man than in anything done or said by herself, so we see Günderrode even better in her influence on Bettine than in her own letters. Bettine is indeed a child by *her* side, the pupil forming beneath her religious care, a worshipping child before the veiled Madonna beauty of her spirit.

If the "Correspondence with a Child" was offered "to the Good, not to the Bad," this no less requires the same prefix. To those who have eyes to see, and hearts to understand the deep leadings of the two characters, these pages present a treasury of sweetest satisfactions, of lively suggestions ; — to the obtuse, the vulgar, and the frivolous, they will seem sheer folly, the cobweb tissues of a misled fancy, the bubbles on waters yet undrained. They will be much or nothing to the reader, according to the degree in which he has sought, felt, and lived a pure, a private, and an aspiring life.

As many readers may be unacquainted with the name of Günderode, the following extract is given from an article in the "Dial," No. VII., entitled "Bettine Brentano and her Friend Günderode."

"But the letters to Goethe are not my present subject; and those before me, with the same merits, give us no cause, however trifling, for regret. They are letters which passed between Bettine and the Canoness Günderode, the friend to whom she was devoted several years previous to her acquaintance with Goethe.

"The readers of the 'Correspondence with a Child' will remember the history of this intimacy, and of the tragedy with which it closed, as one of the most exquisite passages in the volumes. The filling out of the picture is not unworthy the outline there given.

"Günderode was a Canoness in one of the orders described by Mrs. Jameson, living in the house of her order, but mixing freely in the world at her pleasure. But, as she was eight or ten years older than her friend, and of a more delicate and reserved nature, her letters describe a narrower range of outward life. She seems to have been intimate with several men of genius and high cultivation, especially in philosophy, as well as with Bettine; these intimacies afforded stimulus to her life, which she passed, at the period of writing, either in her little room with her books and her pen, or in occasional visits to her family and to beautiful country-places.

"Bettine, belonging to a large and wealthy family of extensive commercial connections, and seeing at the house of her

grandmother Me. La Roche, most of the distinguished literati of the time, as well as those noble and princely persons who were proud to do honor to letters, if they did not professedly cultivate them, brings before us a much wider circle. The letters would be of great interest, if only for the distinct pictures they present of the two modes of life; and the two beautiful figures which animate and portray these modes of life are in perfect harmony with them.

"I have been accustomed to distinguish the two as Nature and Ideal. Bettine, hovering from object to object, drawing new tides of vital energy from all, living freshly alike in man and tree, loving the breath of the damp earth as well as that of the flower which springs from it, bounding over the fences of society as easily as over the fences of the field, intoxicated with the apprehension of each new mystery, never hushed into silence by the highest, flying and singing like the bird, sobbing with the hopelessness of an infant, prophetic, yet astonished at the fulfilment of each prophecy, restless, fearless, clinging to love, yet unwearied in experiment, — is not this the pervasive vital force, cause of the effect which we call nature?

"And Günderode, in the soft dignity of each look and gesture, whose lightest word has the silvery spiritual clearness of an angel's lyre, harmonizing all objects into their true relations, drawing from every form of life its eternal meaning, checking, reproving, and clarifying all that was unworthy by her sadness at the possibility of its existence! Does she not meet the wild, fearless bursts of the friendly genius, to measure, to purify, to interpret, and thereby to elevate? As each word of Bettine's calls to enjoy and behold, like a breath of mountain-air, so each of Günderode's comes like the moon-beam to transfigure the landscape, to hush the wild beatings of the heart, and dissolve all the sultry vapors of day into the pure dew-drops of the solemn and sacred night.

"The action of these two beings upon one another, as repre-

senting classes of thoughts, is thus of the highest poetical significance. As persons, their relation is not less beautiful. An intimacy between two young men is heroic. They call one another to combat with the wrongs of life; they buckler one another against the million; they encourage each other to ascend the steep of knowledge; they hope to aid one another in the administration of justice, and the diffusion of prosperity. As the life of man is to be active, they have still more the air of brothers in arms than of fellow-students. But the relation between two young girls is essentially poetic. What is more fair than to see little girls, hand in hand, walking in some garden, laughing, singing, chatting in low tones of mystery, cheek to cheek and brow to brow! *Hermia* and *Helena*, the nymphs gathering flowers in the vale of *Enna*, sister *Graces* and sister *Muses* rise to thought, and we feel how naturally the forms of women are associated in the contemplation of beauty and the harmonies of affection. The correspondence between very commonplace girls is interesting, if they are not foolish sentimentalists, but healthy natures with a common groundwork of real life. There is a fluent tenderness, a native elegance in the arrangement of trifling incidents, a sincere childlike sympathy in aspirations that mark the destiny of woman. She should be the poem, man the poet.

"The relation before us presents all that is lovely between woman and woman, adorned by great genius and beauty on both sides. The advantage in years, the higher culture, and greater harmony of *Günderode's* nature is counterbalanced by the ready springing impulse, richness, and melody of the other.

"And not only are these letters interesting as presenting this view of the interior of German life, and of an ideal relation realized, but the high state of culture in Germany which presented to the thoughts of those women themes of poetry and philosophy as readily as to the English or American

girl come the choice of a dress, the last concert or assembly, has made them expressions of the noblest aspiration, filled them with thoughts, and oftentimes deep thoughts, on the greatest subjects. Many of the poetical fragments from the pen of Günderode are such as would not have been written, had she not been the contemporary of Schelling and Fichte; yet are they native and original, the atmosphere of thought reproduced in the brilliant and delicate hues of a peculiar plant. This transfusion of such energies as are manifested in Goethe, Kant, and Schelling, into these private lives, is a creation not less worthy our admiration than the forms which the Muse has given them to bestow on the world through their immediate working by their chosen means. These are not less the children of the genius than his statue or the exposition of his method. Truly, as regards the artist, the immortal offspring of the Muse,

‘Loves where (art) has set its seal,’

are objects of clearer confidence than the lives on which he has breathed; they are as safe as the poet tells us death alone can make the beauty of the actual; they will ever bloom as sweet and fair as now, ever thus radiate pure light, nor degrade the prophecy of high moments, by compromise, fits of inanity, or folly, as the living poems do. But to the universe, which will give time and room to correct the bad lines in those living poems, it is given to wait as the artist with his human feelings cannot, though secure that a true thought never dies, but once gone forth must work and live forever.

“We know that cant and imitation must always follow a bold expression of thought in any wise, and reconcile ourselves, as well as we can, to those insects called by the very breath of the rose to prey upon its sweetness. But pleasure is unmingled where thought has done its proper work, and fertilized while it modified each being in its own kind. Let

him who has seated himself beneath the great German oak, and gazed upon the growth of poesy, of philosophy, of criticism, of historic painting, of the drama, till the life of the last fifty years seems well worth man's living, pick up also these little acorns which are dropping gracefully on the earth, and carry them away to be planted in his own home, for in each fairy form may be read the story of the national tree, the promise of future growths as noble.

"The talisman of this friendship may be found in Gündelrode's postscript to one of her letters, 'If thou findest Muse, write soon again.' I have hesitated whether this might not be, 'If thou findest Musse (leisure), write soon again;' then had the letters wound up like one of our epistles here in America. But, in fine, I think there can be no mistake. They waited for the Muse. Here the pure products of public and private literature are on a par. That inspiration which the poet finds in the image of the ideal man, the man of the ages, of whom nations are but features, and Messiahs the voice, the friend finds in the thought of his friend, a nature in whose positive existence and illimitable tendencies he finds the mirror of his desire, and the spring of his conscious growth. For those who write in the spirit of sincerity, write neither to the public nor the individual, but to the soul made manifest in the flesh, and publication or correspondence only furnishes them with the occasion for bringing their thoughts to a focus.

"The day was made rich to Bettine and her friend by hoarding its treasures for one another. If we have no object of the sort, we cannot live at all in the day, but thoughts stretch out into eternity and find no home. We feel of these two that they were enough to one another to be led to indicate their best thoughts, their fairest visions, and therefore theirs was a true friendship. They needed not 'descend to meet.'"

GÜNDERODE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

THE prattling spirit in my breast kept prattling on and on to thee through the tangled wood to Trages, where all were already asleep. They woke and said, it was already past one; in the country they blow out time at night, like a torch which one would save. When I told them that thou camest with us as far as Henault, they all would fain have had thee here, each one for himself alone; then had I been deprived of thee as much as now. Through thee glows the spirit, like the sun through young leaves; it is with me as with the bud brooding in the sun; when I think of thee, it warms me, and I expand my leaves in joy and pride, and often grow restless, so that I cannot remain in my place, but must forth into the field, into the wood—in the open air can I think of all which was impossible to me in the chamber—then fly my thoughts over the hills, and I look after them. They are all gone to-day to Meerholz, to see our cousin with the too large nose. I am alone at home; I said I wanted to write; but the nose was the true reason.

I have just come out of the Linden walk, and lived through the storm with the trees; they give a good example, how we should be steadfast in bad weather; lightning and thunder kept following one another so quick till they were quite out of breath; now all the woods are at rest. I was wet, but the rain so warm, it had not mattered if it had rained yet harder; soon was it fine weather, with a rainbow resting on the cornfield. I chased it half an hour, and came no nearer, then I thought how oft all seems near which one wants, and yet with utmost zeal we can never get a step nearer it. If

the beauty from heaven beams not down upon us of its own will, it is in vain to run to meet it. I have been running the whole afternoon ; but here they come in the carriage. \

SUNDAY.

Yesterday, at twilight, I was walking alone in the fields. Then came into my mind all our talk, as we were riding from Frankfort, about which of us two should die first. I have been here eight days, yet that talk is still sounding in my ears. "There is other space beside this little day-and-world history in which the soul may satisfy its thirst to be something in itself," saidst thou. Then felt I, and feel it again and always, if thou wert not, what would the whole world be to me? No opinion, no human being has influence over me but thou. I am dead already, if thou dost not bid me rise up and live on and on with thee ; I feel with certainty my life wakes up only when thou callest, and will perish if it cannot continue to grow in thee. Thou hast said that thy desire is to be free ; but I do not desire to be free, but to take root in thee, — a wood-rose refreshing itself in its own fragrance, it opens its bosom to the sun, but then, if the earth crumbles away from its roots, all is over. Yes, my life is insecure ; without thy love, in which it is planted, it will never come to blossom, and a feeling has come upon me, as if thou mightst forget me ; but this perhaps is only because this weather is so pale and cold, and when I think on the fiery radiance with which thou hast so oft shone through my soul — abide with me yet.

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

I have had many thoughts of thee, dear Bettine. Some nights ago I dreamed thou wast dead ; I wept bitterly at it, and the dream left, for a whole day, a mournful echo in my soul. When I came home at evening, I found thy letter ; I felt both joy and surprise to find a certain correspondence between my dream and thy thoughts.

Clemens arrived yesterday evening. I wish thou wert here ; then he would find it pleasanter and more home-like ; if thou comest not soon, I think he will go to thee.

Shall there be in this letter no word that can give thee pleasure. Thou art turning it on all sides to see if there is

nothing about a certain Russian cabriolet; but thou wilt find nothing, for in all this time I have seen him only two minutes, then he was on horseback, and spoke no reasonable word. Be merry, Bettine, and do not allow them to drive with cabriolets into thy heart. Present my friendly greetings to Savigny; I hold him dear, but cannot come to Trages.

Have the kindness to ask Sanchen if I did not leave my Chignon comb and chain at your house. If you come not soon, write of your life to her who loves you.

CAROLINE.

On my return from Henault, I turned our talk into a poem, but it broke a little. I would the piece were nobler, or rather I would it were more melodious; but it contains much at which we glanced while talking. You write with more music in your letters. I wish I could learn the art.

MANES.

Scholar. Wise Master, I was in the catacombs of the Swedish kings. I drew near the coffin of Gustavus Adolphus with singular and painful feelings; his deeds passed through my mind. I saw at one moment his life and death; his superabundant activity, and the deep repose in which he, sleeping, encounters now the second century. I recall the barbarous age in which he lived; my mind is like a deep pit from which the shadows of the past are flitting upwards. Tears for his death fell as warm as if it had chanced to-day. Lost, gone, said I to myself; is this all the fruit of the great life? Ah! I could not abide by the pit. I sought distraction; I sought pains of another kind, but the subterranean gloomy spirit pursued me. I could not shake off the sadness that lay upon my thoughts like a mourning veil; my own time seems worthless and void; passionately am I drawn into the past. Is it past? O that I were so also, and had never seen this bad time in which the greatness of that former world is quite gone and lost!

Teacher. [Nothing is lost, young Scholar;] that can in no wise be; only the eye cannot follow an infinite series of consequences. Beside, how canst thou say that is lost which works so powerfully on thyself? Thy own destiny and present life are less to thee than the memory of the great King. Is not this the life now in thee, or dost thou esteem life only

as somewhat fleshly and visible, considering as dead and lost what works and is in thought alone ?

Scholar. If it is life, it is but the life of a shadow ; then is the memory of the past more than a pale, shadowy reality.

Teacher. The present is but a fleeting moment ; it passes while thou art realizing it ; the consciousness of life is its memory ; in this sense alone canst thou regard the past, whether its date be long since or a moment ago.

Scholar. Thou sayest truly. The great man then lives not in me after his own law, but after mine ; and how I receive, how and whether I remember him ? —

Teacher. Truly, that life alone is continued in thee which thy mind is fitted to receive, in so far as it is congenial ; what is of other nature in thee remains uninvaded, or that which thou receivest cannot work ; the limitation is the same in all matters. That which thou art not mentally prepared to receive is lost upon thy mind, as colors on a blind man's eye.

Scholar. I must then believe that nothing is lost, as all causes live in their consequences, but only work on what is fitted to receive them. The world may be satisfied with this certainty, that nothing is lost. With this continuous life I am not satisfied ; I long to be received into the bosom of the past — long for immediate relations with its great spirits.

Teacher. And dost thou fancy this possible ?

Scholar. I should have fancied it impossible before I desired it so fervently yesterday ; I should have esteemed my wish a folly ; to-day so desirous am I to believe possible this connection with the world of spirits, that I am near believing it.

Teacher. I think the shade of the great Adolphus has opened thy inner eye to the light. Hear me, then ; as all the parts of harmony have a necessary connection, whether obvious to sense or not, so surely are we in connection with that part of the world of spirits, which harmonizes with us. Likeness, in the thoughts of different men, is, in the spiritual sense, already connection, even if they know not of one another's existence, nor does the death of a man, who is in this connection with me, disturb it ; death is a chemical process, a separation, but not annihilation of powers. It does not break the bond between me and a mind like mine ; but the progress of the one, and the indolence of the other, may

break it, as one who has advanced far in the paths of knowledge, can no more meet the still ignorant friend of earlier years. Thou canst easily apply this, both as to general and particulars.

Scholar. Perfectly; you say harmony of powers constitutes the connection, and death cannot break it; for it only separates, not annihilates, these powers.

Teacher. Only the withdrawal of that which was the condition of harmony, can annihilate it, and a connection with the souls of those departed, may continue to exist so long as they have not ceased to harmonize with us.

Scholar. I understand that.

Teacher. All that is important is to become aware of the fact. Pure spiritual facts cannot be obvious to our senses; they are not discerned through the eye or ear, but through the organ appropriate to them — through the inner sense, on which they work direct. This inner sense, the deep and delicate organ of the soul, is scarcely developed at all by common men; only in each lies the germ. The din of the world, the intercourse with men, shallow in its origin, and addressed to what is superficial, prevent the soul from being conscious of its organ; and what has been revealed by it, through all times, has encountered multitudes of sceptics and scorners, and even to this day is its perception and use an individual feature in the lives of extraordinary men. Without reference to unspiritual apparitions, I feel, clearly, that the inner sense may be so excited as that the inner apparition shall become palpable to the bodily eye, as, on the other hand, the outward apparition is palpable to the spiritual eye. Thus I need not to explain all marvels through imposture or illusion of the senses, yet I know, in the language of the world, this development of an inward sense is called imagination.

He, whose spiritual eye has been opened to the light, sees things in harmony with his being, invisible to others. From this inner sense have proceeded the religions, all the apocalypses, of ancient and modern times. Out of this power to discern connections, too subtle for the perception of those whose inner eye is still closed, arises the gift of prophecy; that is, of binding together the past and future, and following out causes to their inevitable results. Prophecy is a perception of the future. The prophet's art cannot be learned; the

sense for it is a mystery, and mystically developed ; it reveals itself as the swift lightning, which instantly seeks again its grave, in the dark night. We cannot call up spirits, by spells, at our own will ; but they can reveal themselves to the spirit, the inner sense can discern them, and the susceptible mind receive.

The teacher was silent, and his hearer left him. Many thoughts were busy within, and his whole soul was earnestly bent to make what he heard his own.

TO GÜNDERODE.

Thou knowest Bostel is here ; he is always running after me and saying, " Bettine, why are you so unamiable ? " I then ask him, what shall I do to become more amiable ? " Do like your sister, Loulou ; talk quietly with people, and show some sympathy if they talk to you. At present, if we wish to show you that regard that is due to a girl already of an important age, it is not possible ; you are like a young cat running after a mouse ; while we are doing you the honor to talk to you, you are climbing on chairs and sideboards ; you are up before the old family portraits, and seem to pay much more regard to them than to us who are living." Indeed, Herr von Bostel, that is only because they are so entirely overlooked and forgotten ; nobody speaks to them, and I feel about them as you do about me. Out of sympathy you talk to me, poor little fledgling that I am, and that infects one so, that I want to show sympathy for these painted big wigs. " Are you crazy ? Why should you show sympathy to an old picture ? " As you show it to me. " But the pictures have no feeling of it." Ei, and I have no feeling of it. " Well, I swear I pity you, you are on the way to the madhouse."

I should not tell you such a silly story, if it had not caused such an uproar, for Clemens would not permit this from the good Bostel ; they talked very big, from Schelmufskey to the Grand Mogul, and in the little house, where they were, was such a noise that, from afar, it sounded like a brawl. I went there and waited till Bostel came out ; he was much excited ; I took all upon myself, and begged his pardon for having been so unmannerly, and said, I know not what all, till he promised, at last, to make peace with Clemens and forgive me, since I confessed my naughtiness. I confessed all, but thought, in my heart, what a piece of absurdity he

was ; Clemens came out, and then was fault found with me from both sides. I contradicted neither, but soothed both, till they had given one another the hand, and me a good lesson.

Since men are kind, and my heart kindly disposed towards them, how is it that I can talk with nobody? God has willed that I should be at home with thee alone. The *Manes* I read again and again ; the piece constantly excites thoughts. Thou thinkest that thou hast not spoken thy meaning well. I believe great thoughts, when they come to us for the first time, are so surprising, then seem words too poor for their expression ; they seek about for it, and we feel timidity at using that which is not usual ; yet, wherefore? I would always speak against rule, if thus I came nearer what is in the soul. Music should govern in the soul. Tune, without melody, shows that thought is not fluent ; the soul must produce means through which the stream of thought can flow. Thy letter is wholly melodious to me, more so than thy speech. "If thou art not to return soon, write again to her who loves thee." These words have a melodious flow, and then, "I have such dreary thoughts of thee, dear Bettine. Some nights ago, I dreamed thou wast dead. I wept bitterly at it, and the dream left, for a whole day, a mournful echo in my soul." It would be I, dearest Günderode, who would weep if forced to leave thee here and go into another world ; I cannot think it would be possible for me to come to myself without thee. The musical sound of those words is like the pulse-beats of feeling ; it is living love ; that feelest thou for me, I am happy indeed. I believe nothing true can arise in the spirit, without music, and that only the spirit which is well attuned, can feel itself free. I cannot say it clearly ; what I mean is, that we can receive the spirit of no book, or even read it, unless it brings its in-born melody ; it becomes conceivable and sensible only through this melody. And, while I think of it, must not all be untrue that is wanting in melody? Thy Schellings and Fichtes and Kants, are to me quite inconceivable beings. What pains have I been at with them, and only now run away because I would make a pause. Attraction, Repulsion, Highest Potency!

Knowest thou how it is with me? I get my head in a whirl, and then am ashamed, yes, truly ashamed, thus to

use pickaxes to get something from all this speech, and that a man born healthy must think his head into regular bumps and graft on the soul so many physical ills. Is not the philosopher fearfully presumptuous? Or, if he gets a thought, does it make him wise? Oh, no! The thought falls like a shaving beneath the carpenter's bench, and is useless to so wise a master. Wisdom must be natural; how can it need such a repulsive apparatus to be set a-going; it is living; how, then, condescend to use such means? Man must, above all, love nature with true love; then blooms he! then nature plants intellect in him. But none of these philosophers seem to me like such an one, who leans on her bosom and trusts her, and, with all his powers, is dedicated to her. Rather, he seems on the watch, like a robber, what he can pilfer from her; what he gets he puts into his private workshop, and then, what toil he has lest it should stop; here a wheel, there a weight, goes wrong; one machine catches in the other; he explains to the scholars his perpetual motion, all in a sweat, while the scholars stand confounded, and have not a word to say.

Now, pardon me all this fable; thou knowest I have never carried my aversion farther than as I have been heated and made giddy; and when thy great thoughts come before me, which are also philosophic, I say there is no intellect but in philosophy; or, turn it about, and say philosophy is the eternal, living spirit, which will not let itself be seized, nor looked at, nor overlooked, but only felt, working in each one new and ideal, in short, which is like the ether above us. Thou canst not seize it with the eye, canst only by it be shone upon, embraced; thou canst live upon it, but not produce it for thyself. Is not the creative nature more powerful than the philosopher with his triangle, when he pushes the creative faculties hither and thither — to what purpose? Does he think this exhibition of thought the certain way to draw near to the soul of nature? I believe she will hardly tolerate one who has pinched himself into a philosopher.

"Wie ist Natur so hold und gut, die mich am Busen halt."

"How gentle and good is Nature thus to hold me to her bosom,"

sounds like a joke upon philosophers. But thou art a poet, and all that thou sayest is holy truth. "We cannot call up

spirits by the spells of magic, but they can reveal themselves to the soul; the prepared soul can receive them; by the inner sense may they be discerned." Now, truly, if the whole world of to-day did not understand what thou hast said in those words, and I believe it would in vain be spoken to the world, yet am I the scholar, who will strive, with all his force, to make what he has heard his own, and from this doctrine shall my happiness bloom up, not because I have learnt, but because I feel it; it has become in me a germ, and takes deep root; it expresses my nature, or, rather, it is the holy word, "Let there be," which thou hast uttered over me. At night I read it in bed, and feel no more alone and a nothing in the world; I think as the spirit must reveal itself to spirits, so must it come to mine. To that which the world calls "extravagant imagination," will I sacrifice in silence, and keep my mind clear from all which may injure my power of receiving it; for I feel within me a conscience which secretly warns me when I should avoid this and that. As I talk with thee to-day, I feel there is an unconscious consciousness, that is, feeling, and that the soul is unconsciously made living, so must it be among the spirits — but no more of that. Through thee nature breathes on me and awakes my soul, as the bud is called out into leaves. Ah! just now, a great bird flew up against the window and frightened me so; it is already past midnight. Good-night.

TO BETTINE.

It seems to me sometimes quite too absurd, dear Bettine, that thou shouldst, with such solemnity, declare thyself my scholar, when I might as well hold myself thine; yet it gives me much pleasure, and there is, also, a truth in it, if the teacher feels himself stimulated by the scholar; thus may I, with some reason, call myself thine. Many new insights are brought me by thy opinions and by thy divinations, in which I confide; and since thou art so loving as to name thyself my scholar, I may sometime marvel to see over what a bird I have been brooding.

Thy story of Bostel is quite pleasant; nothing dost thou love better than to take the sins of the world upon thyself — to thee they are no burden, they give thee wings rather for gayety and whim; we may think God himself takes pleasure with thee. But thou wilt never be able to make men esteem

thee something better than themselves. Yet however genius makes to itself air and light, it is always ethereal-wise, even when it bears on its pinions all the load of Philisterei. In such matters thou art a born genius, and in these can I only be thy scholar, toiling after thee with diligence. It is an amusing play in the circle that while others complain of thy so called inconsequences, I secretly lament that my genius does not lead to such "Careless away over the plains, where thou seest no path dug before thee by the boldest pioneers." Yet, always do one thing at a time, do not begin so many all confusedly. In thy chamber it looked like the shore where a fleet lies wrecked. Schlosser wanted two great folios that he lent you three months ago, from the city library, and which you have never read. Homer lay open on the ground, and thy canary-bird had not spared it. Thy fairly designed map of the voyages of Odysseus lay near, as well as the shell box with all the Sepia saucers and shells of colors; they have made a brown spot on thy pretty straw carpet, but I have tried to put all once more into order. Thy flageolet, which thou couldst not find to take with thee, guess where I found it; in the orange-tree box, on the balcony; it was buried in the earth up to the mouth-piece; probably thou hadst desired, on thy return, to find a tree of flageolets sprouting up. Liesbet has bountifully watered the tree, and the instrument has been all drenched. I have laid it in a cool place, that it may dry gradually and not burst; but what to do with the music, that lay near by, I cannot tell; I put it in the sun, but before human eyes canst thou never show it again. The blue ribbon of thy guitar has been fluttering out of the window, to the great delight of the school-children opposite, ever since thy departure. I chid Liesbet a little for not having shut the window; she excused herself, because it was hid by the green silk curtain, yet, whenever the door is open, there is a draught. The sedge by the glass is still green. I have given it fresh water. In thy box, where are sowed oats and I know not what else, all has grown up together; I think there are many weeds, but, as I cannot be sure, I have not ventured to pull anything up. Of books, I have found on the floor Ossian, — Sacontala, — the Frankfort Chronicle, the second volume of Hemsterhuis, which I took home with me because I have the first already: in Hemsterhuis lay the

accompanying philosophical essay, which I pray thee present to me, unless thou hast some special value for it ; I have more of the same sort from thee, and, as thy dislike to philosophy makes thee esteem them so lightly, I should like to keep together these studies against thy will ; perhaps in time they will become interesting to thee. Siegwart, a romance of the olden day, I found on the harpsichord with the inkstand lying on it ; luckily, there was little ink, yet wilt thou find thy moonlight composition, over which it has flowed, not easy to decipher. I heard something rattle in a little box, in the window-sill, and had the curiosity to open it, then flew out two butterflies, which thou hadst put in as chrysalises. Liesbet and I chased them into the balcony, where they satisfied their first hunger in the bean blossoms. From under the bed, Liesbet swept out Charles the Twelfth, the Bible, and also a glove which belongs not to the hand of a lady, in which was a French poem ; this glove seems to have lain under thy pillow ; I did not know thou hadst ever busied thyself with writing French poems in the old style. The perfume of the glove is very pleasant, and reminds me of something which gives me a notion where its fellow may be ; yet be easy about thy treasure, I have fastened it up behind Kranach's Lucretia, and there, at thy return, it may be found. I saw two letters among many written papers ; the seals were unbroken ; one was from young Lichtenberg, of Darmstadt, the other from Vienna. What acquaintances hast thou there, and how is it possible that one who so seldom receives letters, should not be more curious, or, rather, so careless about them ? I left them on thy table. All is now in tolerable order, so that thou mayst, diligently and comfortably, continue thy studies.

I have with true pleasure described to thee thy chamber, for it, like an optic mirror, expresses thy apart manner of being, and gives the range of thy whole character ; thou hast brought together various and strange materials to kindle the sacrificial flame ; it is burning ; whether the Gods are edified thereby is to me unknown.

If thou findest time, write soon again.

CAROLINE.

Paper sent with the preceding letter.

APOCALYPTICAL FRAGMENT.

1. I stood on a high rock in the Mediterranean Sea ; before me, the East ; behind me, the West ; and the wind lay still upon the sea.

2. The sun sank ; scarcely was it hid from sight, than the dawn of morning began to rise. Morning, noon, evening, and night chased one another in giddy haste across the dome of heaven.

3. Astonished, I saw them circle round ; my blood, my thoughts, moved not more swiftly. Time, while it without me conformed to new laws, went on within me at its wonted pace.

4. I would have rushed into the morning-red, or have bathed myself in the shadows of night, hastily, with her, flowing on, away from this slow life ; but sunk in contemplation, I grew weary and fell asleep.

5. Then saw I before me a sea, girt in by no shore, neither to the East, the South, the West, nor to the North. No breeze swelled the waves, but from its depths was moved, as if excited by inward fermentation, the immeasurable sea.

6. And many forms rose from the depths of the sea, and mists arose and were lost in the clouds, and again, in sudden lightnings, saluted the parent waves.

7. And always more manifold arose these forms from the deep. I was seized with giddiness and dread ; my thoughts were driven hither and thither, like a torch by the storm-wind, till my memory was extinguished.

8. As I again awoke, and began to know of myself, then I could not tell whether I had slept ages or minutes ; for, in the dull, confused dream, there had been nothing to remind me of time.

9. It was dark within me, as if I had rested in the bosom of the sea, and risen from it like the other forms ; to myself I seemed a drop of dew ; I moved merrily to and fro in the air, and rejoiced, and my life was that the sun mirrored himself in me, and the stars looked upon me.

10. I let myself be borne upon the breezes, I joined myself with the evening-red, to the ocean-colored drops ; I ranged myself with my playfellows round the moon, when she would hide herself, and accompanied her path.

11. The past was entirely past ; I belonged to the present solely ; a longing was in me, which knew not its aim. I sought ever, and what I found was not what I sought ; and with still more ardent longing was I drawn forth into the Infinite.

12. Once was I aware that all the forms, which had ascended from the sea, returned to it and were again produced in changing forms. This apparition surprised me, for I had known of no end. But now, I thought, my desire is also to return to the source of life.

13. And, as I thought of this, and felt more life than in all my past conscious being, was suddenly my mind embraced as by overwhelming mists ; but they vanished soon. I seemed no more myself ; my limits I could no longer find ; my consciousness I had transcended ; it was greater, different, and yet I felt myself in it.

14. I was released from the narrow limits of my being, and no single drop more ; I was restored to the all, and the all belonged to me. I thought and felt, flowed as waves in the sea, shone in the sun, circled with the stars ; I felt myself in all, and enjoyed all in myself.

15. Therefore, who has ears to hear, let him hear. It is not two, nor three, nor a thousand, but one and all ; it is not body and spirit separately, one belonging to time, the other to eternity, but one, belongs to itself, and is, at once, time and eternity, visible and invisible, constant in change, an infinite life.

TO GÜNDERODE.

I will now tell thee how we live here. Early in the morning, we all go to the Savigny's bedchamber. After a little fight with pillows and napkins, we go to breakfast in the next room. We are all anxious to hit the great Savigny, but he is very discreet, and draws back so soon as the fight waxes hot. Later, they scatter in different directions. We have been out on horseback twice, and I have fallen off both times ; once as we climbed a hill, and once for laughing. Afternoons we often go into the wood, and Savigny reads aloud. Then have I great trouble to listen : on the wood-turf I find too many things to distract me — every moment a weed, or a spider, or a caterpillar, or a sandstone ; or I bore a hole in the earth, and find all sorts of things there. Savigny says I

am too conceited to listen. He is vexed at it; so I get behind him, that he may not see what I am doing. We go hunting, and I take the little fusil, but only in chase of what thou knowest I am always pursuing, the chimeras of the brain. Yesterday, Bostel wanted to teach me to aim at the birds; I shot, and the little bird fell down. I never dreamed that I might hit it, and was terrified; but Bostel made such a noise about my sharp sight, and all the others were praising me for my good aim, that I did not let them see my penitence for this first murder. I kept the bird in my hand till it was entirely cold; in the stillness of night I buried it under the window of my bedroom, not without heavy thoughts; truly it was no deed of my will, but yet it was my heedlessness. As for the bird, all the sportsmen shoot them to be sure. But not I; I would never have done it. Amid the leaves, in his gay lifetime, to shoot down the bird, whom God has gifted with the freedom of flight. God gives him wings, and I shoot him down. O, no! that rhymes not in tune.

I have just now got thy letter; hast thou thy comb and the chain? I sent them to Mienchen in a little box. Clemens added a letter to my sister, and a few lines to thee. My chamber pleases me well in its disorder, and I please myself well, that thou thinkest to paint my character in it. The sweetest is that thou shouldst have come at the right moment to free the butterflies — thou comest ever at the right time to make good my follies. What thou art pleased to style the philosophic fragment I give thee, but name it a stiff, ill-whittled beechen twig; it is without speech, without music, unless it be a wooden laughter; to that it is like, indeed, in tone and import. Make me not foolish; I wish to know nothing more about it; thy apocalyptic fragment makes me also giddy. Am I too unripe, or how is it that I am so feverish, and that thy fantasies give me pain and uneasiness? "My thoughts were driven to and fro like a torch in the storm-wind, till memory was extinguished." Why dost thou write this? It is to me a bitter thought; it makes me uneasy and full of fear lest thy spirit be lost in total unconsciousness. I know not how, I always feel as if all were life within me, and nothing without me. But thou seekest in higher regions answers to thy longings; — wilt "with thy playmates circle round the moon," where I can find no possibility of my joining the dance; — wilt "be loosed from the narrow limits of

thy being," while my whole happiness is that God has shaped thee in thine own peculiar individuality. Then, again, sayest thou these sorrowful words—"I seemed to myself no more myself, and yet more than ever myself." Thinkest thou this can please me? "I could no more find my limits; my consciousness was transcended,—all was changed." In all this is my sentence spoken; I am tortured by jealousy; my thoughts seem to transgress the circle in which I can meet thee. Thou art condescending to speak to me of such things, in which I cannot feel with thee, and also may not, because they pass out of the limited life-circle, in which alone I delight to think. Punish me as thou wilt for my stupidity, yet jealousy rages within whenever thou wilt not remain with me on the ground. In this fragment I perceive that thou dost only remain with me a short time, *en passant*; but I would be with thee ever, now and ever, and unmingled with others; thou didst weep for me in thy dream, but, waking, forgettest entirely to be with me. I can think of life only as it lies close before me, with thee on the garden-steps or beside the stove. I can write no fragments, only letters to thee, and inly long paths, grand views, but no running after the moon, or dissipating into the dew, or melting into the rainbow. Time and eternity, that all ranges so widely I fear to lose thee quite out of sight, what is to me "an infinite life constant in change;" each moment that I live is wholly thine, and I cannot help all my thoughts from being bent on thee. But thou dost shake me from the cradle, in which thou hast pushed me out into the great ocean, out into the waves, because thou wilt rise to the sun, and flow out into the sea, beneath the stars. This makes my head turn. I am like one consumed in the fire, and unable to bear the water that should extinguish it. Thou dost not understand me, and wise though thou mayest be to understand all, the child born in thy breast, that understandest thou not. I know well how it will be with me all my life long: I know it well. Farewell.

BETTINE.

To-day is it the 19th May; on the 7th May it thundered for the first time this year; that was just the time when thou hadst the accursed apocalyptic fever.

We are to stay here yet fourteen days longer; all is in blossom; the slope of the hill full of cherry-trees; dark-red

stems, as young as one of us. I go out early every morning to look for the caterpillars' nests, and bend down the boughs and pull out as many of the ugly caterpillars as I can reach. I would have the trees rejoice this year, and not have their heads made bald before the harvest. I do it also to be even with thee; since thou wilt have thy rainbow garlands and moon coteries, and thy rambles beyond the limits of consciousness, and dost forget to come home, so have I my solitary intercourse with the young pea-vines and mirabels, and Reine Claudes and blossoming cherry-trees. Yesterday I went out to Golden Pond with Gingerich; we made a hut of moss there; the two young anabaptists helped us, — he who is so proud of his brown-red beard, the handsome Hans, and the blond George; they both left their ploughs standing and came to help me; they cut down branches of the fir; I bound these branches together with all I had worn about me, with my blue scarf and the pink kerchief, of which thou hast the other half; and in the afternoon came Savigny, and lay down well pleased in the hut, and read aloud poems by Brother Anton, and journeys to the different mineral springs, and a poem to Euphrosyne Maxsimilian.

* * * * *

I wish I could return earlier, and my conscience upbraids me for losing sight so long of all I had begun there; but day after day slips by so pleasantly, and Savigny is so sweet and childlike, that we cannot bear to leave him; every moment one has some secret to confide to him; one leads him into the wood, another into the arbor, and Gundel must make up her mind to it; reserve is not the mode here. Clemens has painted a whole wall full of strange figures, and verses and poems are chalked on every partition. Clemens has painted, in black and white, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, and the princess Amelia, and added the verses thou wottest of, — now must I stop. I send thee a box with a great bunch of may-flowers. Adorn with these thy domestic altar, and offer up there thy devotions for me; these are the flowers I love best. Look into thyself and ask thy heart who stands nearest to thee of all mortals; who nestles most closely to thy heart without any grand requisitions on a hyperborean bliss? and thou must say that it is I who alone have the right to stand near thee, and if thou canst not see it, so much the worse for me, but for thee also.

BETTINE.

Paper accompanying this letter.

THE ESSAY THAT LAY IN HEMSTERHUIS.

There are three things from which man has his origin, not only a part or a manifestation of him, but he himself with all his manifestations. In these three things lie the seeds of him; they are the elements from which created nature forms herself anew into man.

The first is Faith. From this comes the positive part of man, namely, the form, or robe of the spirit. Thought; this is the birth, the visible appearance of spirit, and a confirmation of its existence. Faith is confirmation; without this all wavers and takes no shape, flying off at a thousand outlets to regions not yet subject to the plastic powers of nature. For as it is the tendency of nature to work out the everlasting material, Time, so is it the tendency of the material to repel form, and never to receive it till conquered by nature in blessed combat.

Faith is the manifestation of God in Time; Faith is eternal assurance. The manifestation of God is eternal in each moment; and so is man eternal, for he is the manifestation of God. God is all good as opposed to nothingness, that is to say, evil.

Thence is all in man which is, the manifestation of God; he comprehends only through God and faith in him, because his existence is Faith — his essence God.

What man sees with his eyes without himself, is the sight of God in him; what he hears with his ears without himself, is the voice of God in him; but what he feels with his whole body and mind without himself, is the touch of God, the spark of inspiration in him; but what is in him that shapes and forms, is spoken to and led to recreate what it finds formed without. In him also lies Time, and the work of Creation is no other than to change Time into Eternity; he who neither transforms Time into Eternity, nor draws Eternity down into Time, he works the bad, for all which has an end is bad.

But to draw down Eternity into Time, that is as much as to say that Time can have power over Eternity, nothingness get the better of creative power, the material gain mastery over the master who works in it.

Evil is suicide, for the will of annihilation is temporal, and the thought contains within itself the seeds of its destruction; because it is the robe of the finite, not a visible apparition of the eternal spirit; and here rebels the material, Time, against its master, the destiny of Eternity.

If one says, man is born in good, this is true, because he is born in Faith; but if one says he has nothing bad, but only attracts it, this is not true, for he has the power to repel from himself the bad, not to attract it to himself, for the bad is Time, and serves as nourishment for the Divine and Eternal; but Time consumes the Divine, if not consumed by it. It is bad when the temporal, the earthly, devours the heavenly; but good when the eternal, heavenly, transmutes the earthly into itself, and turns all to God.

Yet God has not the temporal in himself, for his existence is the transformation of the temporal into the heavenly; because he is, so is eternity.

Reason is a pillar, firmly planted in man. It is eternal and a prop of heaven, because it is rooted in us, and one with us rises its head into the clouds; at its foot lies Time. As the spirit is unfolded from the material, so is Eternity unfolded from Time; through reason the spirit grows into Eternity, and thus is man transformed from an earthly into a heavenly being.

FRANKFORT.

TO BETTINE.

Melons, ananas, figs, grapes, and peaches, with the profusion of southern blossoms, which just now are being carefully packed up at your house, have given me the desire to send you the violet and narcissus nosegay (change and constancy), and I wish I could have sent myself also. The heliotrope, with the pinks and jasmine, is a separate nosegay from Gontard to thee; he wished me to let thee know of it. Thy absence is now very gloomy to me. Destiny aids thy love of dissipation, so that with you it is an eternal wandering, coming and going. I pray thee write how long you stay, or expect to stay. Before, I did not wish that thou shouldst stay, and, now, wert thou but here! It is no cheerful time with me; much leisure, and no inspiration for it. One depends on many things to which we are not willing to ascribe any influence. The habit of expecting thee in the

afternoon hangs like a broken bell-rope in my head. Always must I listen, whether I may not hear thy step in the distance.

A summer in town ! It threatened me like a demon to neglect the clear heavens. My walks about the Eschenheim gate are killing. The Englishmen, also, will visit you this week ; all are going away.

Write to me much ; also of my writings ; then shall I send more. That I, as Narciss, break a lance against thee with more success than in talk, where thou always hast the better, thou must agree. I think thou mightst be satisfied, so to be felt through thy own fresh nature, that thou art sure of me. He who can be something in the whole will know how to make himself felt, and so will change return always to constancy, for there is home. Thou art not to-day what thou wast yesterday, and yet art thou an eternal sequence of thyself. Besides, it seems to me extremely perverse, through selfishly insisting on that which, like sunshine, is only a transient gift of the gods, to encumber the freedom of the spirit. Truth, growing up in the soul which loves, cherishes it to a strong tree, till no iron is sharp enough to cut it down ; but before the trunk grows strong of itself, you can exact nothing from it. By making demands on its growing life, you blight it, and, when it is full-grown, it is no more a merit, but a necessity, like breathing : it has no longer rights to satisfy, for it has become wholly organic life. Let it be our care that each impulse receive its proper, organic life ; let this be our fundamental truth, through which we unite ourselves with the gods in all that is lofty. Till then, let us meet in their temple of custom, to find one another there, to take hands in the same view ; that will foster in us the tree of truth, till it issue from us both, and grow strong in independent life.

I have often borne myself about with the thought, whether all which can express itself perfect and living in the soul must not obtain an independent life, which then, as spontaneous fires, (like that truth, with which thou dost magnetize me,) penetrates the minds of men, and inspires them to a higher existence. Whatever happens in the mind is preparation for a developing future ; and this future are we ourselves. Thou sayest all is inward ; thou dost not feel the outward world. But is not the outward the inward, or will

it not be? From within man learns to see, hear, and feel, that he may translate the outward into the inward; that is not other than when the bees bear the pollen to the calix, it is meant to fertilize. Within the soul lies the future in manifold buds; thither must a pure spirit-flower be carried by living seed. That seems to me futurity. Years pass like a deep slumber, in which we move neither backward nor forward; and real time-progress is only that in which the spirit fertilizes the single soul; in the space of time, real life comes forth, from such single fertilizing moments, as the flower-petals close upon one another. What, truly, is time, in which nothing takes place, which is not fertilized by the spirit. Pause, senseless nothingness! void space which we traverse. But those moments should be sown so thickly, that the whole space be a flower-sea of fertilizing moments. All excitement to develop into independent life, that armed with spirit develops, in the true way, the flowers of the future. That alone is living time; but to esteem ourselves complete, and go to meet a future that is not ourselves, seems to me madness, and as untrue as to say that our insight is not a consequence of our conception. I have concentrated myself, in order to speak clearly; one feels an idea to be incontrovertible, yet cannot express it. Thy jealousy, which I at first treated as a jest, and then blamed as unjust, has led me to these thoughts. I do not object, Bettine, that thou shouldst so earnestly, and with peculiar right, take part in me more than all the others, as we, involuntarily, for many living thoughts are indebted to mutual contact; and I, more to thee than thou to me; so should this organic taking hold of one another set us free from each petty selfish feeling; and we should, like youths who are running a race, not give ourselves time to think on anything, but to persist in the buoyant course. And, in the end, what have I, indeed, from all the others? Thou canst well answer that to thyself, and thus win for thy soul a perfect peace.

Write, with thy answer, a letter for Clemens also; he asked it, in his last to me, and will be much surprised when he hears that thou art at Schlangenbad. Adieu. Write soon.

CAROLINE.

CHANGE AND CONSTANCY.

Violetta.

Yes, thou art faithless; let me hasten from thee;
 Like threads, thou canst sever feelings.
 Whom lov'st thou then? to whom dost thou belong?

Narciss.

Nature has taught me the way to love;
 I belong ever to what is beautiful;
 I depart never from the path of Beauty.

Violetta.

So is thy love, like thy life, a wandering;
 From one beauty hasting to another,
 Thou art ever drunk of the same bewildering cup,
 Till newer beauty beckons thee away.

Narciss.

In higher charms, then, sinks my contemplation,
 As the bee-lips in the floweret's cup.

Violetta.

And mournfully then will the floweret perish,
 When she sees herself by thee forsaken —

Narciss.

O no! the Sun has saluted her.
 When the sun sank, then fell the evening dew.
 Can she no longer see the radiant one?
 Yet night is sweetened by the beaming stars.
 Has she not often seen the sunset fade?
 And night fly tearful in its turn?
 And day and night are fairer yet than I.
 Yet, if one day flies, another takes its place;
 If one night flies, another falls upon us;
 For nature in each beautiful thing consoles herself.

Violetta.

What, then, is love, if it has no permanence?

Narciss.

Love will wander only, not depart:
 It will have an eye for all excellence.
 Has it discerned this light in any image,
 It hastens on to another where it burns yet clearer,
 Ever pursuing the most excellent —

Violetta.

So will I receive thy love as a guest;
 Since it may fly as satiated desire,
 My heart shall never more grant it a home.

Narciss.

O see the spring; is it not like love?
 It smiles so charming, tender, and the gloom
 And clouds of winter-days are seen no more.
 It is not a guest, but ruler over all things,
 Embraces all, and a new stirring
 And striving is awake in every being,
 And yet it tears itself from Tella's arms,
 And other zones glow in its presence;
 To other lands it brings new, fairer day.

Violetta.

Hast thou never known holy truth?

Narciss.

To me that is not truth which you call true,
 Nor that is faithless which seems so to you;
 He who the hour of highest life can share,
 And in the present bliss of love never forget
 To judge, to reckon up and measure,
 Him name I faithless; he must not be trusted.
 His coldly conscious nature will look through thee,
 And be the judge of thy free self-oblivion.
 But I am true. Wholly filled by the object
 Which draws me by the bonds of love,
 Will all, will my nature be for the time.

Violetta.

Is there, then, no love which could restrain thee?

Narciss.

It is not men nor things that I can love,
 Only their beauty, and am to myself so true,
 That truth to another would be falsehood for me;
 Would bring me discontent, strife, and regret.
 My desire must ever remain free.
 The ordering forces which necessity
 Has devised to prevent what is ill,
 Must not disturb my inward harmony;
 Therefore, leave me to what the moment brings forth.
 The hours revolve in eternal circles;
 The stars wander,—they stand not still;
 The brook hastens from its source and never returns;
 The stream of life undulating always
 Carries me on its waves.
 See all life: it has no permanence;
 It is an endless wandering, coming, going,
 Living change; various, pulse-like motion.
 O, stream, into thee is poured my entire life;
 I cast myself on thee, forget both land and port.

TO GÜNDERODE.

The day we arrived, it was so hot as to be more than insupportable; we threw off our nankeen travelling-dresses, and lay down in our under-clothes, in the entry window, before our chamber-door, from where, hid behind the trees, we might look down on a terrace where the retinue of the Princess of Hesse, who lodges below us, were taking tea. It was very amusing; we could understand a great deal, and a word from a distance, however insignificant in itself, is always amusing as a comedy. But the pleasure lasted not long; there was a lobster-red chamberlain, whom at first I had been pleased to see running hither and thither, and whispering all sorts of things in the ladies' ears, and a duke of Gotha, with long legs, red hair, a very melancholy aspect, and a great white hound between his knees, wearing a liver-colored frock; then many ladies, with their superfluous ornaments, whose caps looked like Nelson's fleet under full sail, meeting the French ships of the line. When two talked together, it was like two ships engaged in battle—sometimes broad-side, sometimes before the wind; at last the ladies and gentlemen separated to walk, and suddenly stood behind us the red chamberlain. Tonie was frightened, and ran into the chamber; but I was not, and asked him what he wanted. He was confused, and said he wished to make acquaintance with the ladies. I asked, why are you so red, then? He grew yet more red, and tried to take my hand. I said No! and went into the chamber; he pressed after me; I cried Tonie, help me to put this man out; but she was so distressed, she could not stir, only think; and I leaned with all my strength against the door, as the red man tried to get through, crying Tonie, ring the bell, for our servants were all busy with the baggage. But Tonie could not find the bell-rope. The unmannerly man persisted in coming, though he saw we did not wish it; I could not understand what he meant, and thought for a moment he meant to kill us. I seized a parasol that stood beside the door, and aimed with it at his lungs or liver, I know not which; he drew back, and the door shut to. There stood I, as one who has been hunted over hill and valley by a ghost; for a quarter of an hour I could not get my breath. I thought really he was an assassin, and had a thousand plans in my head how I should

strangle him. Tonie laughed, and said what nonsense — a chamberlain and a murderer! She thought he is only an ill-intentioned, vulgar knave, like most of those who are at courts. But we made the footman sleep before our chamber-door, and took Lisette into the chamber with us. I could not sleep all night, I was so disturbed that the man was lying before the door; it is the first time in my life that I was ever distressed by such feelings; and only think, next day our servant announced the red gentleman, who desired admittance, that he might deliver a message from the Princess. I called out, No! we wish to hear of no Princess; but Tonie says, "That will never do; we must admit him." I armed myself with the parasol as he entered and invited us to take tea with the Princess on the terrace; at the same time he made many excuses — how he had no idea who we were, as we lay in the window in such undress. I was silent, for I felt indignant at the red man. We went to the Princess, who took me by the hand and kissed me; then seated us in the circle, and the red man came behind me, so that I felt his breath. This displeased me much; I said, go away from behind me, odious man! He ran away; but Tonie looked very grave at me, and, when we were in our chamber again, she chid me for having spoken so loud; but that is all one to me; I could not endure him near me. What do I care if the Princess did observe it. If she should ask me about it, I should say he wanted to murder us in our chamber, and then he could defend himself if it was not so, and tell why he fell upon us in such a murderous way. Tonie does not like to have me to go walk alone in the evening; she says the chamberlain might meet me; so I must always have somebody trotting behind me. Nothing is fairer than a walk in the mist, with which, as evening comes on, all the clefts are filled, and a thousand shapes are seen flitting in the valley and on the rocks. But to have somebody behind me spoils it. I cannot make poems like thee, Günderode, but I can talk with nature, when alone with her, but nobody must be behind me, for it is only in being alone with her that I am with her. On the castle of the hill, in the night-dew, it was fair also to be with thee. Those were the dearest hours of all my life; and, when I return, we will again dwell together there eight days; we will have our beds close together, and talk all night, and then the wind

will rise and make the old roof clatter, and the mice will come and suck the oil from the lamp, while we two philosophers, though now and then interrupted by these pretty interludes, hold grand and profound speculations, enough to make the old world creak on its rusty hinges, if not to turn quite round. Seest thou, thou art the exiled Plato, and I am thy dearest friend and scholar Dion. We love each other tenderly, and would give our lives for one another, were it required; for nothing would please me better than to give my life for thee. It is an immeasurable happiness to be called to great, heroic deeds. To offer up life for my Plato, for the great teacher of the world, the heavenly, youthful spirit, with broad forehead and breast. Yes, so will I name thee in future, Plato. I will also give thee a pet-name, and call thee Swan, as Socrates named thee, and do thou call me Dion.

Here grows a great deal of hemlock in the wet, marshy ground. I do not fear it; although it is poison, it is to me a sacred plant; I break it off as I pass, and touch it with my lips, because Socrates drank that draught of it. Dear Plato, it is my amulet that shall heal me from all weakness, so that I may not fear death, if it comes rightfully. Good-night, my Swan; go to sleep on the altar of Eros.

FROM SCHLANGENBAD.

SUNDAY.

Here is a chapel with a little organ fastened to the wall; the chapel is circular; a great altar occupies almost the whole platform; this is crowned by a golden pelican, whose blood a dozen young ones are drinking. I heard the end of the sermon as I came in; I know not whether it was the golden pelican, the garlands of gold wire and many ornaments draped with spiders' webs, the fresh nosegays of roses, and the dark panes, where above, just over the pelican, the sunbeams streamed through dark red and yellow glass, that attracted me. The priest was a Franciscan, from the monastery of Rauenthal. "When I hear men talk of misfortune I remember what Jesus said to a young man who wished to be received as his disciple. 'The foxes have their holes, the birds of the air their nests, but the Son of Man has not where to lay his head.' I ask you whether all thoughts of sorrow are not conjured away by these words. He had not so much as a stone on which he could rest, much less a com-

panion who could make him at home in this earthly life ; and yet we lament when we lose a beloved friend, refuse to be comforted, cannot think it worth our trouble to venture again into life, but are languid as if overcome with sleep. Should we not be willing to be the companions of Jesus, if need were ? should we not wish to be heroes near this great conqueror, who bore so loving a heart, that he must call little children to him, and bade John lean upon his bosom ? He was human, even as we are human ; what forms us to a higher existence, namely, the need of love, makes us capable of self-denial and sacrifice, was the basis of his divine nature ; he loved and wished to be beloved, needed love ; — because such love is not at home on earth, he found no stone on which he could lay his head ; then this pure need of love became the divine fire of self-sacrifice ; he offered himself up for the sake of mankind ; his soul shone heavenwards, up to its native land. Like the flame of sacrifice ascends the prayer for the beloved ; the prayer is heard, and we feel ourselves all at once purified through this love, and when we consecrate ourselves to the contemplation of it, we become divine through its fire, and it is like the breath of God, which calls all things into life, every bud of spring. The love of Jesus, which could never on earth be satisfied, calls to itself all those who are weary and heavy laden ; these are buds still shut-up, and heavy with tears ; the mighty sun of divine love will wake them to the eternal life of love, for this is all the aim of living and striving on earth, Amen."

These few words were all I heard of the sermon ; but they were enough, and accompanied me through the whole day ; they sounded in my ear like heavenly music, like the beautiful Sunday morning. When all had left the church, I went down into the little round chapel, then came an old woman to put out the candles, and set all in order. I asked whether she were sacristan ; she said her son was, but he was away this day. I asked where she got so many flowers, as I had nowhere seen any flower-garden ; she said, the flowers are from our own garden ; my son cultivates them. I wanted to see the garden, and she was well pleased to have me ; it was about as large as our courtyard at home ; on the white wall of the house grape-vines are trained, interwoven with high rose-bushes. Roses and grapes, I can think of no fairer union. There was a wooden bench beside the wall ; I sat

down quite at the end of it, and the old mother near me ; it was hardly large enough for us both ; I was so close to her that I leaned my hand on hers, as it lay in her lap ; she had a hard hand, and said it was from digging in the ground, which is very rocky here. Thou canst not think how fair the garden lay there in the sun, for now is the finest time for flowers ; when nature is served in due order, immediately there is a temple where her creatures rise up like prayers — immediately is there an altar loaded with childlike gifts and offerings ; so is the little garden, with its neat gravel-walks and borders of boxwood ; the box is a true life's-friend ; from year to year it embraces and shelters what the spring offers ; plants bud and wither in its embrace, and it preserves, all the while, the faithful green, even under the snow ; this said I to the old woman, who answered, " Indeed that is true, the box has a share in all destinies." But picture to thyself the pretty garden on the left of the house, with its vine drapery ; a wall adorned with jasmine ; opposite, in the shadow, a thick arbor of honeysuckle ; the entrance to the house is bordered on each side with tall lilies. How many ranunculuses, speedwell, and lavender flowers, a bed of pinks, a mulberry-tree in one corner, and, in the other, sheltered against the cold wind, two fig-trees with their lovely, delicately folded leaves ; truly, I was rejoiced to find comrades of my own tree ; beneath them a spring bursts out into a stone basin ; thence can the old woman water her flowers ; in the open window hung a cage of canary birds, trilling loud and clear. O, it was true Sunday weather, a Sunday feeling in the air, Sunday feeling in my heart. I pray thee, have a care that my tree be not neglected by Liesbet ; soon will its fruit be ripe, if they are as near it as these in the sexton's garden ; break them for thyself. The old mother shook down mulberries for me. I collected them in a leaf, and also gathered a nosegay of pinks, and speedwell, and larkspur ; as I was standing so still there in the sun, the priest came out ; he had been taking his breakfast, which the sexton's wife has ready for him always after church. He had a fair, calm face, with soft eyes, and was yet young. The beautiful words that I had so lately been hearing from him, shone out on me again from his face ; out of reverence, I could say nothing to him, but he looked friendly on me and said, " Ei, how, ripe mulberries so early ;" I held out the berries to him ; he took some, and my

nosegay also, and put it in his sleeve, for I was so surprised, when he came near, that I held out both hands, and did not perceive, till he thanked me for it, that I had offered him my nosegay. Then went he away, and I remained standing, as if amazed; but the dog accompanied him, very politely, to the garden-gate, where I heard him say, in gentle tones, "Go home, Lelaps." I was well pleased, more than with all the days on the terrace, with my Sunday morning.

When I came home, they were all drinking chocolate with Leonhardi; they asked where I stayed after church. I said I had been in the sexton's garden, and there seen the dear preacher; then came the criticism, and the impossibilities of antichristian feeling; the man, it seems, is famous, and Leonhardi had been to hear him, from curiosity, and the two Englishmen, and Lotte, and Voigt, also two canonesses, who are friends of Leonhardi. Fritz lay upon the bed, looking quite blue after his mineral bath; if this lasts, he will become a Moor. Thou shouldst have heard them all chatter together, and Niklas Voigt jeering them in his Mentz dialect, and Lotte provided with the best of wisdom, and Christian Schlosser. I understood not what each said, or rather shrieked, but still less what they meant. Niklas, to whom Lotte was pouring out her wisdom, reeled like a drunken man around the circle of disputants, agreed to all they said, and then cried out, "In all my life never did I hear such gibberish as these fools are talking; just listen, Bettine; was ever such stuff heard?" Then screamed he again to them they were quite right, and the preacher was a conceited simpleton. I said, Ei, Voigt—"Now, what then can we do? If you are among wolves, you may as well howl with them; truly the preacher is a simpleton, thus to utter his heavenly wisdom before fools." Then, drawing me to the terrace, he spoke with enthusiasm of the preacher: "Such another man is not to be found among a hundred thousand; a man who suffers his individual nature to be wholly pervaded by God; a living man, who, alas! preaches wisdom to gaping automatons. No man has devotion—devotion of soul has no man! Mouth-devotion and restraint, and decorum, such as are taught to hounds, so is taught the conscience of these men; they understand nothing better, know not that the complete man is no judge over himself, but a living pasture where no judgment shall find place, but nourishment of soul, yielding heavenly food to wisdom;

true wisdom can only be received and enjoyed, not judged ; for it is greater than the understanding that would look through it ; but thus goes it ! What helps me the Christian religion ? Men are fools, and so must remain. Our Lord Jesus was not more fortunate when he dwelt here below. Had he come down from heaven a hundred times, he would still, like our priest, have preached to ears that could not hear, or to stupid people that would interpret him to suit themselves. Wash my skin without making it wet ; that is the history of this piety. Open your eyes and become wise, for our Lord God makes no use of asses ; and such you are in danger of remaining, carrying heavy sacks of prejudice on your backs, to all eternity ; fit for nothing but the mill in which your heads grow constantly more and more giddy." This is not all Voigt said, uttering his maxims right and left. But now I want to tell thee further of the red chamberlain. Every day we are on the terrace, the ladies giving entertainments there by turns, and the red crab is always coming behind me ; so had I a shawl brought from our chamber, and laid down close to the princess, and seated myself upon it ; since I have made this my place every day he dares not come near me ; and when, after tea, we go to walk over the hills, the princess takes me always by the hand ; she has a sweet, fair, little child, with golden hair, all shining over its head ; the darling child, I long to play with it ; and here, indeed, they hold me also a child, because I have not society manners, but play ball and run races ; but it is not so easy to get at a little princess ; she has always after her a governess and guard of nursery women, and it is impossible for me to keep up any farce with a child ; I must be with it, under the care of God, not in the sight of men. Princesses ! all dressed in gold and silver — to their births come good fairies to make them presents ; so we read in fairy tales ! What may they not have given the lovely child. The gifts which it yet knows not how to use who shall teach it ? Reverence, but no hypocritical respect, have I before the destiny of each child, not yet unfolded, shut up in so sweet a bud ; one feels reverence at touching a young bud which the spring is swelling. No talk of grown up men is moving like the stammering of a child in the cradle. Only with thee is speech living ; where we, without foresight or after-judgment, can throw ourselves on the wings of thought, and shout and sail


towards heaven. Round such a child's destiny would I fain draw a circle. I would put far from him the earthly destiny, so that it might be quite indifferent whether this or that fell to his lot, and only his heavenly wisdom-destiny might rule. Pure good — that is, for childhood, the fountain of refreshment, out of which it drinks health, at night, when it slumbers, then breathes it blessings, even as the slumbering shrubs at evening breathe them as we pass by in the dusk. To rock a little child in the moonlight, would surely wake in the mind sweet melodies. What avails one the world that is so perverted? All that I see done to children is unjust. Magnanimity, confidence, free will, are not given to the nourishment of their souls; but a slavish yoke is put upon them. Had not the child a world within, where could it take refuge from the deluge of folly that is poured over the budding meadow-carpet? People say, a child cannot know all things; how foolish! What it can seize, that can it know; else why have the power of conceiving it? The spirit longs like a vine, aspiring up into the free air, and seeks to lay hold on something; then comes folly; from that, really, it cannot suck in anything; then must the childish spirit die out, else how soon would the wisdom of innocence put to shame the cunning of vice and impudence. Impatience, and wrath, and discord, are opposed to them as authorities; men are ashamed before them of no bad impulse: before others men are guarded, hide their faults of nature, but not before children; people think they cannot understand, but should reckon rather on their purity, which cannot be made aware of what is bad; or on their generosity; they pardon much, and count it not against you. But they are not witless, neither incapable of the highest conceptions. Men are so stupid, they reverence their own wisdom as an idol, and bring it every sacrifice except of their own faults; these they never seize upon, nor slay them. The living impulse, full of buds, is not esteemed; to that no outlet shall be given for nature to reach the light; rather must a net be woven, in which each mesh is a prejudice, — never to seize a thought from the free air, and trust that, but to demand and demonstrate all from the Philistine region; that is the road of life, ready paved for the feet, where, instead of living nature, perverted maxims and customs wind them round. Voigt said he could scarce forbear both weeping and laughing, at the examination of the

Normal School, to hear the Jewish children so zealously examined about the great deeds of the Greeks and Romans, and think what a dirty life-path they would have to wander : " Draw, white horse, draw up to thy knees in dirt. Yes, however white, he must remain firmly stuck in the morass ; and the whole fabric of education is mere fiction ; all is taught by example, and great deeds are shown like the chimeras in picture-books ; each man turns about and leaves them there, without farther application of them ; " he said, " I am to every one wearisome, but I can assure you the people say you can also be wearisome ; " he said, " from a child should pure wisdom bloom out, that all thought be in him joyous religion, without being taught of crucifixion ; and his soul must bloom out, on the tree of life, without question of good or bad."

To-day, the tender little child jammed its finger in the door ; the princess was much frightened and near fainting, for the child was in great pain. I also was much grieved ; it was feverish ; now lies it in the bed and sleeps ; when it was quiet, the princess went to walk for refreshment ; she took me with her ; I kept running from her side to gather the flowers that I saw at a distance ; she took them with pleasure, pointing out to me which I should pluck ; but I broke off very many, and climbed up every steep place ; the ladies wondered at my great, wide leaps, and said I encumbered her highness with so many flowers. I bound up a nosegay with the ribbon from my hat, and said, this is for the sick child to play with, not to be put into water ; she took the great nosegay, and would not permit any one to carry it for her. The company marvelled at my *naïve manners* ; by this I observe they mean *bad manners* ; they think me a half-savage, because I speak with them little or never ; because I press through wherever I wish to go ; because, without permission, I seat myself beside the princess, " as if I had hired the place," says Frau Von B. R. ; because I come gliding in so lightly that nobody perceives it ; because I run away so fast that only the Duke of Gotha's hound can keep up with me, barking as I spring into the thickets. L. H. says they blame my rudeness, that excites the dog to bark so loudly ; but he never mentioned what I heard from Tonie, that the princess said, " she is a dear child," and the duke added, " a most charming child." So I am content.

My dearest Günderode, amid all the changes and distrac-

tions of the day are sounding still the words of the preacher within me, as if this were a holy day. Thou and I are, as yet, the only two who think in harmony; we have yet found no third who can think with us, or to whom we have confided what we think. Thou not, and I not. Nobody knows what we plan together; and, for a whole year past, we have left people to wonder why I must run every day to thy house. But had that priest been in Frankfort, I would have asked him to go with me to see thee. He has, surely, no friend; his own soul must be his friend, that can answer him. I am thinking whether one cannot converse with one's own soul. Where did the demon of Socrates dwell? I think each man may have a demon that would speak to him, but this demon can only answer to unprofaned and sincere questioning; I think, too, no other will must mingle therein, but only the desire to be answered. Question is love, and answer mutual love. Where the question is pure love to the demon, he answers; the spirit cannot resist love, as in me and thee. Ever since I knew about Socrates, is the thought ever in my mind, like him, to have a demon; he had, indeed, an inner sanctuary, an asylum where the demon could come to him. I have sought in myself for this door to being alone, where I could behold this spirit of wisdom, face to face, supplicating for love. But thou sayst truly, a capricious wind drives my thoughts hither and thither like spray. I am carried from one to the other by this dissipating spirit; then is it so empty within me, so shamefully desolate, when I would collect myself. How could the spirit remain where it is so desolate? Socrates did great deeds first, and never belied his genius; then came it to him. I say to myself, leave off trying; the spirit would come of itself, would thy nature give it a home. I think, too, the spirit must spring up from united nature-powers, and I have no fire-nature which can so concentrate itself that the spirit will spring up from it; yet I would have it so; I long after it. I have it not, but I think towards it, and offer all to it, in my nightly thoughts; and many times write I to thee as wert thou its harbinger, and it would, through thee, learn all from me. Many times, when we were prattling together, by the still glimmering fire of thy stove, as the March snow fell down from the tree before thy window, I thought what shakes then the tree? and then was I at once so inspired as if something listened, and excited me, and saidst our speech is filling with gas; thought after



thought soared into the clouds, and became like the romantic lights seen above in the balls of mild glow. The rattling of the branches covered with snow; the inquisitive moonlight on the wall; the little fire blazing up; thou and I playing with thy fingers as we talked; all this was so, that I thought the spirit must be near by to separate us from all folly; life, also, was so far off; in the street, as I went home, I met people, and felt as if there was a wall of separation between me and them, and all that was passing in the world. Yes, the world, which also should live by inspiration, as a tree by dew, streams out so many stifling vapors (*ennuis*) that the soul cannot breathe there.

To-day are the fruits and flowers arrived, all still fresh. Thy letter is still fragrant with the heliotrope and yellow jasmine in my bosom, where I have hidden it. What thou sayst seems to be announced to me, through thee, by the demon. Thou hast decked his wisdom with balsam-breathing flowers of speech. I shall and must yield to thee, — must I not? Thinkst thou the demon will be chagrined if I do not yield to it with the jealousy, and that my passion sparkles up into such proud flames, and will take him prisoner where he has hid himself in thee? Jealousy issues from the spirit of love as were it the demon's self; it is a strongly moving power. I know what I owe it. Indeed, perhaps it is a shape in which the demon clothes itself. When I am jealous my mood becomes divine; all must I disdain; all see I beneath me; because in me shines so clear a light, and nothing seems unattainable. I fly where others toilsomely creep; and, while my heart beats anxiously, in the spirit is a mighty rushing. I feel such high defiance, it makes me faint and weak; but my mood sinks not, it is yet stronger when I revive. But what seek I then? What would I conquer to myself? Yes, it is certainly the demon that I descry. When I seized on thy hand and began to weep, it was because the demon mocked me; not for thy secrets which thou hast with others whom I know not — I feel they cannot come between me and thee! Whither wilt thou? Me and thee; nothing touches us in our proper relation, one with the other. But fire is struck out of me, so that I would fain seize him, and cling fast to him, for he was certainly oft betwixt us two, and I sought to seize him as I went from thee. Yes, it is jealousy; how can it be otherwise? How can I flatter him?

How trust him. I know not whether he listens to me. But that my jealousy becomes excited when I descry him, that I beat powerfully my wings about him who himself excites me to this, that is the voice of the truth, of warm love. Yes, yes! I need not exhaust myself in preparations; I am no more absent, neither timid. Ah, Günderode, and now he answers me so gently in thy letter. Thou hast become wholly sympathetic, through him. He has attuned thee, and announces to me, in thy words, how the tree of truth between us will grow up and strengthen, and that I must not be afraid. Indeed, I believe that all comes from him which thou writest to me; he sweetens the pauses with dreams of him, and promises that he will fill out all space with flowers of the spirit, as the sea is filled with waves.

Eternity is all-embracing feeling; is it not true? So says the narcissus to the violet, and she sinks her look into her own bosom, and makes her home in the infinity of love which she there divines and learns to conceive. Not of all is love capable; yet, when I follow him that is capable of this, I will break through. Where shall my soul set her foot? Everywhere is she a stranger, except in the self-conquered empire of love. Do I understand myself? I know not. My eyes were falling into sleep so suddenly as I mused, and I must, to-morrow morning, at seven o'clock, give my letter to the carrier; my light burns dully; it will soon go out. Good-night, letter. The moon shines so clear into my room, it seems to vibrate. The hills opposite are splendid, sending up their mists beneath the moon. Positively, the light will go out; but I will try whether I cannot write by the moonshine. I am as pleased as the leaves when rained on in the night, and the sky becomes clear again; they go to sleep so quiet, because the storm is past. All this time I have been hearing a strange bird shrieking; can that be the owl, whom Frau Hoch calls the bird of death? He shrieks close before my window. I am ashamed, but I am a little afraid. My room is so dark, and the light will be out in a moment; the hills, there above, are so awful, I see strange shapes; the little fountain, beneath my window, rustles as soft and deliberate as an old house-ghost. Why am I so silly? I demand a demon to visit my soul, and then am afraid of an owl! So soon as I thought this, I opened the window and looked out; the bird flew away; a thousand stars were sparkling in the

heavens; beneath the window I see my invalid sentinel, waiting, probably, for the serenade from my guitar, which he usually hears at this hour. I will sing him a hymn for the Holy Virgin, as it is to-day the ascension of the Virgin, and not Sunday, as I mistakingly writ. I have written all this page by moonlight. Thou wilt not be able to read it; but no matter, there is nothing needful for thee to know. I feel so well, after the little fright, I am no longer sleepy. The moon swims hastily forth from behind the white clouds; it presses on my heart; I must sing, else I shall weep. Good-night.

BETTINE.

Günderödchen, those Englishmen are right foolish passengers; they brought me a letter from *L'Ange*, that warns me not to fall in love with them. He, with the powdered hair, Mr. Haise, yesterday exhibited himself on the terrace in a nankeen frock and yellow slippers. Tonie saw him out of the window, and would not go down; she is ashamed to have him speak to her before people, he looks so strangely. But he peeped up to our window, and, seeing Tonie, called on her to come down and enjoy the splendid weather. I must needs go to; he put up a great umbrella to shade her from the sun, made her walk up and down the terrace; I ran up and made a sketch of them, which I put into Tonie's work-box, that she always takes down-stairs at tea-time, and amused myself beforehand with the amazement that would be seen when it was discovered. But Tonie crumpled the paper up, and wound silk on it, and wanted to pout at me; but I had made her a pretty crown of ferns, that became her so much, enhancing even her wonderful beauty, that at last we went pleasantly together to the ball, where were nearly as many caricatures as human beings. Clemens wrote from Weimar to warn me against falling in love, — a superfluous care. Had he but been at this ball! to be rudely jostled is the only danger. L. H. was there, with his sisters, all growing more blue-black every day with their bath; his extra white jabot and cravat made this fact all the more striking; he was elegantly dressed; for, having an ambition for diplomatic honors, he neglects no opportunity thus to distinguish himself. So long as we stood at the entrance, where was a great crowd, nothing singular was remarked; but when L. H. stepped forward to pay his compliments to some one, Franz,

who sat by my side, perceived that, instead of a coat, he had on a jacket, without flaps, round like a butcher's doublet. This looked quite too droll with his black silk small-clothes, white silk stockings, and shoes with buckles; in short, full court-dress, and opera-hat under his arm. He had, while the family were getting ready for the ball, gone into his chamber, where the wind put out his light, to get his coat, and taken up instead this spencer. As yet he had not shown his back to the public at large, but only to us. Council was held in all haste, and then resolved, two ladies, Lotte and B., should, holding him in talk, gently draw him backwards without revealing to him the dangers of his situation, till he should be saved; meanwhile, Tonie, Franz, and Voigt formed a little rear-guard to protect his back. I was excluded from this enterprise, being unfitted by laughter at the inexhaustible sallies of Franz. The rear-guard advanced, cutting off many a wondering gaze from the flapless back; they trod ever more warily the nearer they came; so glide bird-fanciers behind the bird on whose tail they would strew salt in order to catch it; but he flies away before they can get near enough. Just so chanced it here: just as they got close, and thought to catch him, he turned suddenly round. Alas! I sprang behind the window-curtain, and wrapped myself in it to laugh at will, and presently went away, for I was in too gay a humor for society-halls. Voigt went with me and narrated further, that the rear-guard let him pass through, then closed their ranks, transporting him like a noble prisoner of state to the entrance; there he halted, was made acquainted with his æsthetic misfortune, and then withdrew with his faithful attendants. Surely none of them will close an eye this night; for, as his hopes were turned towards the court of Hesse, there is no knowing how far he may have undermined his fortunes by his skirtless presentation.

Voigt walked with me awhile up and down the terrace, where it was so still that we could hear the violins from the ball-room; the clouds drew by, prophesying a storm, and veiling the starry host till they sank upon our hills. The trees stood reverently, awaiting the blessing of the shower; the whole country looked as if it turned its face towards its Creator. Voigt forgot the witticisms with which he had been deluging me; the distant lights and fires, from the cottages round about, sparkled through the dark trees like fires

of sacrifice to the all-loving. As far as we could see, the world looked as if praying our Lord God to grant a sweet night to all, to thee and me, to our whole life, even to the last night. So is nature, sweet intercessor, always there; all sighs she lulls to rest; therefore will we thank her and trust her even until the last night.

As to Clemens and his warnings, I have written to him. The lindens bloom, indeed, and breathe sweetly on me, as no man does, and nature is fairer, and tenderer, and grander than all the wisdom of this world. What any man can say to me thereupon, I would answer by pressing into his hand a fir-cone, or a snail creeping on the path, or a bitten wood-apple. Such would be more to the point than the answers that come into my head. No earth-destiny interests me, because I yet have no freedom to guide it. Were I on the throne, I would roll about the world, with smiling courage, said I, yesterday, to Voigt. "Truly," said he, "on the new side could it hardly lie more uneasy than on the old. All the tedious persons that hold such a rank among fools are an absurd evidence of their ludicrous authority; they have such a respect for their high vocation, that they dare not speak to their own consciences; they think what happens through them must be the key of fate, opening through them the future, which already lay there, not to be prevented through their folly. They dare not venture to form themselves to perfect manhood, and thus to represent the higher claims of man. O, no! the more closely the requisitions of the time press upon them, the more they think it needful to intrench themselves in *Philisterei*, and prop themselves with old, worm-eaten prejudices, and take counsel of all sorts, public and private, which cannot choose but be perverted; for the right and true is so infinitely simple, that, even for that cause, it is never brought forward. If all the Pharisees in the government-machine became suddenly blind, the world would not suffer; no danger of its going out like an unsnuffed candle." Thus is Voigt accustomed to talk politics to me beneath the starry heavens; also he said, "Listen to me yet again. You are still young, and have more judgment than the others; where theirs is gone, let them ask one another; their ears itch for falsehood, turning away from truth or interpreting it at their own pleasure, so that it becomes mere fable to them." Voigt will listen to no man; all clamor

against him ; but I feel honored that he interprets to me the earnest greatness of his mind ; I listen to him gladly. He is so short and decided betwixt right and wrong, and loses no time in wavering, so that only a heroic character could follow him. "For a friend one must be able to die. Who will not give all, even his self-sought greatness, to sustain his friend, belongs not to the kind of creatures that can feel friendship. What is feeling ? color, that has its life only from the ray of light, that is to say love ; thus need we have no respect for sentiment, — it is mere stuff of the imagination. There are a thousand actions for which one can blame nobody, yet a high-minded person would kill himself out of humility for them ; now, if any man reveals to his friend all the faults in his nature that contradict him, slays he not on the spot all Pharisees ?"

I have not retained the tenth part of what he said yesterday evening, for he is sudden as a smith with his red-hot iron. I asked him why he did not talk so before the others ; he said, "If I wish to drink wine with any one, I need a goblet into which I can pour it ; your soul is such a goblet."

TO GÜNDERODE.

Twice, three times between oaks and beeches and young light bushes, hill up, hill down — then comes one to a rock, — smooth, shining basalt surfaces, catching the sunbeams like a dark magical mirror ; between are green moss-seats ; — this morning went I thither ; it is my usual walk when I am alone, — not too long and yet secluded, — there saw I the mist, like young down between the rock-clefts, floating hither and thither, and above me was it ever more golden ; the morning-shadows drew aside, the sun crowned me ; it struck back sharply from the black stone, it burned very fiercely, yet oppressed not my forehead. I would willingly wear a crown, if it pressed no harder than the hot August sun. So sat I and sung to the rocks, and listened for the echoes, and thoughts of empire rose into my head. To govern the world, according to the maxims which have been produced in the innermost workshop of my feelings, and to drive out Philistines everywhere, such are the wishes that rise to my head in such a hot summer morning, and to which Voigt's speech of the stars had now given a powerful excitement ; he said, "Each feeling, each conception, becomes a capacity and a

possession ; it draws itself back, indeed, but, at a wholly unexpected hour, it comes forth again ;” and then I seated myself in a lonely place, and feigned such things out into the blue and came to nothing, except tameless heart-beatings, as I thought that I might quiet the shrieking of the Philistines, who stifle by their formulas the voice of the spirit, merely by the government of my feelings ; indeed, this would be a heavenly compensation for those blows of the rod, with which they blindly persecute all inspiration. Günderode, I would thou wert a ruler and I thy Kobold ; that would be my province, and I know certainly that I should be discreet before the pure life-flame. But now, is it a wonder that one is stupid ? Thus was I beneath the burning sun, sunk in meditation, chasing on a steed, like the wind, to all quarters of the globe ; and as thy delegate of lofty inspiration set the world to rights, commanding hither and thither, sometimes with the stamp of the foot, or threatening word, to make matters go on quick ; — meanwhile I had neglected to read the dramalet, which I took out with me, intending to study it really ; but now the impetuous motions of my soul I felt compelled to soothe in sleep, as always I do when my temples burn thus from zeal about the future. O, goblet of the soul, how artistic and divinely gifted is thy rim made so that it may restrain the rushing floods of life, inevitably else should I have overflowed thee. My friend, the hound, scented me out, but he waked me with his barking, and wanted me to play with him. He barked so loud that all the rocks groaned and echoed ; it seemed as if a whole hunt were out ; I must shout too for joy and gayety ; he brought me my straw hat, which I had thrown down the steep rock, with such graceful leaps ; — so is it when we wish through love to please any one, we do not measure the dangers of the pit, but trust in our own powers and succeed. Ah, Günderode, it would be much if man would trust his own genius as this hound. He laid his paws on my shoulders when he had brought me back the hat without hurting it ; in jest I named him Erodion, thinking he must even so have looked up to the goddess Immortalita, for he was so noble and fair and bold ; men look not easily out so simply great and undisturbed in their own wise, as animals do. The Duke had followed the barking of his dog, and now came forth from behind the trees ; he asked why I gave that name to the dog, which he calls Cales ; this

he said was the name of a charioteer slain before Troy by Diomed ; I showed him thy poem to explain whence I took the name Erodion. He sat down on the rock and read it partly aloud, making notes with a pencil ; I send these to thee ; he has read it with self-collection, and thus truly with love. I know not how often chance may favor thee so that thou mayst touch the more delicate strings of the soul ; thus will it rejoice thee. He asked whether I understood the poem ; I said no ! but I like to read it because thou art my friend who educatest me. He said, " A bud is this little work, carefully guarded from each foreign influence which the great soul of the friend embraces, and in this softly folded germ of a yet undeveloped speech slumber giant powers. The inspiration to recreate lifts up its wings within thee, full of presentiment, and because the world is too unclean for such childlike pure essays to express thy presentiments, so will it not unfold this unpretending veil which embraces thy far-reaching imagination and thy high philosophic spirit." With surprise I received the pleasure of this praise. He walked on with me, and, as we went, would have me talk of thee, of our life together, of thy character, of thy form ; then have I, for the first time, reflected how fair thou art ; we saw a well-grown white silver birch in the distance, with its hanging boughs, which had grown up out of a cleft in the midst of the rock, and, softly moved by the wind, bent downwards toward the valley. To this I involuntarily pointed, as I spoke of thy spirit and thy form ; the Duke said, " Then is the friend like that birch ? " I said, " Yes ; " so would he go with me and look on thee nearer. The path was so steep and slippery, I thought we could not go ; but he said Cales would find us out a way. " What sort of hair has she ? " — " Glossy black-brown hair, which flows freely in loose soft curls on her shoulders. " — " And her eyes ? " — " Pallas-eyes, blue in color, full of fire, but also liquid and calm. " — " Her forehead ? " — " Soft and white as ivory, nobly arched and free, small, yet broad like Plato's ; eyelashes that smiling curl backward ; brows like two black dragons that, measuring one another with sharp look, neither seizing nor leaving one another, proudly raise their crests, then fearfully smooth them again. Thus watches each brow, defying yet timid, over the soft glances of her eyes. " — " And the nose and cheek ? " — " The nose has been censured as a little proud and disdain-

ful, but that is because the nostril trembles with every feeling, hardly taming the breath, as thoughts rise upwards from the lip, which swells out fresh and powerful, guarded and gently restrained by the delicate upper lip." Even the chin must I describe; truly I have not forgotten that Erodion had had his seat there and left a little hollow, which the finger is pressed into as poetry full of wisdom expands her spirit. Meanwhile, there stood the birch so gorgeous, so filled with gold, so whispered through, by the sun, by the breeze, so willing to bow itself gently to the stream of the morning wind, waving its green waves joyfully into the blue heaven, that I could not decide, what lay between both, suits one, and not the other. Cales found with many leaps the way to the birch; the Duke followed; I remained behind; I could easily have followed, but I would not in his presence. He cut letters in the bark, quite low down near to the foot, and said he wished it might be called the friendship-birch, and that he also might be our friend. I was willing. Ah, let him; he will come this winter to Frankfort; at first a prince forgets easily such a matter among many other distractions, for he cannot believe it possible that, if a man but gave himself entirely to one thing, through this alone the penetration, the force of judgment, the all-sidedness can arise, for which they are all hunting and fluttering about;—besides, he is sick and has few good days; for such an one must we fill out from all healing fountains. Adieu.—To-morrow morning a great party is formed for a donkey excursion; and to-morrow before noon goes the good Princess away; and very early, about three o'clock, the Englishmen wish to climb the hill with us to see the sun rise; the others did not wish to have Voigt; but I would have him, for else I am weary, though the others say it makes them weary to have him there. Early to-morrow comes the carrier woman; I shall send this letter by her, though it is not yet so alarmingly long as my first; but thou art melancholy, and I would fain amuse thee a little, and I know the pretty story of the Duke will make thee laugh, however thou mayst draw thy lips together. Grant it may make thee pleasure also. I have copied his declaration of love from thy Immortalita, that from his own hand belongs to thee; he wrote it for thee. Thou mayst put a value on it; I hear he is celebrated, of noble nature, witty, and on that account much feared by many; he is also very generous and

kindly, but many would rather have nothing to do with him, fearing his best friendliness covers a secret satire. How foolish is that; about me might any one make merry as much as he would; it would be pleasant to me if he enjoyed it.

Paper sent back to Günderode with the preceding letter.

IMMORTALITA.

Dramatis personæ.

Immortalita, a goddess.

Erodion.

Charon.

Hecate.

FIRST SCENE.

A dark cavern, at the entrance of the lower world. In the background of this cavern are seen the Styx and Charon's bark passing hither and thither, in the foreground a black altar on which fire is burning. The trees and plants at the entrance of the cavern, and indeed all the decorations, and the figures of Hecate, and Charon, are flame-color and black, the shadows light gray, *Immortalita* white; *Erodion* dressed like a Roman youth. A great fiery snake, which has its tail in its mouth, forms a circle out of which *Immortalita* does not pass.

Immortalita (*awaking*). Charon! Charon! Charon!

Charon (*stopping his boat*). Why dost thou call me?

Immortalita. When will the time come?

Charon. Look at the snake at thy feet; so long as the circle is unbroken the spell lasts also, thou knowest it; then why dost thou ask me?

Immortalita. Unkind old man, if it comforts me yet once again to hear thy promise of a better future, why dost thou deny me a friendly word?

Charon. We are in the land of silence.

Immortalita. Prophecy to me yet once again —

Charon. I hate speech.

Immortalita. Speak — speak!

Charon. Ask Hecate. (*He rows away.*)

Immortalita (*strewing incense on the altar*). Hecate, goddess of midnight, discoverer of the future which yet sleeps in the bosom of chaos, mysterious Hecate! Appear!

Hecate. Powerful exorcist, — why callest thou me from out the caves of eternal midnight; this shore is hateful to me; its gloom too full of light; it seems to me that gleams from the land of life have wandered hither.

Immortalita. O Hecate, forgive, and hear my prayer.

Hecate. Pray not; thou art queen here, thou reignest, and knowest it not.

Immortalita. I know it not; and wherefore do I not know it?

Hecate. Because thou canst not see thyself.

Immortalita. Who will show me a mirror in which I may behold myself?

Hecate. Love.

Immortalita. And wherefore Love?

Hecate. Because the infinity of that alone answers to thine.

Immortalita. How far does my kingdom extend?

Hecate. Everywhere, if once beyond that barrier.

Immortalita. How! shall the impenetrable wall that separates my province from the upper world ever fall asunder?

Hecate. It will fall asunder; thou wilt dwell in light, all shall find thee.

Immortalita. O when shall this be?

Hecate. When believing Love tears thee away from night.

Immortalita. When — in hours — or years?

Hecate. Count not by hours — with thee time is not. Look down; the snake winds about as if in pain, but vainly he fixes his teeth more firmly to keep close the imprisoning circle — vain is this resistance; the empire of unbelief, of barbarism, and night must fall to ruins. (*She vanishes.*)

Immortalita. O future — wilt thou but resemble that blessed distant past when I dwelt with the gods in perpetual glory. I smiled on them all, and at my smile their looks lightened as never from the nectar, and Hebe thanked me for her youth, and the ever-blooming Aphrodite for her charms. But, separated from me by the darkness of time, before my breath had lent them permanence, they fell from their thrones, those serene gods, and went back into the ele-

ments of life: Jupiter into the power of the primeval heavens, Eros into the hearts of men, Minerva into the minds of the wise, the Muses into the songs of the poets, and I, most unhappy of all, was not permitted to bind the unfading laurel upon the brows of the hero, of the poet. Banished into this kingdom of night, a land of shadows, this gloomy other-side; I must live only for the future.

Charon (passing in his boat with Shades). Bow yourselves, Shades, this is the Queen of Erebus, and that you still live after your earthly life is her work.

CHORUS OF SHADES.

Silent guides us the bark
To the unknown land,
Where the sun never dawns
On the always dark strand, —
Reluctantly we see it go,
No other sphere our looks would know
Than life's bright-colored land.

SAME SCENE.

(*Charon's bark lands. Erodion springs on shore. Immortalita still seen in the background.*)

Erodion. Back, Charon, from this shore, which no shade may tread! Why lookest thou upon me? I am not a shadow like you; a joyful hope, a faith full of visions have kindled the spark of my life to flame.

Charon (aside). Surely this must be the youth who bears in himself the golden future. (*He rows away.*)

Immortalita. Yes, thou art he, prophesied to me by Hecate; through thy look will the light of day break into these ancient caverns, and dispel the night.

Erodion. If I am he prophesied to thee, maiden or goddess, however thou art named, believe thou fulfillest to me the inmost presentiment of the heart.

Immortalita. Say, who art thou? — what is thy name, and how didst thou find the way to this pathless shore, where neither shades nor men dare wander, but only subterranean gods?

Erodion. I am unwilling to speak to thee of anything but my love; indeed to speak of my love is to speak of my life. Then hear me. I am the son of Eros and Aphrodite; the double-union of love and beauty has implanted in my being

an idea of bliss which I nowhere find, yet must everywhere foresee and seek. Long was I a stranger upon earth. I could not enjoy its perishable goods, till at last came into my soul a dim presentiment of thee. Everywhere was I accompanied by the Idea reflected from thee; everywhere I followed the trace of the beloved, even when it plunged me down into the realm of dreams, thus guiding me to the gates of the lower world, but never could I press through to thee, an unhappy fate drew me ever back to the upper world.

Immortalita. How, youth, hast thou so loved me that, rather than not find me, thou wouldst have forsaken Helios and the rosy dawn?

Erodion. So have I loved thee; and, without thee, the earth no more could give me joy; neither the flowery spring, the sunny day, nor dewy night, which to possess, the gloomy Pluto would willingly resign his sceptre. But as the love of my parents was beyond all other, for they were love itself, so the desire which has drawn me to thee was most powerful, and my faith in finding thee victorious over all obstacles; for my parents knew that the child of love and beauty could find nothing higher than itself, and gave me this faith in thee that my powers might not be exhausted by striving after somewhat higher out of myself.

Immortalita. But how camest thou to me at last? Unwillingly does Charon receive the living into the brittle bark made only for the shades.

Erodion. Once was my longing to see thee so great, that all men have invented to surround thee with uncertainty, seemed to me little and vain. Courage inspired my whole being; my only wish is for her, thought I, and boldly cast from me all the goods of this earth, and steered my bark hitherward to the perilous rock where everything earthly is wrecked. A moment I thought, what if thou shouldst lose all, and find nothing? but high confidence pressed doubt aside; joyously I said to the upper world a last farewell, night embraced me, — a ghastly pause, — and I found myself with thee. The torch of my life still burns the other side of the Stygian water.

Immortalita. The heroes of the former world have already tried this same path; courage enabled them to pass the river, but to love only is it given to found here a permanent empire. The dwellers here say my breath bestows immortal life, then

be thou immortal, for thou hast worked in me an inexpressible change; before I lived a mummy-life, but thou hast breathed into me a soul. Yes, dear youth, in thy love I behold myself transfigured; I now know who I am, know that the sunny day must fill with light these ancient caverns.

(HECATE comes from behind the altar.)

Hecate. Erodion, enter into the snake circle. (*He does so, and the snake vanishes.*) Too long, Immortalita, wert thou in the night of unbelief and barbarism, known by the few, despaired of by the many, confined by a spell within this narrow circle. An oracle, as old as the world, says, "Believing love will find thee even in the darkness of Erebus, draw thee forth, and found thy throne in everlasting glory, accessible to all." The time is come, but to thee, Erodion, remains yet somewhat to be done.

(*The scene changes into a part of the Elysian garden, faintly illuminated; shadows are seen gliding hither and thither; on one side a rock; in the background the Styx and Charon's bark.*)

Hecate. See, Erodion, this threatening rock is the impassable wall of separation, which divides the realm of mortal life from that of thy mistress; it intercepts from this place the sunbeams, and prevents severed loves from meeting again. Erodion, try to throw down the rock, that thy beloved may ascend on the ruins from the narrow dominion of the lower world, that in future no impassable barrier may separate the land of the dead from that of the living.

(*Erodion strikes the rock, it falls, full daylight shines in.*)

Immortalita. Triumph! the rock is sunken, and from this time it shall be permitted the thoughts of love, the dreams of hope, the inspiration of the poet to descend hither and to return.

Hecate. All hail! Threefold, immortal life will fill the pale realm of shades now thy empire is founded.

Immortalita. Come, Erodion, ascend with me into eternal light, and all love, all nobleness, shall share my empire. Thou, Charon, smooth thy brow; be friendly guide to those who would enter my kingdom.

Erodion. Well for me that I faithfully tended, as a vestal

fire, the holy presentiment of my heart ; well for me that I had courage to die to mortality, to live for immortality, to offer up the visible to the invisible.

The following note was written by the hand of the Duke Emil August von Gotha upon the manuscript of *Immortalita*.

"It is a little thing not worthy thy attention, that I esteem it a gift from heaven to understand thee, thou noble life. Looking down upon the earth, thou mayst, like the sun, give it a fair day ; but thou wouldst look in vain for thy peer beneath the stars.

"Like fresh flower-stalks comes the careless life of thy thoughts before the subdued man ; his bosom heaves with deep breathings, as thy spirit plays round him like loose tresses, just escaped from the band.

"He gazes on thee, a lover ! like still roses, and waving lilies, hover before him thy thoughts, bearing blessings on their glances. Confidential, near the heart are they. They illuminate and beautify his aims, and his vocation, and on the silent paths of night are the stars, looking from on high, the witnesses of his vow to thee.

"Yet is it a little thing only, not worthy thy attention, that I esteem it as a gift from heaven to understand thee, thou noble life !

EMIL AUGUST."

TO BETTINE.

Thy letter, dear Bettine, is like the introduction to a charming romance ; I have sipped it as wine from the goblet of Lyæus ; it was the more sweet to me, that I have, just now, care from things such as are indeed an inevitable consequence of life itself, and thence not unexpected ; * these I will not impart to thee, because they do not accord with thy way of life. Thou art my bit of a sun that warms me, while everywhere else frost falls upon me. I am about to leave town for a few weeks ; yet, if a letter arrives on Thursday, it will find me ; the next I shall find on my return, and soon again we shall be constantly together. Let thy letters be right gladsome without sorrowful echo ; thy nature is adapted to a free unimpeded enjoyment of life. The gloomy, disturbing emotions thou hast sometimes described, are only tokens

* She had just lost a sister. See *Correspondence with a Child*.

of mysterious fermentations that cannot find room to filter themselves clear ; I see this when I compare thy present natural humor with the excited one which fell upon thee here and made me so anxious about thee. But in truth thou hadst only need to cease breathing the stifling air of the city. Thou art like a plant ; a slight shower refreshes thee ; the air inspires and the sun transfigures thee. Tonie writes how well you are looking, and that no trace of the *interesting paleness* is now visible ; guess who cannot conceal his vexation at this ? “ Elle ne sera plus ce qu'elle a été,” was his answer to all my consolations. But I would rather have thee improve at the expense of that interesting paleness, than hear daily that thy animation will be the death of thee ; a saying comic in truth, and that is aimed at me. In truth I did not spare reproaches to myself. What thou calledst drowsiness, Sommering called nervous fever. He says thou hast no comprehension of sickness, but hast gone through those of childhood, as if they were amusing games ; this one came from excessive study. The philosophic expressions, Absolutism, Dualism, Highest Potency,* with which thou wert always playing in thy feverish fancies, bore witness against me. I have firmly resolved this winter only to undertake with thee such things as agree with thee entirely. I was not alone to blame ; others in whom I confide and who thought like me of thy sense for philosophy, also thought it ought to be developed. I followed, innocently, my instructions, esteeming thy opposition to arise from thy wonted reluctance to give thyself to any earnest pursuit. Hohenfeld tells me that Ebel said thy aversion to philosophic studies drove thee into a bilious nervous fever ; he warned me, saying, she is a simple, uninformed young girl, and her head is not for philosophy ; it may by such studies be excited and made giddy, but no wiser, &c. I divined that he was a diplomatic envoy from prudent people who know much about a person without that person knowing anything of them. His citations of the exaggerated narrations and absurd comments in circulation here among the Philistines amused me. Thy own letter which, like the young shrub, throws off the dead leaves, and grows green in fresh shoots, makes me agree with the good Hohenfeld ; also, it pleases me better than any

* See Correspondence with a Child.

learning I might force upon thee. Thou hast feeling for the every-day life of nature. Dawn, noontide, and evening clouds are thy dear companions with whom thou canst converse when no man is abroad with thee. Let us exchange, and I be thy scholar in simplicity, as thou hast esteemed thyself my scholar when I was trying to form thee into an *Esprit fort*. Now, where it backward goes, must thou be my teacher; a timid person may climb a hill in safety, but to descend the steep path, demands resolution, such as thou hast. Thou dost never grow giddy, art never afraid to cross hedges and ditches. Already, happy speculations, in the spirit of simplicity, are dawning on me. I was delighted to say to the dean of the cathedral, who holds me so high, a few silly things in the character of deserter. I said one which made him clasp his hands, referring my declaration, that I learn much from you, and gain more from your society than that of others, to my never knowing how to value myself duly; every one wonders why I give my precious time to the wind. Now it cannot be but, by and by, the delightful simplicity will be recognized as mine also, and no one will envy me because they know not how to prize the knowledge which displaces it. I see clearly that when this lies in the modest bud, without a full, inward impulse, its proper fruit will never bloom into light, least of all when thievish selfishness presses before the time, merely to place itself on high, where others may gaze upwards to its shimmering phantoms. Just so the Titans, with great tumult, piled up their stair to the castle of the gods; just so cast down with contempt the quiet simplicity of Olympus. One thing feel I from thee, that nature must rear the ideals of the human soul under warm fostering covers, as she does plants, else will men not grow green and ripen in the sunbeams.

Thy adventures, thy remarks, all give me pleasure; take heed that I lose none of them; if it will not hurt thy health, write every evening; thus prays the demon who has just whispered to me, and would fain preserve everything of thine.

What shall I do with thy canary-bird? I think I may take him with me; it will not be much trouble, and to none can I trust him no more than thyself. Apropos, I might be jealous of the princess, with whom thou must always walk hand in hand. Wouldst thou ever once permit me to lead

thee by the hand, when we were walking? didst thou not always skim about, like a wild humble-bee, through all the thickets, and leave me to scramble after by myself? and this princess has such power to tame thee as to lead thee by the hand in the open country. Thy bird I have tamed, so that he takes crumbs from my mouth, just from love. I know not but he is more accessible to me than to his owner; just as thou art to the princess. I was anxious about him; for once, as I went out at the garden-gate, he flew after me into the garden; but, after fluttering about awhile among the trees, he alighted on my head and let me carry him in quietly; I was truly rejoiced, for I knew not how I should bear it, if thou didst not find him here at thy return. There were eleven figs on thy tree; I gathered in the harvest on Monday; three I ate from the tree; three, afterwards, in company with *a certain person* who met me at the gate; he went with me into the house, and seemed to rejoice that the tree that came from him bears such sweet fruit; now lie yet five figs, that were a little hard, beneath the glass cover of the Apollo, which I have set in the sun; they are ripening; these too will I banquet on, before I go away, in company, but not in the company of any one who devours them whole, as an insignificant fruit without peculiar flavor, but with a certain person who will ascribe the sweetness of the fruit to thy fostering care, and enjoy it with gratitude.

CAROLINE.

One thing I must tell thee about thy balcony; the spiders have woven a great piece of Brabant lace, from one end to the other; from the silver-fir over the orange-tree, over the bean-vine arbor, into which no one can enter without breaking up this work of art, then over the pomegranate-tree to the fig-tree; I spared it when I made harvest of the fruit. Thy brother Dominicus came down and watered them all, from his little watering-pot, the noonday sun shone very clear. The crystal drops glittered sweetly in the net; thy brother thought if the web went a little farther, it might be like the net of an aviary to keep butterflies, which he has vainly tried to tame, as caterpillars, for so soon as they flew out of the chrysalid, they forgot all the care and nourishment he had given them, when they were caterpillars. I was much amused by his earnest purpose, through the caterpillar and chrysalid, to work on the soul of the butterfly. Truly I

think the enormous spiders would devour all, whether grateful or ungrateful, that should be kept in this aviary. He wished me to tell thee that the hop-vines have grown over the roof into the open window. Thou hearest with pleasure of thy little Garden of Paradise, in which all is so fair, and there is no tree from which one must not eat the apples.

TO GÜNDERODE.

With the one hand I reached my letter to the carrier, with the other received thine; we were just returning from our sunrise. I saw the carrier coming through the valley, I wanted to meet him, I ran, the others knew not wherefore, they called after me, I galloped down the hill, catching hold of the boughs to swing myself along, these rained down cool dew on my ardent course, then darted I straight downward into the valley, and could not stop myself, the good carrier placed himself in the way and caught me; upon the hill stood staring the whole company, one head above the other, Mr. Haise in the midst, peeping through his spy-glass; I lay down in the grass to get my breath.

Potz tausend, how many hammers were beating in my head,—those were the goldsmiths, and the great hammer in my breast, that was the blacksmith; they all came down; finding me lying in the high grass they thought I had fainted, or some such thing. Voigt cried, "God forbid, such fancies has she not;" then I peeped out of the grass, laughing at them, then they all shrieked that I might have broken my neck, or at least an arm or a leg, or ran danger of an apoplexy; imprudent, wild, mad, senseless, shrieked they. What a set of croakers; I would hear no more, but set off again on a gallop. The bath-keeper had just opened the baths; I called out to him, don't tell where I am, and jumped into the water, in my shoes and stockings and all my clothes; in the water I threw aside my clothes, and forgot that I had put thy letter in my bosom till I saw it swimming on the water, then I unfolded and laid it on the rope that goes through the middle of the arch of the bath to draw up the valve when the room is too hot, it fluttered above me in the current of air, I swam to and fro after it, spelling it out, here a part and there a part, as the wind turned the leaf; this delighted me, no less when I came out of the bath to read it through; then began I to sing: "O thou the highest of Gods, powerfully ruling over

Olympus, let, in the courses of the plain, favoring breezes blow through the garlands that shade my temples." Then perceived they all at once where I was, for all were in the bath and my voice sounded loud through the vault, and I heard them call, "La voila!" and then, "yet another mad freak to jump into the bath when so heated." If I did not wish to hear the croaking from every side I must needs sing again. "Let, O Jupiter, the swift-footed days glide on which shall greet me crowned with victory at evening with the sweet-sounding call of immortality." Now came Lisette ambassador from the others; she was astounded when she saw my clothes lying under the water, and my shoes on the lowest step, two bowls full of water; I saw her astonishment, she thought I was mad, she silently reached me a little billet, in which was written, "Tamer of foals, offer up a fat steer to Pallas Athene, controller of horses, and throw quickly the golden-worked bridle over the maidenly neck." I asked who gave her the note, she said the bath-keeper; I asked the bath-keeper, he said his son Lipps; I asked Lipps, he said "a gentleman I saw beside the fountain in slippers, with a cigar in his mouth." What had he on? — how did he look? "White mantle, gray velvet cap." I thought it best to keep silence to every one about the billet, which I put in my collection of natural curiosities, among which is a gold-shining horn of a stag beetle that is hollow and so elegant it would be fit for a drinking-horn to an elf, if any elf were a huntsman, therefore have I kept it, in case I should meet such an one; further, many transparent stones, that would deserve the name of jewels, if only the sun could shine through a little more perfectly, and a chrysalis out of which I myself saw the butterfly creep; it opened to let the butterfly out and then shut to again; it has within things like little springs, the butterfly moves these when he is ready and the chrysalis opens; outside it is hard so that nothing can injure it. I have kept this expressly for thee that we may look at it and think on immortality together. When I see a thing in nature for which such care has been taken that it be not disturbed till it is ripe, I am filled with awe; surely nothing is so sad as to disturb or destroy such a thing, for tender as she is, it must pierce her through the heart; I may not sin against her, may not press forward and as a strong intellect hurry things before her time, she will not have it so, Nature, she says I shall run

and jump and shall not have reflection, and in thy letter stands written the same which rejoices me. Uninformed, simple, that am I truly, and yet thou art so silly as to prefer me to wise people. Thou must yield it to them that there is nothing to be done with me. Clemens is partly in fault for this, who loves me so that he has taken pleasure in everything I have done, and found all my thoughtless prattle so wondrous fine. But thou wilt go with me to the hill, there we two shall be alone with the demon and ask after none other. I take such pleasure in this plan, often my heart beats, and when I think why, it is because of the eight days when we can sleep together in one room, and the harvest wind blows through the plane-trees, shaking off the leaves, and we wake up when we have a thought, and then go to sleep again. I could tell thee much from here, I have a crowd of thoughts which I cannot write; many times I spring up as if I must go to thee, and tell something just newly thought out. But I have not yet told what happened to-day. About twelve Tonie and I went down to take leave of the princess. Tonie had arranged on the saloon table all sorts of fair fruit, with flowers between, the princess took them very kindly and spoke with such cordial sweetness to Tonie, that I for the first time believed the words, which I never do from others when they speak so courtly. Thou askst why thou shouldst not be jealous of the princess. Ei — why art thou not? That is just what pains me, that, if I should tell thee she would take me away and keep me always with her, thou wouldst coldly reply; dear Bettine, it grieves me that our intercourse will thereby be interrupted, but I pray, let not that prevent thee. And yet I would not do it, even when I feel that thou couldst answer me so coldly and easily wear away the pain of separation, although the princess is to me dearer than any person I have seen; for, except grandmamma and thee, I have never seen woman who appeared noble to me. Inly am I related to thee, that know I, and the demon holds me firmly bound to thee; where could I ever again feel so confidential? Could I do my will with the princess, could I lie on the floor in the moonlight, and follow it about and invent stories as we did in the winter, and when I wanted to braid thy hair, thou wouldst let me braid and unbraid it, and thou wouldst compose Ossianic songs while I combed it —

Deine Locken gleich den Raben düster,
Deine Stimme wie des Schilfs Geflüster,
Wenn der Mittagswind sich leise wiegt.

(Thy locks dark as the raven's plumage,
Thy voice like the whisper of the sedges
When the noontide breeze blows gently.)

Dost thou remember how I sung it softly after thee, what thou didst so solemnly utter, and dost thou know my heart was quite full of tears more than once, but secretly I strove with myself to be strong and overcome the pain. I did not wish to show how deeply I was penetrated ;

„ Denn mein Schwert umgiebt wie Blitzes Flügel
 Dich du liebliche, du schönes Licht.

(For my sword encompasses like wings of the lightning thee, thou lovely, thou fair light.)

How oft have I sung that to myself and was a hero !—

Collas Tochter sank zum Schläfe nieder ;
O ! wann grüsstest du den Morgen wieder ?
Schöngelockte, wirst du lange ruhn ?

Ach ! die Sonne tritt nicht an dein Bette,
Spricht, erwach aus deiner Ruhestätte,
Collas schöne Tochter steig herauf !
Junges Grün entkeimet schon dem Hügel,
Frühlingslüfte fliegen drüber her.
Sonne birg in Wolken deinen Schimmer !
Denn sie schläft, der Frauen Erste ! nimmer
Kehret sie in ihrer Schönheit mehr.

(Colla's daughter sank down to slumber —
O when wilt thou again greet the morning ?
Thou of the beautiful locks wilt thou slumber long ?

Ah ! the sun comes not to thy bed
Saying awake from thy repose,
Fair daughter of Colla rise up !
The young green sprouts already on the hills,
The breezes of spring blow over them.
Sun, hide thy beams in clouds !
For she sleeps, the first of women ! — never
Returns she in her beauty more.)

That have I so often sung, also on the rock day before yesterday, and I know such beautiful melodies for it, all which go to my heart, and when we are together in autumn, I will sing them to thee in the dusk, before the lights are brought

in ; how canst thou then think I might prefer the princess ? But thou dost not think it, but only givst thyself the air of it, else it would be too sad for me that thou shouldst not be troubled by it. I can think of thee alone as Colla's daughter — for she sleeps, the first of women ! — so have I many times sung of thee and wept, for I cannot sing without my heart being so deeply moved, evenings when I am alone, that I often hide my head in the pillows to stifle my sadness because it is too heavy for me. But why should I, here so far from thee, write to thee of my bitter hours, that can only grieve thee, and thou art sad already. But be not troubled about me for all this passes as quick as the hailstones that fell here ; let me rather tell thee more of the princess ; thou knowest I have trust in thy love and can neither think thou art indifferent to me, nor doubtful of me. The princess asked me yesterday morning to sing her a song to my guitar, which she had sometimes heard from my window ; the request frightened me, for the duke stood by, and drew his mouth together so curiously, and said he too had heard my voice and it was very fine ; I would gladly have excused myself, but I felt it would be unsuitable. I brought my guitar and, on the way, constrained my fear of the duke. I was not afraid of the princess, for already many times have I improvised melodies in the shrubbery before her window, because a secret inclination to her led me to invent right tender melodies. I was only afraid of the duke, because I thought he might have heard me sing that morning in the bath, and might begin upon that. I thought too of the billet. But suddenly I had a thought that helped me, I took thy *Darthula*-poem * from my pocket-book, and sung what I have written about to thee above to an extempore melody ; at first it was a little stiff, but soon went on right, so that many times I myself was surprised and deeply moved, as melody so much more powerfully expresses and first teaches the heart to feel it ; I repeated it — then was it so fair, ah ! if I only could once sing it so before thee ; the duke desired I would sing on ; I was no more timid, but sung at once :

Lass zehn tausend Schwerter sich empören,
 Usnoth sollt von meiner Flucht nicht hören ;
 Ardan ! sag ihm rühmlich war mein Fall.
 Winde ! warum brausen eure Flügel ?

* Given in Appendix to the original.

GÜNDERODE.

Wogen! warum rauscht ihr so dahin?
 Wellen! Stürme! denkt ihr mich zu halten?
 Nein ihr könnt's nicht, stürmische Gewalten!
 Meine Seele läßt mich nicht entfliehn.
 Wenn des Herbstes Schatten wieder kehren,
 Mädchen, und du bist in Sicherheit,
 Dann versammle um dich Ethas Schönen,
 Laß für Nathos deine Harfe tönen,
 Meinem Ruhme sei dein Lied geweiht

(Let ten thousand swords arise against me,
 Usnoth shall not hear of my flight;
 Ardan! say to him that my fall was glorious.
 Winds! why rush your wings?
 Waves! why do you roar so loudly?
 Waves! Storms! think ye to detain me?
 No! you cannot do it, stormy Powers!
 My soul will not let me fly.
 When the shadows of autumn return,
 Maiden, and thou art in safety,
 Then assemble round thee Etha's fair ones,
 Let thy harp resound for Nathos,
 To my fame be consecrated thy song.)

This second time I sung still better, with deeper voice, and deeper feeling; these are the two passages which I know by heart out of thy song, because thou hast made them in my presence, in the twilight, and said to me, keep them in thy mind till they bring the lights, I will meanwhile compose more; and I repeated always four verses till four more were ready, which thou hast, in like manner, confided to my memory, and then set sail again on the ocean. Günderode, how fair was that? How can I ever live a fairer life than with thee? I have given the duke the poem and told him it was thine, and also thy Don Juan* have I presented to him; he urged me much, and I thought thou wouldst give them to me again, I wanted him to have it, because I saw he took such pleasure in it; thou wilt give it me again. The princess asked me to copy for her the melody that belongs to the song; I said gladly, but where is it gone? I know it no more — she then kissed me affectionately on both cheeks, and said to Tonie, with her permission she would take the nosegay from among the ananas, and plant it in her own hot-house as a memorial. That, indeed, was friendly, and I will confess to thee I was deeply pained when she went away, everything seemed so forlorn that I must weep whether I would or no;

* Given in Appendix to the original.

indeed I did not restrain myself because I thought on thee, and wished to be even with thee for thy infidelities. We went with her to the carriage and she bid me come to her whenever I found opportunity; I kissed her hand and stepped back, for the duke was still talking to her. His carriage, too, was at the door; he laid his hand upon my head and said, "Farewell till we meet again," — then smiled on me, so that I thought, ah Heavens, it was he who gave the billet to Lipps. He got into the carriage, dressed in the liver-colored frock-coat, and I saw something on the back-seat like a white mantle, lined with light blue, yet it looked not pure white, but rather grayish; yet, it seems to me, I saw the gray cap too. Yes! I am sure I saw it, but was not willing to confess it, because I was ashamed; for a while I could not comfort myself, and even now I blush when I think about it. However I think again, princes have short memories, he will soon forget it. Ah! might he very soon forget it! Good night. To-morrow I will tell thee yet more about to-day, I have as yet told nothing of our sunrise excursion, how we saw nothing, for the sun rose behind us — all looking over the distant hills, thinking it would come out there, while it was quietly climbing the rock-wall at our backs, and Mr. Haise, armed with his spy-glass, and Voigt, whispering in my ear "Just observe what will take place; they will all be wondering soon." None paid attention to what he said. It grew brighter and brighter, till suddenly we perceived the sun behind us, quite moderate and reasonable, without extravagance, for all the world as we might have seen him while breakfasting on the terrace; then came the strife; each pretending he had really known better; each declaring he had been misled by the others; truly it was a droll quarrel, and there was Mr. Haise with his spy-glass with which he had expected to detect the sun first of all. But Voigt was the most abused after all; they declared he had tried to turn them all the wrong way, and pretended the east lay on that side; but he said no! he had not misled them, though he had known how it was, and therefore said they would wonder soon; but he knew that he was in such bad credit with them that if he had told them they would not have believed him.

SATURDAY.

The canary-bird I give thee ; it is best for thee to keep him, since he loves thee best ; since he is dear to me, shall I mar his limited joys ? But I am no canary-bird, and thou canst not give me away. I would give thee all, but thou must not give me away. Is not my balcony fair ? When we were children, Herr Schwab used there to tell us stories from the Bible, before we went to bed ; there saw I the moon for the first time. How wonderful was it ! and then the lights from the windows hard by painted the shadows of the shrubs upon the ground ; I loved to sit there alone on the ground and see the shadows move round about me. I was fearful, as a child, but most by day, when I was alone, and in the chamber, where all looked so vacant ; there was something confidential in night which allured me ; and before I ever heard of spirits, it seemed as if there was something living near me in whose protection I trusted ; so was it with me on the balcony when a child three or four years old, when all the bells were tolling for the emperor's death ; and, as it always grew more nightly and cool, and nobody with me, it seemed as if the air was full of bell-chimes which surrounded me, then came a gloom over my little heart, and then again sudden composure, (I feel it yet,) as if my guardian angel had taken me in his arms ; and now must I say, what a great mystery is life, so closely embracing the soul as the chrysalis the butterfly ! no light shines through the coffin ; but the warmth of the sun penetrates to the soul within so that it grows and grows even amid heavy penalties, amid tears. Ah pardon that I am again sad, but the balcony ! There have I had such moments of longing, which pierced through my heart like a sword, I knew not what it was, and know not yet. Just in the fair blossom time was it to me always thus sad even at bright noon, when the bees were skimming about. Ah well ! I will rather think of something else. Thou art truly good to let so many things glimmer out, *sub rosa*, to secretly delight me. What will become of me, if ever I pass out of the light which beams on me from thy living eye, for thou seemest to me an ever living look, and as if on that my life hung. But neither of this would I speak. Of the donkey-party yesterday to Rauenthal ; it became a water-party in the end ; there came up a prodigious shower while

we were yet half a league from home. The water running from the hills into the valleys made regular lakes which the wind curled into ripples. And as the donkeys were paddling through the water with us, came a great thunder-clap; most of the party screamed, the donkeys did not scream, but all at once threw us into the puddle; no one could hold on, the Englishman tried with his long legs, but his donkey reared and threw him; then galloped all the donkeys away, and were out of sight in a twinkling, the drivers after them, and we screaming after these to send us lanterns. The whole squadron then held council in the puddle; after recovering their senses, they set themselves in motion, complete silence succeeded the confused cries, the way was too difficult for any one to have a thought except how he should draw his foot out of the morass without parting with the shoe; this, indeed, was impossible, most of the shoes were left sticking; the lanterns came to meet us, the now soothed donkeys were again brought out, so we entered the village riding, indeed, but in what a condition! All the straw hats were left in the mud, and almost all the shoes; the ladies' dresses were so wet, as if they were to sit models for statues; the gentlemen's no less so; all went straight to the bath and came forth again new-born and newly radiant; the scene closed with a social tea-drinking in slippers, dressing-gowns, and powder-mantles; we talked over our miseries, and nearly died of laughter over them. Mr. Haise, now the natural color of his hair was brought to light, was not to be recognized, but we all wondered at his beauty; his auburn hair became him so much better than the powder in which he usually hides it, that all cried, he really might be interesting, which, before, had been deemed impossible. Who was better pleased than he, who solemnly abjured powder, and, with celestial self-complacency, walked about among the women to be admired. I and Lisette employed ourselves till midnight, renewing the straw hats; I turned them all up on one side with a cockade; when we are in the sun, we put the shovel side foremost; when in the shade, turn them round. This change met with general applause, and, Voigt says, has a picturesque effect. This morning came the donkey drivers in procession carrying the lost shoes upon their sticks! They expected drink-money, and it was paid, though the shoes had better been left where they were buried; many were vexed

that the disgraced shoes should be exhibited so freely to the public gaze. This is the history of yesterday. Voigt had long desired to draw the whole company on donkeys in his sketch-book — this morning was a beautiful clear sky and cool after the rain; we made ourselves as picturesque as we could, let ribbons flutter, veils blow; the gentlemen stuck nosegays in their hats, put themselves into negligent attitudes, balanced with their legs, so went we slowly forward. Voigt had gone before with his color-box, had prepared his palette, and was seated on a tent-stool before the height down which we came, observing the procession through a spy-glass; all at once he called out, "Halt" — I was in front, with a green silken banner which I had made; this I rested on one side, and held solemnly still; my guitar, also, hung at my saddle. Voigt painted zealously on a piece of oil-cloth which was nailed on a board. This lasted a good while; the donkeys hung down their ears and went to sleep; the sun burned; the flies bit; the veils and ribbons hung down slack; all thought they could bear it no longer; but I wished extremely the good Voigt should have the satisfaction of finishing his sketch; I took my guitar and began to play Kosciusko; Erothwith accompanied me on the flageolet; the donkey boys joined in with their jews-harps; many voices added bass and treble; some whistled; Haise, near me, gave out a tone with which he imitated a kettle-drum, beaten with a rod and a cudgel, pfitzsch, pfitzsch, bum, bum. The donkeys awoke and pricked up their ears, the air stirred afresh the fluttering ribbons; all were inspired, and Voigt painted faster than a windmill is blown in a storm; the donkey boys, also, had put themselves into negligent attitudes; soon matters were so advanced that we could turn about; Voigt, too, mounted his donkey, and we rode home satisfied and singing. The sketch is excellent; he will finish it at Frankfort; I wish thou hadst been here. Riding home I saw, from afar, the birch-tree, blowing in the wind so gently, it seemed as if I saw thy picture in a vision. I thought perhaps I would try to visit thee here; when one is alone, it is much easier to climb; in the afternoon I went, while all were taking their siesta, and saw what letters the duke had cut in the tree, Z D F* and his name beneath; I know what it means, just what he wrote upon thy manuscript of Immortalita. Voigt told me his book was very

* To the Friend.

witty, and has related many fair and also singular things of him. The book we must read together in the winter. This afternoon all were assembled at tea on the terrace. The desire for distant excursions is damped; we played shuttlecock, and blew soap-bubbles; they flew between the trees, now here, now there, also one on Haise's nose, I trow.

SUNDAY.

This morning we were all assembled for the last breakfast, for to-morrow go all away; the whole forenoon was spent in *tête-à-tête* walks of those most intimate. I sauntered with Voigt to a green place and read to him from thy letters. I read the *Manes*, knitting to it various thoughts which I could not clearly express; I cannot speak to any other as to thee; I feel not the desire and glow to express myself unless with thee; then, whatever I say, or however it comes out, I perceive that somewhat stirs within me as if my soul were growing, and, if I myself do not understand it, I win assurance from thy wise calm eyes, that look on me waiting as if they understood me and knew what must come yet. In this way dost thou charm thoughts out of me, of whose possession I was not before aware, and that amaze myself; other people have no patience with me; even Voigt has not, but says, "I know what you would say," and says something I did not wish to say. But when I do like thee, and listen to him, then hear I always something wise and good. To-day he said, "Reason is by philosophers danced about and adored as a god, or rather as an idol, which may be imagined into any shape they desire. Things which ought and should be sought by the way of human experience and feeling, they put into propositions, which, not resting on a felt reality, only avail and work as arbitrary fancies. Philosophy must first be seized as feeling, else is it empty straw which men are thrashing. We might say philosophy must first be converted into poetry, but for that we might long be kept waiting, out of dry tarry wood will no green grove grow; you may plant stick after stick and pray down the sweetest showers of spring, yet all will remain dry. Yet the true philosophy comes forth from poesy itself, as the youngest and fairest daughter of the spiritual church." This last said he to Mr. Haise, who is a well-studied philosopher, and was so excited because Voigt called poesy the religion of the soul, that he

sprang with both feet into the air, and afterwards said to me alone, "I cannot trust Voigt far; his wisdom is so unsound, and might easily misguide a youthful heart." All the rest was pleasant; we took our coffee in the afternoon on the rock of the Muses, and made a gay fire in the wood and danced round it in a ring until the last flame went out; we were all as delighted as children, and it seemed to me as if there was not one false or concealed thought left in any mind. Indeed | a free mind is the highest thing in man.)
 "Never to desert one period of human existence, so long as it flows pure, for the sake of trying another, never any such to miss, ever to remain a child, as child to be already man, and a slave to the good; reverently to adore God, and yet toy and play with him in his works, which themselves are a play of his wisdom, of his love." This was the way Voigt showed to Mr. Haise, as we were going home, and the Englishman was satisfied and offered him his hand. Good-night.

MONDAY.

Yesterday I might have written to thee, for all had gone away, but I was weary. Tonie sleeps still; we were up very late; I went out on the terrace to take leave, because they all were to go away before daybreak; only Voigt staid till noon, because he was going to Mentz. He went with me into the little chapel to hear mass; then was a second time the sermon nearly at an end; the preacher was our Franciscan. "Why has Jesus, when nailed on the cross, at the same time a heavenly glory round his head, but to forbid compassion to those present, prophesying the most holy, glorious raptures from the conflict of man with sorrow? Why in each of his words, his deeds, lies the earthly with the eternal in such close connection? He exchanged not his woes for joys, though he might so easily have done so,—also, thou, O man, receive gladly thy destiny when it brings thee sorrow, for thy destiny is not mournful, however much human misfortune it may bring thee, but, if thou dost disdain it, that is indeed misfortune, and so close I, as I began, by saying, the destiny of each man must be treasured as the most precious jewel, not carelessly thrown away, but cherished with highest reverence, learning to subject one's self to it." Voigt lamented that he had not heard the whole sermon,

thinking, as so much was compressed into a few words, the unfolding of the whole must have been very rich in thought. But I was glad we came so late, for to me seemed the subject very gloomy; to think of woes beforehand and prepare the thoughts for them suits not me. In the evening were we quite alone, Tonie and I; all others are gone; I wanted to go to walk, and sent for Lelaps, the sacristan's dog, who knows me, because I have already often taken him with me. He came with a lighted lantern round his neck, as he is wont to accompany his master in foggy weather; this pleased me well. I took the good stick, of Spanish reeds bound together, that Savigny gave me, and went out with Lelaps between the clefts in which the mist wavered hither and thither, so that the little light vanished frequently from my sight, but as soon as I called he came running through the thick fog, then was the light again visible; what play was this for me! For the dog and me alone, with the mists fluttering about like ghosts climbing up and scrambling down into the valley, it was truly no easy matter to find our way over the chasms and rock-walls; when we got a free look out into the valley, I could not persuade myself they were not ghosts, and I believe it yet, and was inly right joyous that I had come to see them, and that the dog and I were suffered to remain; thou dost not know how pleasant the fog is, how softly it clings to you; my face was quite polished with it, as I came happily home again. How glad I am to be so insignificant; I need not fork up discreet thoughts when I write to thee, but just narrate how things are; once I thought I must not write unless I could give importance to the letter by a bit of moral, or some discreet thought; now I think not to chisel out nor glue together my thoughts; let others do that; if I must write so, I cannot think. Ah, to be understood and felt by the simplest, the most unlearned is something worth, and then not to weary the only one who understands me, who is wise for me, — that depends on thee.

We went out upon the Rhine and returned next day late at evening, so is to-day Thursday; it was fair at Rüdesheim; Tonie stopped there to speak to the priest, who is to come to our house; I looked out from a great black arch on the meadows lying in evening light; the butterflies seemed flying above me, for there on the top of the castle grow very many wild flowers, all carried up there by the wind; you might

suppose the flying flower-seeds had souls, and refused to be carried farther, but all chose to bloom there ; so many blue-bells, and little white pinks and balsam-flowers, I think the whole wall is blossomed over, flower on flower. Beneath, amid the ruins, dwells a beggar with his wife and two children ; they have a goat which they carry up there, and who grazes on the flowery carpet with the utmost nonchalance.

I was a whole hour alone there, seeing the sails pass on the Rhine. I felt a deep longing to be with thee again ; for, beautiful as it is here, it is sad without echo in the living breast. Man is nothing but the desire to feel himself in another. Before I saw thee I knew nothing ; I had often read and heard of friends, yet never knew what a life it would be ; for what thought I then of men ? Absolutely nothing. I took the watchdog out, that I might have society ; but when I had been awhile with thee, and had heard so many things from thee, then I looked on each face as an enigma, and might well have divined many things, or perhaps *have* divined them, for I am really sharp-minded. Truly, man does express his being, if the looker-on knows how to put things together, — and neither dissipates his thoughts, nor adds anything from his own fancy ; but one is always blind when he seeks to please others, or seem somewhat before them. That have I remarked in myself. If one loves another, it is better to compose one's self, to understand the one beloved. If we wholly forget ourselves and look at him, I believe it is possible to divine the whole hidden man from his outward being. I have recognized this, for of other men I have not understood what they were to me. The most I cannot consider long, because I observe nothing which pleases me, or harmonizes with me ; but with thee have I felt like a music, so at home was I at once. I was like a child which, still unborn, is removed from his father-land, sees the light in another, and must by some foreign bird be wafted back over a sea. He finds all new, yet nearest related, and most domestic. So was it always with me when I entered thy apartment. So was it on the old castle-ruins yesterday ; the smiling meadows, and the merry maidens singing there, the evening light, the passing sails and the butterflies, all was nothing to me, I longed only for thee ! for thy little room, for the winter ; for the snow without, and the early twilight, and the blazing fire ; this sunshine and blooming and shouting tears my heart. I

was delighted when Tonie came up with the carriage, I looked down, and there was the beggar with his two pretty children, laughing and rolling over one another, holding each other close embraced. I said, what are your names? and they answered, Röschen and Bienchen; Röschen is fair, with round, red cheeks. And Bienchen is a brunette, with black, glancing eyes. They were truly one in two. Home at midnight; a most sweet sleep by the rushing of the Spring-fountains.

MONDAY.

I have often re-read thy last letter, I am surprised when I compare it with others which I have received here at the same time,—then must I think that there are destinies in Spirit; as beings can be so remote from one another, and so different, that they may meet every day, yet one will never conceive of the other what he thinks and dreams, and what he feels in thinking and dreaming. Thy whole being with others is dreamy; I well know why; wert thou awake, thou couldst not live among them and be so indulgent; hadst thou been quite awake, they would certainly have driven thee away; the grimaces that they make would certainly have put thee to flight. I saw the same in a dream myself when I was two years old; and sometimes the dream comes over me again so that it seems that men are mere frightful larvæ by whom I am surrounded and who will take from me my senses; even as in the dream I shut my eyes, that I may not see and perish with anguish. So thou from thy magnanimity dost shut thy eyes in life; thou wouldst not see how it is appointed with men; thou wouldst not have an aversion arise against these who are not thy brothers, for the absurd is neither sister, nor brother. But thou wilt be their sister, so standest thou among them with dreaming head, smiling in thy sleep, for thou dreamest them all away as a flickering grotesque masquerade dance. This read I again to-day in thy letter; for it is now so still there, that one can think; thou art good to me, for among all men thou holdest thyself most awake to me. As if, shouldst thou quite open thy eyes, thou wouldst venture really to look upon me. Oh I have often thought that I would never terrify thy look,—lest thou shouldst indulgently shut thine eyes to me also, and only peep sideways at me to avoid seeing all my faults and vices.

Thou sayest we will trifle together ; dost thou know how I interpret that ? I remember what thou lately wrotst to Clemens, — “ ever new and living is the desire in me to express my life in a permanent form ; in a shape that may be worthy to advance towards the most excellent, to greet them and claim community with them. Yes, after this community have I constantly longed. This is the church, towards which my spirit constantly makes pilgrimages upon the earth.” But now thou sayest, we will trifle, — because thou wouldst remain untouched ; because thou findest no community, and yet thou believest that there is somewhere a height where the air blows pure, and a longed-for shower rains down upon the soul, making it freer and stronger. But certainly this is not in philosophy ; I do not quote this from Voigt ; my own feeling bears witness to me. Healthful breathing men cannot so narrow themselves. Imagine to thyself a philosopher, living quite alone on an island, where it should be beautiful as only spring can be, where all was blooming, free, and living, birds singing, and all the births of nature perfectly fair, but no creature there to whom the Philosopher could interpret anything. Dost thou believe that he would take such flights as those which I cannot constrain with thee ? I believe he would take a bite from a beautiful apple, rather than make dry wooden scaffoldings for his own edification from the high cedars of Lebanon. The Philosopher combines, and transposes, and considers, and writes the processes of thought, not to understand himself, that is not the object of this expense, but to let others know how high he has climbed. He does not wish to impart his wisdom to his low-stationed companions, but only the hocus-pocus of his superlatively excellent machine, the triangle which binds together all circles. But it is only the idle man, who has never realized his own being, that is taken by this. Others deceive, misinterpreting nature ; they prepare this scaffold on which to climb, out of vanity, and at top becomes it arrogance, breathing down sulphureous fumes to the men below ; then men, in this blue vapor of fancy, suppose they are perceiving the high motives of being. I am not fearful lest this wisdom should escape me, for there is not a thing in all nature which cannot give forth the spark of immortality so soon as we really touch it ; do but fill the soul with all thou seest on this islet, rich with blessings ; thence will all wisdom flow through thee in electric currents ; indeed

I believe, if a man takes his stand beneath the blossoming tree of magnanimity, which bears all virtues on its top, the wisdom of God is nearer him than on the highest tower which man ever erected for himself. Man cannot get more than the apple, which grows for him on the tree; if he climbs to the top, he plucks it himself, if he stands beneath the tree and waits, the apple falls and gives itself to him, but except from the tree can he produce no fruit; — thou speakest of Titans who, with great noise, pile mountains one upon the other, casting down the tranquil heights of immortality; truly thou wert thinking of philosophers, when thou saidst, a thievish selfishness presses before the time, and deludes with glittering phantoms — ah, all selfishness is shameful thieving; he who is a miser of the spirit, vain of it, dividing it into strata, or burning into it particular signets, he is the selfish wretch; and what else do philosophers, but contend about their theories, as to who has thought this or said that, — if thou hadst thought or said it, it were without thy interference true or better, truly it is a chimera form of thy vanity. Why so hoard up coins that belong to the pitiful earth-life, not to the heavenly spheres? / I would like to know whether Christ troubled himself as to how his wisdom would be received by after-ages. If he did — he was not divine! As yet men have only offered him idolatrous homage, because they have laid stress on acknowledging him outwardly, but not inwardly; yet it would be no matter if he were quite forgotten outwardly and never named, if only his love was growing up in the heart. Another thing will I say to thee; when the intellect cuts out and puts on ever such fine clothes, and in them struts round the theatre, what is it other than a mere show, even as one declaims a heroic drama; the actors grow not to real heroes thereby. Thou hast written to Clemens, “Say not my being is one of reflection, or truly that I am mistrustful — mistrust is a harpy who throws herself greedily upon the divine banquet of inspiration, soiling it with impure experiences and vulgar prudence, which I, in relation with each worthy one, have disdained.” These words have I often looked upon as a mirror of thy soul, and then have I always felt thanksgiving, that God laid in thee so great an instinct, lifting one off the hinges of vulgarity where all creaks and shuts, and if a thing does not originally suit, is made to adapt itself for life. Ah no! thou art a spirit without door

or bolt ; and when I speak out to thee my longings for somewhat great and true thou lookest not fearfully about thee, but answerest, — Now I hope we shall find that together.

MONDAY.

So earnestly have I written ; I know not myself how I came to do it. I understand not how it is. Thou far surpassest me in pure contemplation, for thou art a Seer, while I regard only the shadows of those spirits, dancing in the air, that hover round thee. And what is all that before thee ; I feel that I am on a much lower step, from which I call to thee whether this or that be so ? I feel also that thou wouldst punish me by a light stroke of thy magical wand for lingering amid such after-thoughts. I know and do not know. To bathe in the dew, to gaze on the moon in the nightly hours, is fairer than to turn about and measure the shadows which we cast upon the lighted plain ; truly I was sad when I wrote yesterday, and from sadness rise for me always such fogs of hyper-prudence, *Philisterei*, — I am ashamed ; it is a bad sonata, whose theme one can quickly learn by heart, and seems drawling and insipid when it is repeated ; that comes from being lonely here ; because one thinks somewhat better must be brought forward in talking with one's self. I marked it as writing the self-pleasing prattle, which fitted together so well, misled me, and now at once am I weary of it. How gracefully and playfully hast thou expressed all, and, with thy magic wand, hast thou drawn a circle in which to amuse thyself with me, and I have beaten about me with thorns and nettles and thistles ; ah, I feel a disgust to what I wrote yesterday. Why did I not rather describe to thee the wondrous evening, the singular night I had lived through with Tonie. Such a night passes not from us, it exists forever with its soft shadowy pictures, with its illuminated twilights, and transient zephyrs, and how they blew hither and thither the waves of slumber ; certainly when the world was born, then was it night, and then arose the summits of immortality, those still summits of which thou hast spoken, first upon the waters ; and then pressed the world after them and lies so now, and over it stream the speeches of yonder lonely one through the night-heaven. Truly I find myself not prepared, when in such a night all sleeps far and wide, and the spirit all-powerful sails on his wings through the air, — and all the

philosophers, who wish to rouse up human nature, sleep soundly and feel it not. Might it not be that if any one was permitted each night to open his eyes, and see through the deep folded mantle which she spreads over all nature, while her secret spirits hovered round, breathed on him, on all living — might it not be that such an one would become a Seer of heavenly wisdom! There is somewhat marvellous in the night; one might think day had sometimes let itself be seized upon by evil, but night is wholly free from it; we feel ourselves, in the soundless, silver night, drawn upwards, like the twining vines that push out their tendrils into the air, to take hold of the spirits as they fly by and drink in their breath. But why scramble I and run giddily thus as if I were ever on the edge of the wood, truly in the night was it so clear in my mind that I laughed aloud, and now skips it from hill to valley and touches the memory, — and all my thinking is but echo as if I had fallen into a cleft. In the afternoon we had wandered out for a long walk and did not know exactly what time it was; it was later than we thought, and always the path kept leading to something that excited our curiosity, — sometimes a rushing brook between cliffs, sometimes sun-bright green and hills, and walls and woods with lofty crowns, then came flocks of birds flying over us that we wanted to gaze after, when suddenly we found we knew not where we were nor whither going, willingly we would have turned about, if we could have guessed in what direction home lay. We encouraged one another to take a broad path that ran obliquely through the wood, because fresh foot-tracks were there it would lead us to men; still we held the wind, the decreasing light to be from passing clouds, but it was the evening wind blowing the leaves round about us; we did not say it to one another, but remarked it soon, walked on and soon saw the sky shimmering red between the branches, soon this was overdrawn with dusky gold, and then came a blue: silent stars glittered, and the path led ever on into the wood, and the stars looked down from on high; neither of us ventured to interrupt the stillness, silent, only one step after the other rustling through the leaves. I said, let us sit down a moment, thou wilt see then that the way through the wood will become clear of itself; “Ah,” said Tonie softly, “what will be the end of this? what will become of us?” Instead of lamenting, I could only laugh aloud;

"For heaven's sake, don't laugh in that frightful way; keep perfectly still; there may be bad people near who will hear us." But I thought rather it would be most dangerous to whisper or wander silently, and persuaded Tonie to let me sing a song. What a sound that made! — it made me so happy, and then the silent wood, — and then I again, — and then it again. Tonie had so seated herself in the path as not to lose sight of the direction we had been pursuing all this time, but I lay backwards and looked up, suddenly I perceived that, to the left, it was lighter in the wood, and the sky wholly free; I said, that way must we take, then are we immediately out of the wood. "O, I entreat thee do not leave the path, for if we stumble about here in the thickets, it is so dark we may fall into pits, let us keep to the path." But I had already set out, and stumbled really, picked myself up, and fell again, and climbed over stock and stone; Tonie called out from time to time, I answered; suddenly I found myself clear of the wood, on a height that sloped down into a wide plain which I could not measure, but saw something glittering at a distance. I called out, Here stand I and see the Rhine; thou must come out of the wood this way, for on the wood-path mayst thou wander hours long to no purpose. I then went back to meet her, both calling to mark the way, but I did not venture in far, for fear of losing myself again; finally we reached one another the hand and then I drew her out behind me. It seems a silly little adventure, but it gave me such pleasure to find our way out of the dark wood. Then stood we looking all about us, — whether is there a hamlet, or there; is that a light? We sat down, to wait a while on the edge of the wood, no sound was heard, not a bird; it was certainly very late, perhaps eleven o'clock, the lights were out on every side; all was so grand about us, we took our repose quite tranquilly, then it grew lighter, the moon was rising, then we knew it must be eleven — at last Tonie was quite sure she saw a town in the distance, she saw clearly the church-roof shining; we dragged ourselves along, slid and scrambled down into the plain. Tonie kept in her eye the church-roof; I was too short-sighted for that, but ran before to make a path, that can I do better. "To the left, then to the right," cried she, and so it went over mowing fields, finally to a ditch full of water over which we were luckily able to jump, then over hedges, then meadows, then gardens; the

moon was now fairly up, illumined a broad road which led to the town, but a great firm gate shut in this accursed town, which lay sunk in the moonshine still as death; not a dog barked, nor a cat mewed. Then stood we with our sticks in our hands, staring at the door; soon this seemed to me too ludicrous, and I said, suppose I try to climb over? for it was open at top; but this was not possible, it was very high, of oaken planks, fitted into a pair of smooth thick posts at the corners. "But just see," says Tonie, "there is between the post and the wall a cleft, perhaps a hand's breadth;" now, if I throw off my shawl, and hold my breadth, I can get through there; quick all which hindered me was thrown on the ground, and I was through; the first thing I did was to sit down by the gate, on the corner-stone, and laugh; that sounded down the street, and found an echo, and sounded back again. "Ah, I pray thee, do not laugh; thou wilt wake all the people, and who knows what they may do to us," prayed Tonie through the cleft, — I composed myself, examined the gate, found it was shut with two great iron bolts, took a stone, and pounded back the bolts. "Make not alarm, don't pound so loud." All her words helped not, I was full of zeal, the gate must yield, at once the leaves flew apart, and there stood she before me and made her entrance; now wandered we silently through the streets, and looked at all the houses, we knocked on doors, on shutters, but no sound gave answer; at last a little gable window opened, a man peeped out, holding a lighted pine-splinter, whose flame discovered a well-bearded chin, and other particulars which made us fancy him an unbaptized member of the human race, and this his voice did not belie. "We are guests of the Electress from Schlangenbad, who have lost their way and seek a guide." He intimated that the gate-keeper lived opposite. We knocked, and after a while a hole in the ground opened, and a giant form rose up, dressed in brown fur, with a tree in his hand, — I will not call it a club, for that it was too large, — with loud pattering steps he drove us before him out of the gate, and ever on and on up the hill-path. Presently, Tonie whispered in my ear, "What if that strong man behind us should give us a blow with his club, I am greatly frightened;" then we bid the man walk before us, so that we might see it if he wanted to do us any ill. So marched the Goliath before us away; ah, how rustled the birches as we

passed and painted their shadows beneath our feet, how gushed the darkness out of the wood to meet the moonlight, and the little streams trickled down from the hills, and rolled on betwixt the willows, and we passed by many a sleeping hamlet, and then upon the heights, yet once again must I look round for that silver-streak of the Rhine in the moonlight, and the hills rose and sank in the distance. There was a stir in the air, a fluttering and whispering amid the branches, and childish dreams that made my heart quiver, and dark forms coming ever forth from the wood; this kept my soul awake, and yet it seemed as if I slumbered, free from care, and only wandered on in my dreams, and the stars of heaven gradually grew pale, and the lonely cottage in the valley were as yet unconscious of the day which began to break, then the quails sung in the fields to announce it, then saw we Schlangenbad. Who more joyful than we, but I especially, I rejoiced in that splendid night. The shadows beside the road that silently bordered our lighted path, and the farewell of night, as she yet once again shook the tops of the trees, that is all dear to me; it is a gift from the gods, like many other hours when it has seemed as if they would present me with sweet visionary feeling of the inly powers of rapture. This was what I wished to tell thee, which is much fairer than all thinking and judging, to approach the life of nature, and still and mute observe with her what she prepares, and how she consecrates and purifies in the solemn stillness of night.

OFFENBACH, May, 1805.

Care not thou for my health; in the little garret am I quite good-humored and must needs laugh with my shadow on the wall. Three jumps up the stairs, then spread my wings and down behind the poplar-walk, where something white is fluttering. There, where we buried Spitz last year, played the wind with a paper in the moonshine, but it flew over the garden-wall, as I tried to catch it. With the good Spitz I was not afraid in the night, as ever he barked the spirits out of the way. The Piano Hoffman is as before our neighbor; this night as I lay in my bed he was chasing up and down his enharmonic gamuts; I gave up sleeping, and joyfully resigned my senses to chase with him — with the understanding to receive music, as the musical Philistines do — that cannot be — I must feel. When the senses are all soothed by the

music, I given up to it as if slumbering, then have I thoughts swift — like as stars often glide across the heavens. I trouble myself sometimes, that I cannot think what I will, and must let myself be bewildered by each new thing, as, at the fair, one runs from the camera obscura box to the puppet play, from the dancing bear to the gypsies at the riverside where the skiffs pour forth their load of queer people, and drunken musicians play a fitting symphony. Many things fly through my head, but when I would write, the air is empty of thoughts, most words are superfluous, I am fain to blot them out again, as here in the letter. But when there is music I am collected, the thoughts fly not about, but keep still, and look at the secret of things, which pleases me. The soul grows, the bud springs up, and sucks in moonlight. Awhile I lay in bed and listened, but when a storm came, I sprang up and placed myself at the window. Music brings all things to union, she thunders through the clear night her powerful stream, then dances she away and greets with each wave the flowers which are secretly blooming on the shore. When the clouds come driven by the wind-storm, then seem they enchanted by their breath, the rain rolls down pearls beneath their dancing step, hasting impelled by the thunder and lightning through the black night, rushing on sounding pinions; this is all a hymn with music; — nothing contradicts nor disturbs the still broodings of the mind. Thus have I lived through half the night, a life, than which time has not brought neither will bring a better, — how stand I in blossom, full of honey to the brim, all out of the inner self. With others I have no understanding; I am ashamed before them so to differ from them. Thou art good to me, and so is Clemens, but with him I cannot be entirely as I am; he has his fears and cannot bear to have me pour myself out, sometimes is it too fiery, sometimes too sad, when I even am really not mournful, yet because he is fair as a thought out of my soul, so must I be loving to him. He knows not that it is music in me which loves him; I must let it go, all must ripen in time. Undisturbed with thee, then feel I the young green, how it springs up from me; thou dost not make a bustle about it that in spring-time the fresh grass-blades and plants breathe themselves out, — so am I content, and blossom out all my thoughts before thee.

20th May.

Yesterday was Sunday, and I was not cross this morning, though the hens cackled me out of the best dream, as in Frankfurt, when Liesbet would throw wood into the stove just as a golden bird was about to fly into my hand. The acacias in the court have grown a great deal; they show in the sunshine their last silver on the green. The garden lay so drunk with morning before the window, I went down, took my old way towards the board wall behind the poplars, and scrambled over into the Boskett, where I now write to thee. I have torn my clothes as usual when I am so joyous and exulting: do not scold me "that I have not taken care of my robe." The rose-bushes took a good piece of it as I was trying whether I could still rub through between the bars of the iron fence to the Boskett; it can be done yet; I have not gained earth-ballast. Now I am sitting on the terrace that overlooks the Maine, on which the water-spiders are travelling about merrily in the morning-sun. If the Genius should wander this way, I could not say more to him than the bees are humming. It seems as if I heard the blossoming citron-trees, all is so still, as on a holiday, and the pure little pebbles click shyly beneath my tread,—all full of awe and expectation till He comes,—He, for whom I wait,—or has He, perchance, been here already? and has so prepared all for me, that I may perceive it was He to whom the sun-laden twigs bowed themselves, and after whom the waves murmured to my feet. I would sing about it, but the little zephyr that went to seek him in that tuft of trees returns again, and has not found him, is silent and stirs no more, so must I, too, be dumb.

TO BETTINE.

Thy letter gives me joy; in it is a healthy, cheerful life, such as I have always loved in thee. Thou makst use of a language that might be called a style, if it were not contrary to all traditional precepts. Poesy is always genuine style, just as it streams from the spirit in harmonious waves, what is unworthy of this should not be thought at all; each event of the spirit's life should be poetically regarded, else it suffers detriment, as I experienced this morning when I received from the old family shoemaker at Henault a bill for

seventeen florins, which I cannot pay ; poetically, to end this dilemma, I offer thee the little Apollo as a pledge, together with Türkheim's laurel crown ; give me the gold.

As soon as thou hast taken some lessons in history, write me about them ; especially in what way thy tutor instructs, and whether thou findest a true pleasure in it. I have written diligently on the Tale, but anything so light as I had planned at first will not succeed with me ; my mood is often very sad,* and I have not power over it.

Greet Clemens for me when you write ; I mean to write to him, and am only waiting for a livelier hour in myself, that I may with a clear conscience reproach him for his discontent and whims.

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

There is gold in the desk before the great mirror, in the third drawer to the left, and perhaps in some of the other drawers ; take them all out and see whether some has not fallen through. The key is beneath the flower-pot on the balcony in which the monk's-hood flowers are ; keep the Apollo free from dust, and don't let the flies spot it or the laurel crown, and of style know I nothing except from thee ; nothing superfluous, only what belongs to the thing should I write. I take care of my letters as of the apple-trees ; clear away caterpillar's nests and barren twigs till they are quite bald. It is written thou shalt give account of every idle word, and since this cannot be denied, let us govern ourselves accordingly. Man receives the spirit with thoughts and words ; these are the apartments in which he harbors it, the robes of honor in which he arrays it, but these must be transparent and fit exactly and in the spaces plainly, for what he does not fill out that builds him in. I observe that men are very stupid and go a fearful way round about from the centre ; indeed to me each truth seems a centre which we only revolve around, but never touch. Yesterday I was reading to grandmamma from Hemsterhuis ; she said, " That is a noble thought ; " then gave me a ginger-nut ; at that time came into my head this thought.

* See Correspondence with a Child, Story of Günderode, for an account of this Tale.

MONDAY.

The history-teacher comes three times a week, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, clinched in between two lazy days at each end, Friday and Saturday at one, Sunday and Monday at the other. He instructs me so that I probably shall turn my back forever to the future, and might get cheated out of the sweet present, if the unripe apricots in grandmamma's garden did not excite my thievish disposition, through which I think to obtain something more to be appreciated by my understanding than "The history of Egypt is in the early stages dark and uncertain." Though this is lucky, else we should be plagued with it. "Menes is the first king of whom we know anything." This I should like, if we knew anything to signify. "He built Memphis, and turned the Nile into a safer channel. Mœris dug out lake Mœris to hinder the pernicious overflowings of the Nile. He was followed by Sesostris the conqueror, who killed himself." Why? Was he handsome? Was he ever in love? Was he young? Was he melancholy? To all these questions no answer from the teacher except that he might, with more probability, be regarded as old. I demonstrated that he must have been young, merely to set agoing the wheels of time that already stuck fast in the history-mud of weariness. Then we scrambled on to Busiris, who built Thebes; Psammetichus, who took the divided states under his wing; then the wars with Babylon, and Nebuchadnezzar, from whom Cambyzes, son of Cyrus, takes it again. The Egyptians unite with Lybia, make themselves again free, war with the Persians; down to Alexander is strife, and here, to my delight, this history comes to an end. This is the import of the first lesson. Thou seest I have been attentive. But had I not been spurred on by the need to chase away weariness, and to show thee how useless it is anew to kindle the ashes from which nature cannot a second time extract a salt, since there can no more be a glow; I had said rather, let us leave the old rulers to moulder in their pyramids. Spring swells the earth, everywhere the buds are putting forth, green is dawning amid the folded leaves,—even so puts forth my mind,—such spirit swells rapturous on my lips, my thoughts are ready to burst their coy sheaths and buds. I was in the wood this morning on the *Chaussee*, with early

dawn, which laid a saffron bandeau round the tree-tops ; on the moist ground I found blue forget-me-nots and golden buttercups ; it was so moist, so warm, so mossy, so burning to my face, so cooling from the ground ! The dew was so heavy that I got completely wet ; as I came home, the tutor met me with the eighteen hundredth year of the world, in which Nimrod founded Babylon. I would not ask who Nimrod was, for fear he should tell me, and it would be so useless to know it. If Nimrod was a good person who might please me better than the men who now live, I would consent to grant him the duration of immortality ; but the tutor followed up directly with the Assyrian Ninus, who conquered the kingdom from whence he mastered Central Asia ; then he ran on without pause till he had freed the empire again through Nabopolassar, of whom, also, I know not whence he came flying. Nebuchadnezzar conquered Egypt, Babylonians, Assyrians ; Medes made war, more conquests till Cyrus the Persian, — Babylonian history embraces 1600 years, began at eleven o'clock — now clock struck twelve ; I spring into the garden.

FRIDAY.

This morning the history-man did not come, so I studied thorough bass, — of this I may say I learned something ; it brought me thoughts ; it speaks to me as a mystery, although Hoffman says all is clear as day. This I allow, but also is clear day a mystery, so well as the simple Harmony-interval of which Hoffman said to-day, " Regard the Tonic not only by itself, but also in reference to every other Tonic, as to its related mode of modulation, and which, also, in the degree of its relationship, has reference to all collateral relationships, and thence again, as such, can make itself valid, so sees one easily how all possible combinations of three tones by means of simple harmony-springs can follow one another." I believe, but understand it not, — " consider " — but can one consider as one will ? If I should consider the clouds as my down-bed, that will not make them come down and cover me. The little Hoffman looked at me, astonished at my stupidity ; it made him stupid too ; he had nothing to say. At last, he said with kindness that, next time, he should certainly be able to find a form that would make the thing intelligible to me ; he then went on to the practice on the instrument,

where he must spring with a thousand harmony-springs. Soon came the next lesson, and I must try, in the dance of the chords, whether my spirit, also, would make a bold spring, or whether I am born to learn creeping, like a caterpillar. Truly I should like to know — but not as in the old worm-eaten history. Ah heaven! I have no prospect. Yesterday evening I went into the garden after tea; there heard I thoroughly the grass grow, but such things help not as to judgment and understanding. The green apples on the wall, the downy peaches must I respect, for they evidently grow, but I — then I tried to think what I had ever learned, and could not even remember the little prayer that I said each day for four years. The Lord's prayer — the Creed — the Salve, I only know in parts, and this whole summer evening, which made me so happy, I kept saying, in hope to patch together a Credo, "Ascended to heaven," — write in thy next letter what comes next, — yet, in fact, "ascended to heaven" was a good end; if thou also hast forgotten the rest, it is no matter; neither of us need know it, but something does come after, of that I am sure.

SATURDAY.

Ah! yesterday was a day full of sunshine; the flies and beetles have so danced and hummed; they know how to revel in joy. I have listened to them in the high grass, roofed over by the linen, which is laid out there to bleach. The old Cousine watered it several times at noon; it was sometime before single drops dripped through and wet me. I heard, as I lay there, the rehearsal of the symphony which sounded out from the Boskett on my uncultured ear, and astonished it where it could not comprehend. Music, in tones borne through the air, streaming out upon us the whole power of revelation, and then hovering away; — who can wake it again when it has ceased to vibrate? I am so silly, it makes me despair that it has ceased, and I could win nothing from it. So will it be many times more: *it will sound, and I shall not seize it.* Yesterday I talked with grandmamma, who said, "The heart receives what the understanding cannot conceive," — that yet again understand I not.

This morning Hoffman said, "The simple Harmony-interval is when, between two chords that follow one another, a

harmony is heard in the understanding." I hear not this harmony in the understanding. I am wholly penetrated with what I feel, not what I understand. Believe it—music works, inspires, enchants, not through what we hear, but through the might of the passed over between lying harmonies; these hold the audible corporeal powers of music through their inaudible spiritual power combined with themselves. That is the vast effect on us, that we through the heard are excited to the unheard, for we are through *one* tone brought into relation with all, and through all with each in particular. I may say I have during the music-lesson fallen upon the thought how God has created the world. The great word, LET THERE BE, shone in upon me. Without the one is all nothing; without the all, the one is nothing. In each breath circulates the whole creation, Fire, Earth, Air, and Water;—all life and all being is in the alliance of these four spirits, which are the life of the universe. These four mutually shape and produce one another in the spirit where they are united. Music is self-production of these four elements in one another. In each being that lives are produced these elements; that is spirit, that is music. The animal also has music; he is sensuously penetrated by water, air, earth, and fire, by their spirit, which manifests itself in him; therefore is it so excited by music, because the senses slumber in it, dream, and all has a like right to divinity, which, through self-production of the elements in it, is elevated to spirit. I have written; I stare upon the lines and know not what I wished to say. In the light of day is dissipated the spirit-host of thoughts; but there beneath the linen, where the sun dripped in with the drops of water, where I lay all imprisoned in the net of blooming grasses, there was it clear to me. Not what we can perceive with the senses is the true delight; no,—much more that which moves our senses to re-create, live a second life, is delight! To produce! Enough! the spirits were mighty within me during the music,—distinctly they called to me, take a violin, and join in, thus as thou feelest that thou canst aid in bringing out the stream of harmony, and canst raise it and give it force by the rush of thine own inspiration,—stretch thyself out on the height, feel thyself in each tone through the relationship of thy voice with it. Should any man understand and apply with intelligence the science of harmony, he must

secretly govern the world, unmarked by any man, and the whole universe must sound to him like one symphony, and the whole world-history would drum, and pipe, and harp for his good pleasure.

Yes, I understand it, but I will not say it so to Hoffman ; to him will I interpret the first, second, and third degrees of all relationships, and how all is subject to me to make use of, how I to each man can transmit the dominion, and take it away again, and how I ever must reign thus while I swim with the stream of divine harmony.

Adieu, I stretch out my claws like a crab, from the low ground of my perceptions, and seize what I can first snatch to wind myself out of my own ignorance.

TO BETTINE.

Hold out yet awhile with thy history-teacher ; that he should describe to thee, as briefly as may be, the physiognomies of the nations, is quite essential. Now that thou knowest about the contests between Egypt and Babylon, Media and Assyria, they will no longer lie as a stagnant pool in thy imagination. Active and energetic in each undertaking, what they undertook was wellnigh beyond our power of conception. They tarried not, but hastened from the beginning to the end ; their lives were toiled away as a day's labor in the building of their cities, of their temples ; their rulers were full of thought, and comprehensively heroic in their plans ; the little that we know of them gives us an idea of their strength of will, which was greater than the present time admits, and leads to the conception of what the human soul might be, if it grew on and on in simple service of itself. It is with soul-nature as with earth-nature, a vineyard planted on a desert hill, through the wine the power of the ground will work upon thy senses ; so will the soul work upon thy senses, which, penetrated by the spirit, pours forth the wine of art or poesy, also of higher revelation. The soul is like a stony field, which, perhaps, gives the vine just that peculiar fire to wake the hidden powers, and to attain what we, perhaps, would not dare expect from any genius. But thou standest like a lazy boy looking at his task for the day ; thou art disheartened, and canst not believe it is possible for thee to make fruitful the stony ground over which thorns and

thistles are strewing their winged seeds. Meanwhile the wind has buried many a noble germ in this savage *Steppe*, which are springing up to triumph in thousand-fold blossoms. Thy shy look ventures not to lay hold on the spirit within thyself. Thou passest thy own nature defyingly by. Thou dost damp its brightest powers by petulant conspiracy against the perceptive faculties, which then again suddenly carry thee off, before thou art aware; for, in the very midst of thy Desolation-litany, the fire sparkles out, — whence comes that? Have the earth-spirits breathed it into thee? — has it fallen down to thee from heaven? — dost thou sip it as air into thee? I know not whether to warn thee or silently let thee take thy own way, and trust to what is written in thy face — I know not. I might do so, but that at times I am anxious when, as in thy last letter, I perceive faculties in thee which, lazily resting on themselves, give forth scarce a sound, as if held in the bonds of sleep, and if they stir, it is as if in a dream, and thou thyself sleepest so much the sounder, for such explosions. Do I right to say this to thee? — here I am troubled again, one should not wake him who sleeps in the thunder-storm. Thou dost often appear to me as if electric clouds were discharging in the sultry air above thy sleeping head. The lightning glances over thy closed lids, enlightens thy own dream, irradiates it with inspiration, so that thou speakest out loud, without knowing what thou sayst, and sleepest on. Yes, so is it. For thy curiosity must be, in the highest degree, excited by all which thy Genius says to thee, despite thy oft not venturing to understand him. For thou art cowardly; his instructions call upon thee to think, that wilt thou not, thou wilt not be awaked. Thou wouldst sleep on. Vengeance will be taken on thee; wouldst thou so repel the lover who should eagerly approach thee? — would not that be sin? I think not of myself, nor of Clemens, who with such care watches all thy motions, — I think of thyself, thy own spirit who so faithfully watches over thee and is so petulantly repelled. The nearer the hills, the greater their shadows; perhaps the present satisfies not, because what lies near us throws shadows on our contemplation, thence it is good that light from the past should shine on the dark present. Therefore the history seemed to me important, to stimulate the indolent plant-life of thy thoughts, — in it lies the power of all culture; the past urges onwards, by its hand all germs of de-

velopment are sown within us. It is one of the two worlds of eternity that roll through the soul of man ; the other is the future, — thence come, thither hasten the waves of thought. Were the thought merely the moment born within us? This is not so. Thy Genius is from eternity, indeed, yet he comes to thee through the past, which is hastening to the future where it may be fructified, that is present, the proper living ; each moment that does not, thus pervaded, keep growing into the future, is lost time for which we shall be called to give account. This account is nothing but a recalling of the past, a means to bring back what is lost ; for, with the recognition of what has been neglected, falls dew on the fallow fields of the past, and the germs are animated to grow into the future. Thou thyself didst say to me, as the thistle-bush, round which, in the spring, we had seen so many bees and humble-bees swarming, scattered its seed-flocks on the Steppes ; “ See the wind bearing the seeds of the past into the future.” And on the Grunenburg in the night, when we could not sleep because of the storm, — didst thou not say, “ The wind comes from the distance, its voice sounds hither from the past, and its fine piping expresses its eagerness to hasten on to the future.” From all thy prattle, jests, and wild sallies of that night, have I kept this, and can now serve thee for dessert with thy own raisins which thou dost so carelessly scatter about in thy musical abstractions. Thou remindest me of the stork and the fox ; I, poor little fox, offered thee the flat dish of history ; then thou, long-bill, hast diligently sought out the long-necked flask of thorough-bass and science of harmony, before which I must stand empty and famishing. The Jew * brought me the nosegay ; the junipers I planted behind the Apollo, they breathe aromatically round him ; the blue pearls and the delicate needles point towards him. When thou comest we will burn them in the wind-furnace, in my chamber, and all bad omens with them, so be not impatient if I sometimes heat thee a little ; I enjoy my merry little fire.

CAROLINE.

Be for my sake steadfast awhile ; trust me, the history ground-work is entirely fit for thy fancies, thy conceptions, indeed, necessary for them. When wilt thou collect thyself, if

* A messenger who went daily from Offenbach to Frankfort.

thou hast no ground beneath thee? Canst thou not be composed to receive this influence? Perhaps because what thou shouldst grasp is too strong for thee. Perhaps because he who, with joyful heart, leaped into the gulf to save his people was, through the pas', inspired for the future, while thou hast no reverence for the love of country. Perhaps because he, who laid his hand in the fire, did it from the love of truth, while thou canst not be done with bringing lies to sustain thy fantastic flights, to which alone thou payest honor, and not to the full, sweet grapes of revelation that ripen on thy lips.

I am curious to know whether Hoffman will understand thy musical illuminations beneath the wet linen. If he is to understand whether thou hast rightly understood, thou must offer him thy harmonic vertigos in clearer modulations than to me. It is this alone — this sacred clearness — that can give us assurance whether spirits lovingly embrace us. If only thy music might not come quickly to an end, like thy studying languages, thy irruptions into physics, and thy essays on philosophy, mere whimsies in thy existence, while thou art too much elated to travel along plain ground without making, each moment, a somerset against thy will !

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

Thou shinest on me with thy intellect, thou Muse, and comest where I sit by the way-side to strew salt on my dry bread. I hold thee dear, — whistle before my window in the black midnight, and I tear myself away from my moonlight dream, and go with thee. Thy Schelling's-philosophy is to me, indeed, a pit ; it makes me giddy to look down and see where I might break my neck, trying to find my way through the dark gulf, yet for thy love I would creep through on all fours. And the Lunenburg heath of the past, which finds no end and grows broader with each step ; thou sayest, in the letter which thou hast written so long for my sake, I need all this to make me reflect, to know myself ; I will not contradict thee ! Couldst thou but discern the mischievous, terrific ghosts that follow me in this history-desert, and bar the way to the holy temple of inspiration, where thou art walking so calmly, and make to me insecure and dismal the magic gardens of fantasy, which received thee in their thou-

sand-colored groves. When the tutor opens his mouth, I look into it as an impenetrable gulf which spews forth the mammoth-bones of the past and all sorts of fossil-stuff that never bud or bloom to pay back sun and rain. Meanwhile the ground burns beneath my feet for the sake of the present, which I would fain be wooing without first laying myself on the anvil of the past, there to be hammered flat. Thou speakest of my perceptive faculties with respect ; — if I have received aught from the past, as thou thinkest, if I understand thee, I know not how it happened. Is it the Genius that comes wandering this way? Wouldst thou so persuade me, — fine rogue? My Genius, the fair-haired, whose beard has not yet begun to grow, wouldst thou persuade me that he will start up out of the mould, like a mushroom? Truly there are spirits that revolve round their own centres like suns ; they come no-whence, and go no-whither, they dance upon the place, giddiness is their delight, mine is therewith fully enchanted. I let myself be made giddy with him. The intoxication gives double power, it carries me up, and if it, in its wildness, gives me up to the mercy of the four winds, that affrights me not, I am happy as they play ball with me, — the spirits of the air. Presently I stand again upon my feet, my Genius sets me down softly — this thou callst sleeping in the sultry air — this thou callst cowardly? I am not cowardly — his inspirations summon me to think, thou sayst — and I had rather sleep, thou sayst ; — ah Heaven! Thinking I have forsworn, but I am awake and fiery in the spirit. What shall I think, when my eyes look yon past behind me into the darkness ; how can I fasten them on the morrow, that carries me hastily onward. It is the present that tears me away with it into the uncertain blue, yes, into the uncertain, but, also, toward the heavenly, golden-locked, radiant face of the Sun-god, who powerfully urges his steeds ; and beyond nothing. Evening receives me into her bosom, musing lie I there awhile, look into the distance ; great heroes come forward on the full high-road of history, I hear the trampling of their mighty steeds ; I would away to carry the mighty banner before them, how would I rejoice in the breezes that flutter therein, how would I rejoice in my own locks that, borne back in the exulting gallop, play round me, lightly touching my cheeks ! Now bold rushing on into life, now impetuous behind Him over the heath ! How merry,

upwards, forwards, down through the thick smoke! Who beckons on the hill? his eye rests upon me, his drums direct, his trumpet calls! — and then in the night — before his tent! — and sleep sound, for He, the Genius of the Time, will wake at the right hour, and beneath the shelter of his wings I look out upon the fields, see him overflow them, awake the nations, kindle them with his look, till they joyfully wed death or the grave, crowned with laurels, — now, comrade, wilt thou with me?

To-day has the past been spewed out, as briefly as possible, for I was seated on the roof; the Assyrian empire founded by Asser shortly after the foundation of the Babylonian empire; the word “founded” always distracts my attention, ever since the convent where I must so often read how the holy Boniface founded the holy order of the Benedictines, or Antony of Padua, or Francis, &c.; it reminds me of the battles that these holy captains had to wage with the devil, and then I think of all nations, who were fighting, horned and cloven-footed, spitting fire and breathing out pestilential vapor, which the past blows over me. But the holy Assyrians in cowls that make the battle very heavy to them! I think, I think — of all the devils. Meanwhile Ninus, the conqueror, has whisked over from central Asia, built Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, is dead, his war- and building-loving wife, Semiramis has yet a bit of Babylon left to build, and makes brilliant campaigns; all that was lost through the convent and wood-demons, together with holy founders of orders. Through artifices and questions, however, I get from the teacher that nothing further came to pass. Over the story of Semiramis has the past let grow such thick mould, that only through the blue eye of immortality her name looks out, else knew we quite nothing. Afterwards, the Medes conquered Assyria, it made itself again free until the Babylonian king Nabopolassar (who makes me think of a centaur, because the syllable-fall of his name is somewhat like the gallop of a light Arabian courser) acquires it and divides it with Persia. Herewith the past could not have done for to-day, but announces further. “The oldest history of the Medes is unknown.” Arbaces, freed through conquest of Sardanapalus from the Assyrian yoke, in the year of the world 3108, *carefully measured*, for the teacher’s fancy stretches itself solely in the year of the world. Dejoces built Ecbatana, (read Tian’s illustrations of this magnificent city.) As-

tyages (whence came he hither?) weds his daughter to the Persian king, Cambyses, whose son Cyrus cast down his grandfather from the throne (who, however, remained seated there too long) — he unites Media, Assyria, and Persia, and founds the great Medo-Persian empire; — the Jew Hirsch, from the race of Esau, stretches in his rough hand to take possession of it, he will keep it under the yoke in his old sack, till thou freest it; if thou dost put it in the furnace with the old papers, thou wilt destroy for me some very hard-won past.

Write of the Tale.

BETTINE.

Write nothing to Clemens about me, pray say nothing of my wild freaks, for it makes him think that I am mad. He asks a thousand questions, he is quite amazed that I should be thus; he investigates, he seeks a cause, and asks other people if I am in love, when I have but retired into the holy orders of my own nature. For instance, if he knew that in the evening I sit on the roof of the dove-cot, and play on the flageolet to the setting sun, would he call it well done? My poor young life, I can deny it nothing. Speak to no one about me, leave people the heartily bad opinion they have of me; it is my best pleasure. — I commune with my demon and he says: "Thou shalt not defend thyself" — I do what he wills, all else matters not. Sometimes I have visions of him; Psyche was not so favored, she saw not his image, for it was deep dark night around her; but I, when my heart *feels*, can also *see* what enchants it, wherefore I would live a heavenly, misty life in youthful radiance. Stepping forth, a little inclined to one side, he stands ever before me, his regards not fully bent on me, modestly he shows himself in my bosom, the deity I would propitiate with sweet tears; who rouses me from my couch ere dawn, that I may arise and perhaps meet him. Thus I hurry onward, feeling myself fair at heart, conscious of my own beauty; my soul is a mirror filled with heavenly charm.

Each dew-drop by the way-side tells me that I please my — him. What would I more, whom else care to please, but *him*? Oh, do believe it, he is indeed real, receding with each step, and anon returning! How the light is mirrored in his eyes! it dazzles me, then wraps itself in shadow, then again catches the light, now swimmingly the radiance seems

to vanish, but afar it brightens and glows still. Again the eye seeks him, it has already found him, then closes seeing inwardly enjoying in silence.

I know all things! — I know how to love, — but only the Genius, no one dare know the secret, revolving in brilliant circles around me. When I stand thus, with folded arms, and my eyes quiet, (grandmamma calls them rigid,) exclaiming, “Girl what starest so, one would believe thou wert removed beyond the world.” I start, then she laughs. — “Good child where wert thou. wert with thy guardian angel?” (So the Suabians call it when one is thus lost in oneself.) I would say yes, yet could not. *He* called to me: Silence! and should I make a sound when he bids silence! that closes my lips forever. — Forever, Günderode, thou art but the echo through which my earthly life perceives the spirit that in me dwells, else had I nought, else knew I nought, did I not pour it out before thee.

To Clemens say that I am studying, hard, as it rains from the skies; and that it saves me to no purpose, say too; but from *me*, about us say nothing. He need not know what loving mates we are, so secretly together, when he, and no one else is by.

Look up, Günderode! presently a heavenly dancer will glide from behind the scenes. The dance is the key to my forebodings of another world. It awakens the soul, that speaks wildly like a child lost in a labyrinth of flowers, then the little one wavers and reels, stretching out its arms to the blossoming branches, for it has been winding round and round so long, — looking upward, the moon stands over it and soothes its giddiness with steady, quiet eyes, and regarding them makes it revive. What thinkst thou I am raving to thee about, swallowing my tears the while? I often think I can bring forth a world, to the world with my mouth, if it would speak as God has lain it on my tongue, but when it shall out, then it hesitates. But 'tis agreed; may we stammer, lisp, or only sigh, we will secretly divine each other, not so? — as on the green castle-hill at twilight, when we lay in the grass. Then was I joyous with my tongue, it seemed to me there as if some one were whispering behind me. Thou askedst why I turned round so often? — I said there was dancing behind me; I would not say speaking, for it was more like dancing and lightly gliding in circles around me.

Nymphs, holding each other by the hand; from behind the three great cypresses they came, gracefully swaying their little heads and feet. Thou turnedst to me and saidst: "Be no fool!" — Ha, ha, I must laugh, that was indeed too late, for I am already a fool! And what I am prating to thee about is the melody to which they were dancing behind me, that blew our deep philosophical text into the air. What was it about? — of the inner perception, and the contemplation of the mind; if they were different, and whence they sprung, if sensuous perception or spontaneously, and where those sources arise, if right, if left. All that you would have pumped out of me in the growing twilight. Schwerenoth, that was too bad, I would yet like to box thy ears for it. But even that was so sweet; thou didst not grow angry, and gently leanedst thy smitten cheek against me, and cooing like a dove thou saidst "yes," when I asked thee if it pained, "but it matters not." There, I have written it down, for where so much nonsense stands, I can also write that I boxed thy ears.

But the vast stillness about us solemnized our reconciliation. The twilight growing deeper and deeper, and the misty curtain across the willow-path down the Feldberg, with the seam of light along the horizon; how can I forget it? First we leaned against each other so still, and then I lay across thy feet; thus I thought thou wert sleeping, for I heard thee breathing hard, and would just speak myself, then didst thou begin to speak, (here thou hast it set to music.)

Liebst du das Dunkel
Thauigter Nächte?
Graut dir der Morgen,
Starrst du ins Spätroth?
Seufzest beim Mahle,
Stössest den Becher
Weg von den Lippen?
Liebet du nicht Jagdlust?
Reizet dich Ruhm nicht, —
Schlachtengetümmel?
Welken die Blumen
Schneller am Busen
Als sie sonst welkten?
Drängt sich das Blut dir
Pochend zum Herzen?

Lovest thou the darkness
Of dew-glistening nights?
Seest thou the dawning,
Watchest the sunset?
Sighest at the feast thou,

Pushing the wine-cup
 Away from thy lips?
 Lovest not the glad chase?
 Doth not fame tempt thee,—
 The din of battle?
 Fades the fair flower
 Sooner at thy breast
 Than once it faded?
 Rushes the quick blood
 To thy throbbing heart —

Ah! thou didst cease. For that I had to thank my impatience to hear, no, to feel, the sweet dance of thy words, as with panting bosom it leaned over the waves that they might embrace and cool it. I could not wait that thou mightst dance on the dance of thy soul, and it was past. Then I made a verse between-while to start thee again, when thou saidst, "Go to, thou ass," and all was over. Ah! how many melodies have I sung to that verse; it had to receive the shading of all my moods. Only to-day, by the garden-wall, I struck the iron railing with a stick, and it reverberated in my heart like a throb; I sung to it so boldly, so loudly, and powerfully as though my heart had burst into flame, beating beyond measure. Canst thou not sing more of what happened, when the "blood rushed to thy throbbing heart," or wilt thou not tell me? am I too young for that also? If thou thinkst so then I will prove to thee that I can reach far beyond, and that I know more than many whose hearts have throbbed as mine never has.

Often the heart-beat comes from a smile; that have I learnt by my own experience, only last night on the seat before the garden-gate; there I sat, it was eleven o'clock, all slept, only at the neighbor's a night-lamp was burning.

Adieu, sleep well, for it is eleven o'clock; all are again at rest, and I will once more seat myself on the bench before the gate. The full moon will soon rise and I must see it come up. Good-night.

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

Thy horn, filled merrily, and with extravagant plenty, released me from evil. Thoughts often trouble me at night, and carry their sad refrain through the next day. So is it now. Thy young fresh life, the ringing and rushing of thy inspiration, but especially thy love of nature, breathe a balsamic breath over me. Let me enjoy it, write on, also your dithy-

rambic extravagances, that, so suddenly bereft of flame, and charred as if a frolicsome wind had blown them out, are dear to me. For my sake stay awhile at thy history yet, for as thou learnst it now it cannot oppress thee; even if thou hast not yet much profit from it, thou still canst entwine it with the art-wreath of the day. I shall see thee soon, George has promised to drive me over in his gig. Do not spend thy nights without sleep, climbing on roofs and trees so thou riskest thy neck, and think not that is the way to improve thy health. What says grandmamma to all this? Is she satisfied?

To Clemens will I gladly say nothing of thy letters to me, as thou wishest it; and I feel that I ought not; it were only an interruption without gain. He sees thee so differently, yet judges thee not wrongly, and finds, in the glistening rays of thy being, jewels he would seize upon, yet cannot hold, for they are but the flashes of thy imagination, that bewilder him, and every one.

Thinkst thou that I am quiet when thou speakst thus to me, skipping from one thing to another, so that I lose thee out of sight every moment? thou wilt unsettle me with thy oddities. But I will not chide thy laughter which has so often made me frantic, when thou wouldst have soothed me with it, — well I must submit that thou hunt me with all thy arrows, like a poor deer.

And to Clemens, who is ever spurring me on to learn with thee, who will always know how, and what, thou art doing, and regrets each breath of thine that is lost, and is enraptured by thy little letters to him, in which thou writest so differently; submissive like a child, and to me so extravagantly, what shall I say to him? Do beware and rattle not down from the roof some night with thy flageolet.

Had I not faith in God, that he knows why all is within thee as it is, and not otherwise, and that it concerns him alone, as it was his will thus to form thy soul, — what should I think of thee.

Clemens writes that thou oughtst constantly to compose, and nothing be allowed to affect thee but what awakens thy powers. It is really touching that while he is careless, reckless, destructive with himself, overleaping everything that comes in his way, he should rest with such devotion before thee, as if thine were the only soul unapproachable by him.

Thou art to him a sanctuary. Sometimes when he comes over from Offenbach, he is silently wrapped in his own thoughts, while formerly his coquetry was constantly alive, and he would often save little scribblings of thine. It were sad wert thou not lovingly inclined to him. Do not write again "*passirt*," (happened) the word is not German, is vulgarly used, and without sound; canst thou not rather choose one from among the wealth of German expressions as a pure style requires. Thou canst employ them all, but not "*passirt*." Yet I must answer thee: nothing has happened. Besides thou knowst everything better as thou sayst, — and pretendst great adventures at night on the garden-bench. I do not fear but thou wilt tell me if it is a real experience; and thou dost not forget thy lies by the next letter. Then too I pray thee swear no more; thy letters are all dear to me, and I am fond of thy lucid extravagances; but words used boastingly, as "*Schwerenoth*," that have no meaning in thy mouth, thou mayst as well leave unsaid, else I shall not believe that the melody and graceful dance of thy Genius accompany thy inner life. Secondly, attribute to me nothing of which I am not guilty. The evening on the castle-hill I recollect distinctly, just as thou describst it. I was much absorbed and conscious, for the impression of the words we exchanged remained till the next day; — but an ass I did not call thee, that again is one of thy inappropriate inventions. Do not charge me thus again, for I am sensitive. In the beginning of thy letters thou callest me thy Muse, and at the end permittst her to call thee an ass. It would be ludicrous, were it not sad, that thou venturst to slander thy Muse.

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

Three o'clock in the morning! — Here I am on the terrace above the Maine; I have always wanted to go there early, when day is not yet awake and noisy. During the day I cannot collect myself, and it seems always like a wrong that I sympathize with what concerns me not; but at dawn, then am I free at heart, not ashamed to ask Nature, and ready to understand her. Last night I was so happy here, when Bernhard's boat was sailing back and forth on the Maine, with the music on board. Many persons followed it in skiffs; we remained on shore, and I seated myself in a great lemon-tree stands. It was lightning, but

not refreshed. The blossoms on the tree flashed too, or could I have been deceived? for the music had put me to sleep, and awakening I saw with astonishment that the tree above me was breathing flames from its blossoms. I could not have dreamed it,—for I looked on quite a while, till a soft rain came; then we went home. Who knows the silent workings of Nature, which she hides from us? Man, too, has feelings that he will not have pried into. That the tree continued to flash while I stood meditating and watching it, makes me glad. I could not sleep in bed, I had been so happy there yesterday, where I heard the heart of Nature throb, and where she flashed at me from the flowers. In darkness we can breathe our love, and are not ashamed to confess it to the loved one, for darkness hides us.

Now did I come here stealthily, secretly, so that it be not known, as also that flashing was secret.

First, the garden-gate creaked, and the gravel crackled under my feet; one fears to awaken the shrubs, so still is it, so full of rest. The drowsy flowers shudder in the early dew, and I shudder at silent Nature, busy over the sleeping world, although the wind that ushered in morning was not keen. To-day is mild; last night the sky was green and mixed with red, that rose from the sunset; below were stripes of purple and violet edged with fire. Then night spread over all. This morning, at dawn, the clouds were wrapping their fiery pinions around your dark dome; one would think they meant to destroy it in their glowing embrace. Through all, the nightingales are warbling, and beyond rose the blue hills! so grand, so proud!—All this I enjoy more than wisdom, here under the lemon-tree, that yesterday shook flames, and to-day weeps tears over me.—And now I go; I have impressed thee with all, but betrayed nothing, yet am I tempted that it may not be forgotten, to confide it to thee.

NO. 2. — IN THE EVENING.

To-day the Jew did not come till seven.

With grandmamma I am on the best terms, and, as long as aunt is at the Springs, I shall remain here. She is pleased that I like to be with her; but there are many things beside that attract me, of which she knows nothing. This morning I came into the garden just as Bernhard's gardener was transplanting some crimson carnations around a hill of lilies

in the centre of which stood a rose-bush. This morning-work pleased me well, so I assisted at it with devotion. Devotion to Nature is like temple-worship. When the boy Ion steps before the portals, and signs to the flying storks not to defile the roof of the temple; when he sprinkles the threshold with sparkling water, cleanses and decorates the halls; then do I feel a high mission in this solitary occupation, which I must reverence. Oh! I too would be a youth, to fetch water in the freshness of morning, when all yet slumber, to polish the marble pillars, and bathe my idols with mute significance, cleansing everything from dust, that it glistens in the dusky light; then, after the labor is finished, to rest my hot brow on the cool marble in secret content; rest the bosom that heaves with tears at the beauty in the gloaming of the temple.

So seems my task to-day like the temple-service of Nature; for entwining her flowers to beautiful wreaths, is that not serving her? The flowers wafting about their sweet odors, or blending them in luxurious breathings, is for them not a fairer spring in store; for that which is fairer to us, is that not also fairer in Nature? To free her trees from moss, to plant them in neighborly rows, and moisten her flower-cups, is that not yielding to her will? Does she not bless the care, and gives she not to the grafted bough more, and sweeter fruits?—Temple and Nature, peaceable friends like thee and me! Like us, they divide their gifts. From spring to winter (thou hast my vow) will I share with thee the temple and the natural garden that surrounds it. In spring, thou hast my germs that sprout closely around thee. In summer, the song of the wild bird, that rings against thy closed portals, and then out into the distance, where the pilgrims are wending homeward, that have worshipped at thy shrines during the day; then glow the flowers by the path that leads from me to thee. In autumn I will bear my fruits to thee, lay them on thy altar, and hoard the honey of my bees swarming around thee, in thy sacrificial urns. Then will I whirl the sere leaves down on thy Steppes, to dance about thee in the winter-wind, and bury themselves in the snow which my burdened trees shower over thee. Now it roars without and storms, but my soul dwells within thee and cherishes thee, and feeds with pure oil the lamp that illumines thy silent hall. High in the firmament the stars beam

above thy roof. Still is it then, and forsaken by all men are we. The beaten paths closed with drifts; I dwell alone in thee, when we have compassed the limits of life together. When Nature enters the temple in winter and rests there in God-feeling, that men call her winter-sleep. Soon she returns with regenerated powers, to blossom anew, and expands, wafting abroad the heavenly breath she has breathed, and thus is the temple of God ever filled by Nature's love.

I write down that I am happy to-day; the sun is shining on my paper, lighting up my thoughts, so that I can distinctly read in my own heart. The gardener is very good; he selects the finest flowers from all the shrubs for me; the nosegay towers over my head with lovely and fresh foliage; the larch-tree and the scarlet-oak are among it too. This tree is what one calls well-grown; it stretches its scarlet leaves into the blue air to dance, and they are moved by the least breath. Going home I had thoughts that entertained me, and of which I desire that they might be true, they were not implanted within me, but spontaneously they grew, like those flowers on the meadow. Nature is communicative, and those that do not miss her teachings have thinking enough to do. Early morn has golden lips—had I not gone out early, the thoughts would not have come to me, and the scorched life-paths that burn under the soles of others, never are trodden by my feet. What hast thou to fret about my wakefulness?—So many flowers are only fragrant at night. Is it needful that every one sleep at night? Can they not, like night-shade and viola matronalis, sleep by day, and pour forth their odors at even? Why are many people so drowsy, and cannot come to themselves by day, but because they are night-flowers, that the wearing usage of day has unsettled, so that they have lost the consciousness of their natural impulses?

Some people are only sensible between daylight and dark; evenings they understand everything; towards morning they have vivid dreams, and by day they are like sheep. Thus am I; my awakening is early; I must anticipate the sun-god; cleanse like that boy the temple; then rests he with me, teaching me his oracles; all coincide—come to pass, I would say—also that I am so drowsy when the history-teacher comes at noon; just that is my sleepest time.

Thou also hast no day-temperament ; thy awakening seems to begin when the god of day declines and stands not so high in the heavens. To thee he inclines, and graciously thou keepst pace with him from late at noon till sunset ; and with the hem of your robes you wave to each other from afar. Then beams the evening star to thy night-thoughts of him, that rise slowly in memory like the wave that heaves against the rock at high tide, cooling the heat with which the day-god has scorched it at ebb. The Jew comes. Adieu. But what hast thou that vexes thee so ? Let me breathe on thee from my letter.

Savignys will be on the Trages for three weeks yet ; do go there. "Teufel and Donnerwetter !" is that swearing too ? Must I not say that either ? About Clemens, do not believe that I belie him ; I am different in my letters to him, because I must be so. — In Brugel the little organ has eleven stops : an open diapason, a stopped diapason, a harp-stop, a trumpet-stop, a trombone-stop, and a reed-stop, called angel's voice, and — what do I know — vox humana, though Hoffmann did talk to me about it for half an hour yesterday. He said there were organs that had thirty stops, and that my throat is such an organ, and that I always pulled another stop when I sung gently or with ardor ; ringingly when it rages within me, touchingly when sighs move my soul, and powerfully when it seems that I alone must overcome all things. That did the little man know ; for last night he listened to me while I was chanting a Homeric hymn to Diana on the roof as the full moon came up. It seemed to me so appropriate to render this goddess the gushing worship of my inmost soul, that I did not think of being overheard, and sung with all my might. Hoffmann said it was astonishing. Now it seems to me that Clemens always pulls the stop of the child's voice in my bosom. At Frankfort, in the assemblies of the Primate, the piping angel's voice predominates. When I am with thee, I must always subdue the trombone-stop, by force of the gentle vox humana. BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

About Clemens I understand thee, or rather I divine thy meaning, and have no idea that it should be otherwise ; only that which he says of thee, his expression of thee, which he often gives, sometimes causes me a strange feeling, for he

penetrates thee with a prophet's eye. Other people say he boasts, and so it really is, but he always utters the truth, as I, among them all, alone know best. Then, in order to prove his extravagance, every one attacks thee behind his back; in his presence no one ventures to, and all remain silent. It has often been painful to me to hear thee thus judged, but now I have overcome this unworthy fear. Yesterday, Ebel, St. Clair, Link, and Lotte were in Tonie's cabinet, but as I know how wide the arrows hurled at thee flew of the mark, I had no fear. Ebel is not against thee from personal dislike, but from an averseness of disposition; because, since Clemens is here, he has had to suffer most from him, never evading his warmth from timidity; so I do not blame him that he now indemnifies himself with full enjoyment. St. Clair looked at me, and shook his head, for Lotte was demonstrating that entire want of historic appreciation and logic proved that thou wert a fool. He replied, "Put a standard into her hand, and let her go before, and you will find that in spite of her want of historic sense, she will lead us to a healthy turning-point in history. If you are all endangered with your logic, she will teach you how to evade it, illogically as she may contrive, according to your opinion." Do go, he said, with your wise judgment of a child of nature, who has not had step-motherly treatment, and has it written on her brow, that care was not apportioned to her. He held out his hand to me, for he saw that I was pleased. To Lotte's lecture, who now thrust herself forward with redoubled vigor, he did not reply, and no one. The conversation went out like a candle extinguished by a gust of wind. More now than ever am I inclined to conceal thee from all. Clemens,—he will, after a hundred years, find thee on Mt. Arafat; like Adam, when he lost sight of Eve, after their expulsion from Paradise, she dwelling meanwhile on that mountain, near Mecca, while he had been cast away on Serendib or Ceylon. His soul was impressed with her soul; he understood her well, and eagerly sought her. Often even he spake to the wild beasts, to the storms on the mountains, and the birds, that if they met her on their way, they should honor her. Thus he spake to the birds and beasts, and the plants, until the Angel Gabriel led him to that mount near Mecca. From this the mountain takes its name of Arafat, which means in Arabic "recognition," and the pilgrims

to Mecca worship there on the day Arafah, which is the ninth day in the last month of the Arabic year. May then Clemens, like Adam, preach to the monsters and mountain-storms about thee; meanwhile, I am contented that thou hast placed me as keeper over thy hidden dwelling, and madst me the recipient of thy secret delights. I am so pleased with thy charming picture, and the description of thy adventures, that I could ever sit and listen to thee. Leave out nothing; write me everything, as though it were a song, of which thou canst not leave out a single tone without interrupting the harmony. I will certainly not move, and be silent. And the thoughts which delight thee, of which thou wishest they were real, growing spontaneously within thee, wilt thou not also write them down for me? Each day I wait for thy letters, and ever I fear that thou mayst miss a day. Till now thou hast been very kind to me. I go confidently in the dark and grope for a letter on my pillow, where it is placed by the maid, and hold it in my hand till light is brought; in bed I read it again; that gives me good thoughts. Now also am I quite happy, only I can do nothing myself.

Thy tales and forebodings occupy me, I dream myself to sleep, when all is thought and felt over again after thee. I have a sort of inner faith in thy fantastical notions about me; so to-day I went out before the Gallen-gate, when the sun-god was waning, as thou thinkst that is my best time with him, and was quite impressed by his great presence; but homeward, two Frankfort *Philisters* behind me interrupted my devotions. They were speaking of thee and me; the woman said to the man: "In the Institute they will turn the girl's head, so that in the end she will lose her wits entirely; she is already inclined enough to all sorts of hare-brained feats; it is said that in the garden of the Institute she mounts the summer-house roof, or a tree, and preaches, and that tall g—se Günderode stands below and listens." Just then they passed me, and I recognized Frau Euler, with her daughter Salome and Dr. Lehr. He saw me too in the twilight, and told her so, when she stood still and stared at me, until I had again passed them,—which certainly was far more stupid than if I stood under a tree from which thou wert preaching. "Teufel and Donnerwetter" are also commonly used as oaths, but they have a defiant warlike spirit; for instance, when

thou unfurlst the standard with which St. Clair would intrust thee, placing victory and success in thy hands, in defiance of all Philistines, then canst thou give the rein to thy tongue ; but until then do not let thy courage consume itself in vain outbursts. Farewell, I am not writing the tale. He forgets to turn the plough while gazing at the stars he sees blinking in the water. Adieu, and think of me.

CAROLINE.

The cause of the dispute about thee was a letter of thine, that in thy eighth or ninth year thou hadst written to thy father from the Convent, just before his death, and which is said to have given him great pleasure, so that he often read it during his illness. St. Clair has the copy from Clemens, who had preserved the original ; and he says in that letter lay the germ of all thy later charm. Lotte would not admit it, and said it was ridiculous to praise it even as a letter, and that Clemens was turning thy head. The letter reads as follows, and thou canst judge thyself : " Dear Papa, — nothing. The left hand (here a hand was drawn in ink) into papa's jabot, and upon his heart, and the right one (here another hand was drawn) round papa's neck. If I have no hand, I cannot write.

Your loving daughter,

"Fritzlar, 1796. April 4th.

BETTINE."

What vexed me, was, that Lotte constantly read the letter aloud, in a shrill voice, not sparing either the simplicity of a child of eight, nor the love of a departed father. I reproached St. Clair for having shown it. Ah ! said he, I have regretted it a hundred times. One can also in future exclaim to her, as to Samson : " The Philistines be upon thee, Bettine ! " Fortunately her strength is not in her locks, which can be cut off, but in the spirit, and that will not be led captive. This is a good story, is't not ? I believe St. Clair loves thee ; Lotte said thou hadst a long converse with him at the Tanner's mill.

TO GÜNDERODE.

A few years ago there dwelt here next door, in a now vacant house, a man who had come from afar, from Switzerland I believe, who did miracles by the power of his will. There was much talk about him at table. It was said, that with his eyes he could put sick persons to sleep, who then

would tell him their disease, and how it could best be relieved, also that they could look into the past and future, but on awakening they knew nothing more about it. This man was mysterious to me, as people spoke of him with awe. From a moss-seat, by the garden-wall, I could look over into his garden, where he was walking up and down in the moonlight. He came up to me, and handed me a few ripe strawberries across the wall, saying, "Eat them deliberately and taste them well, and you will have more than if you heedlessly eat a whole basketful." I got down from my seat, ate my strawberries one after the other, surprised at the kindly man. The next day when I saw him walking in his garden, I went to the wall again; he gave me his hand, which I held fast, and he said, "The strawberries tasted good? what did they taste like?" Like fair weather and very fruitful soil. The man was pleased with the answer, and said, "It is too dark now, but to-morrow at daylight take a leaf from any tree or flower, and hold it so that the sun-rays can shine through it, and you will perceive therein many vessels that are penetrated by the light. Thus is it also with your little head, it is intended that the light may freely pass through it, and ripen you, that you too like the strawberries may taste of fair weather, of sun- and moon-beams." I told him how I had heard that he could read people by his will, and they must think what he would. He replied, "Yes, I always want that they should think the truth of themselves, and then they easily follow, for it is in accordance with their nature. For thee I also wish that thou mayst think the truth, as it conforms with thyself, if thou obeyest that, thou wilt experience much that will fully compensate thee." I spoke more with him; several times he said, "Thou askest strange questions, but I must always assent to them, for they are true." He honored me by many kindly counsels. I have never seen him, nor heard of him since, because a few days after he moved away, no one knew whither. Many things were spoken of him, as though he were an impostor, but I minded it not, and held to the words he had said to me, that sun- and moon-beams would make me well tasting, although it was wellnigh with me as with those, who on awakening knew nothing of it, for I could not recollect what I had faithfully resolved to remember. But when thoughts come that enlighten me, then I reflect upon this man. I should like to keep them, or write

them down; but they draw me further on, and in order not to give up the next, I must let go the last. So it is that I cannot do otherwise; it must be in the nature of the light, that penetrates and nourishes man, that the fresh light always supplants the last, like one wave in the stream the other. For this reason may it be, that I cannot write a book, as Clemens wills; I should have to make an herbarium of my thoughts and dry them in order to put them together; meanwhile many a flower would fade, and that will I not. As I am centred in thee, so my thoughts fly to thee of themselves, yes, they even step between us, when I am with thee. Thou art not like a mortal who would seize and hold me; thou art like the air, the sunbeams pass through thee into my soul, so pure art thou. The owl, Miss Salome and the wise master at sunset, were a vision of Philistinedom, in the spirit of which they were assembled. In the library to-day, I found a cut stone, that the wooden, varnished fellow G. R. Y., (who looks at the world through a spyglass in order to see everything clearer, only that nothing passes before his object-lens,) on coming over from Homburg to-day, declared to be an antique, or else grandmamma would have given it me for thee. Daphne, pursued by Apollo, is rooted to the ground in her flight, and transformed into a laurel-tree. This answers to thee so well, thou seest thy fate before thine eyes. Beloved, pursued, embraced by the god of the Muses, and then forevermore putting forth golden buds, surrounded by the pure brotherhood of the Poets that commune with thee; that is no Philistinedom.

Such a lot as that often enclosed a human life like a sacred urn, in the time of the Greeks. It is to me as though I spake with thy lips. But to-day — but I — my head is like a barren field. I wander betwixt hedges, every furrow made useful; the lettuce in the middle, the bean-poles above it, and I tremble lest I may not be well planted; I think that the pains thou takst with me avail thee nothing. At night I resolve: when the sun rises I will learn; by day I wish night would come, that I might be alone and understand myself, I poor, tiny Owlet.

— And founded the great Medo-Persian empire. — There we left off, and I drew a great Medusa's head, with wide open jaws, in my history-book. I wish it would devour the entire ancient history, — Arenswald and all. I was so glad of

the Pentecost days—a whole week he stayed away, and I had become so nicely weaned from it. The Persians, called by the Greeks Cepheneas, from Cepheo, the son of Belli, whose daughter Andromeda Perseus, the son of Jupiter and Danæ, had wedded: I believe the fellow was fibbing, (I mean the instructor,) for how could a god-youth be *Philister* enough to wed. However, Arenswald mentions an offspring of this union, who ruled over the Cepheo-land, calling it Persia. Cyrus united it with Media, conquered Babylon, and falls in the battle against the queen of the Massagetæ. I ask no more, who, or whence — how can I keep all those people in my head. — 3458, Cambyses conquers Egypt, makes war upon the Ethiopians. The Magician Smerdis ascends the throne, and could have bewitched the land, but the nobles, too asinine to allow themselves to be ruled by a magician, dethrone him by murder. — 3462, Darius Hystaspes subdued rebellious Babylon, conquered Thrace, Macedonia, India, — his son Xerxes overcomes the rebellious Egyptians, carries his army into Greece, is conquered, murdered on his way home. Artaxerxes concludes a peace; his general rises against him. His brother, Xerxes overpowers and subdues him, but Sogdian murders his brother Xerxes, and Ochus, his brother Sogdian, then rules as Darius II. over Persia. After that the II. Artaxerxes murders his brother Ochus, and destroys the empire. But the III. Artaxerxes murders all his brothers; conquers Egypt. But Togoas murders Artaxerxes III., his eldest son Æstes, and, in order to get through at once, (remark of the instructor,) the greater part of the royal family. Finally the Satrap murders the last of the royal offspring in Darius Cordmanus. During two hundred and twenty-five years this butchery royal of Persia lasted. Then Alexander came and ruled over it in 3654. — The instructor sees my vexation at his dry lecture, runs off, and, — Heaven knows how it happened, but the door caught his pantaloon, and in his flight he left a piece behind him. Now I must indemnify him for his murder-litany, so that he can buy a pair of new ones. Clemens importunes that I shall write down books and verses, or experiences and recollections of the Convent. Here thou hast his letter. The abyss of decayed history beneath me, the unattainable starry heavens above, and at night thoughts that confuse my head.

The 10th.

This morning I read thy letter to grandmamma; she is already so old, she will take all into the grave with her. She loves thee dearly, and says thou art the noblest being she has ever seen. She spoke of the charm of thy manner, in her Suabian dialect, which she always uses when she is cheerful. "See maiden how graceful and easy thy friend is, — she is truly love-winning." Afterwards I read to her also my letter, and she said, "Thou art even a wrong-headed little thing;" but gave me the stone with Daphne for thee. I shall have it set; thou must wear it, but not betray from whom it comes. How full of pretty tales is thy letter! only Clemens is not my Adam; that was a bad prophecy that he is not to meet me till after one hundred years on the Mount of Recognition. I love him so dearly that I cannot play at hide and seek with him so long. But perhaps thou art right; in my next letter I will tell it. As for Clemens, I shall throw my arms around his neck and kiss him, then he has me as I am.

St. Clair is good, full of heart; did he not want to journey to Homburg, to visit sick Hölderlin! — I would go there too. He says it would do Hölderlin good, I wish I could, but must not. Franz says: Thou art not quite wise; what, wouldst thou go to see a madman? wilt thou become a fool too? Did I but know how to set about it, I would go. If thou wilt go with me, Günderode, we will tell no one, but say we are going to Hanau. We might tell grandmamma, she would allow it. I have to day spoken of it to her. I told her how he dwelt there by a brook, in a peasant's hut, sleeping with open doors, and how for hours he recites Greek poems to the murmuring of the water. The princess of Homburg gave him a grand piano, of which he cut most of the strings, so that only a few keys still sound, — on those he fantasies. How I would like to go to him, — this madness seems so mild, so grand to me! I know not how the world is; would it be something so unheard of to go and nurse him? St. Clair says to me, "Yes, if you could go to him, he would get well;" and that he is the greatest elegiac poet. Then is it not sad that he should be no better cared for, and protected, like a holy trust of God, by the nation. He tells me, "The spirit is the idea wanting: no one divines him, and knows

what holiness is hidden in the man. I dare not even name him in Frankfort, where directly one proclaims the most terrible things about him, and all because he loved a woman, in order to write his Hyperion. People here call loving, 'wanting to marry.' A great poet becomes transfigured through contemplation, he lifts the world up thither where it rightly should stand; if it were not so, we should never become aware of those mysteries which are prepared for the spirit. You must know that Hölderlin's whole madness arises from a too delicate organization. Like the Indian bird, that is brooded in a flower, so is his soul. And now it is the hardest, roughest plaster-wall that surrounds him. That piano, of which he rent the chords, is a true image of his soul; I wanted to draw the attention of the physician to it, but it is more difficult to make a thing intelligible to a dunce than to a madman." He told me much more about Hölderlin, that went deeply to my heart, but I will not repeat it, and several nights the longing to go to Homburg kept me awake. Now if I make a vow to enter a convent, who would forbid it. Directly would I make a vow to go to this madman to guard, to guide him; that would be but little sacrifice. I would hold converse with him leading me to a fuller knowledge of what my soul desires. Yes, surely, I know that the broken, unstrung chords of his soul could be made to sound again. Still I know I will not be permitted to do it. This is but the natural feeling that speaks from the soul, if one would but hearken to it, for in every bosom, even the most obdurate, is the voice that calls: "Help thy brother!" This voice is not alone suppressed, but even mocked at in those in whom it is audible. I want to hear no more about religion and Christendom, they have become Christians only to falsify the teachings of Christ. To throw crumbs to the hungry and rags to the naked, are called works of charity, — but to follow Christ into the desert, and learn his wisdom, that no one finds time to do. Patches of learning are hung upon one, which avail nothing, while for the investigation of the depth and power of a human soul, no one has any time. Thinkst thou not, that instead of this history-trash, I would have collected myself with the deepest devotion, and have followed him who had to teach others to gain his bread, and went mad over it. When I consider the melody of his language — in poems of his, St. Clair read to me, that were scattered

through several periodicals — ah! what a sacred thing is speech! He was leagued with it, it gave up to him the wealth of its inmost grace; not as to Goethe, with uncontested sincerity of feeling merely, but by personal identification with him. So true indeed that he must have kissed it. Yes, so it goes; he who approaches the gods too nearly, against him they turn and thrust him into misery. St. Clair gave me the “*Cedipus*” that Hölderlin translated from the Greek, and said: that one could understand it so little, or *would* understand it so ill, that the language used was declared a proof of his insanity; so little do the Germans comprehend the beauty of their own tongue. Now at his instigation I have studied this *Cedipus*; and I tell thee truly it has opened new paths to me,—not of language alone, for that flows like melody, absorbing a world of pain and power in its expression; moving the soul, that we must lament with *Cedipus*, deeply, deeply. It pierces my soul, and that responds to the words. How the sorrows of life wound my spirit, so that I feel but now how weak my nature is. Thus I divine, in this sympathy with past suffering, what first the keenest emotions brought to light in the soul of the Greek poet, and now by this grief-worn translator brought forth a second time in the mother-tongue, carried over with pain, this sacredness of woe. Pain-wrung over the thorny paths he brings it; consecrated blood moistens the footprints of the burdened soul, but strong as a hero he bears it over. By this am I nourished and strengthened. Evenings, when I go to bed, I read the Lamentation to Pæen, and afterwards sing it from memory on the roof of the dove-cot; then I know I am inspired by the Muse, and that she, self-consolated, consoles me. Oh, what care I for people! they may chide my want of logic and historic sense, I swear I know not what logic is. I rejoice that St. Clair has so much faith in me, that I could firmly and successfully raise the standard, beneath which to assemble the noble and great. Tell him that I will justify his faith, and exert all my powers. That little letter to papa I gave him myself; he wanted a keepsake from me, in return for the *Cedipus*, so I let him choose among my papers, and he preferred that. Here is the Lamentation dedicated to Pæen; see if it makes not thy soul weep.

Weh! weh! weh! weh!
 Ach! wohin auf Erden?
 Io! Dämon! wo reiseest du mich hin?
 Io! Nachtwolke mein! du furchtbare,—
 Umwogend, unbezähmt, unüberwältigt!
 O mir! wie fährt in mich
 Mit diesen Stacheln
 Ein Treiben der Uebel!

Apollon wars, Apollon, O ihr Lieben,
 Der das Wehe vollbracht;
 Hier meine, meine Leiden.
 Ich Leidender,
 Was sollt ich sehn,
 Dem zu schauen nichts süß war.

Was hab ich noch zu sehen und zu lieben,
 Was Freundliches zu hören? Ihr Lieben!
 Führt aus dem Orte geschwind mich,
 Führt, O ihr Lieben! den ganz Elenden,
 Den Verfluchtesten, und auch
 Den Göttern verhasst am Meisten, unter den Menschen.

(Woe! woe! woe! woe!
 Ah! where to on earth?
 Io, Demon, whither urgest thou me?
 Io, sombre cloud mine, thou horrible!
 Encircling, unsubdued, not to be conquered!
 Ah me! how I am pierced
 With these, these daggers,
 The unrest of evils.

Apollo it was, Apollo, O ye loved ones!
 Who created the pang,
 These, O these tortures.
 I suffer;
 What should I see,
 Whom seeing never was sweet.

What have I to behold yet, what yet to love,
 What friendly tone to greet me? Ye loved ones,
 Lead me speedily onward,
 Lead, O, beloved ones! the all-forlorn one,
 The most accursed, and most
 Despised by the gods, and most among men.)

Thus I have placed the lines together in order to sing
 them. This outburst of woe chains me to the path of him,
 who calls himself iniquitous.

Wird aus dem Lande mich so schnell du kannst,
 Wo ich mit Menschen ins Gespräch nicht komme.

(Thrust from the land me, quickly as thou canst,
 That I with men may not in converse meet.)

Looking into the distance, to the Tannus bathed in the golden light of sunset glowing through the mists, the fleeting ones that surround it, there I think must be his tomb, his *Kühnreva*, chosen for him by father and mother. Yonder do I wait: my song: the breezes play around me, and I know that they will bear it over to the grave. What is it to me that the weight of ages has rolled over it; still will my tears fall to moisten the grave. Rose not his woe up to me? But to-day did it fill my heart, when I set the words to the God — the lamenting ones poured forth to the world — timidly to music. And there too dwells he, his loving bosom filled with woe, — implanted with the germs of the Poet-god, now crushed at their birth — brings them over in sighing tones into his mother-land, and warning the melancholy fate of his twin brother, in the love, which, out of the abyss of his own despair, calls upon him with eager longing, to rest softly his weary, melancholy head, together with the fate that has bled itself to death. Ah! he who weds himself to graves, can easily become mad among the living. For he dreams by day as we dream by night: but there below in sleep he wakes, and goes compassionately hand in hand with these who a long time since have been swept from the cares of busy day. There falls the dew on his soul which here had hardly moisture enough left for sighing. There the seeds become green of which here the plough of stupidity turns up the roots, exposing them to the air, like weeds, while the dewy untainted blossom is thrust into the earthy grave. For somewhere must the seed sown by the gods receive life, — they cannot let the eternal perish. His soul that sleeps below, and has confused dreams, sprouts upwards like a heavenly vine, entwining the fleeting feet of the god-youths, like the fresh grass and flowers, that nod and dance in my path, as I pass with rapid step. O poesy, sacred tomb, that silently gathers the dust of the soul, and guards it from harm. O! thou! let him rise again! let me descend to him, and give him my hand in his dream, that he with sacred fingers may strew the golden seeds upon my lips, and breathe upon me with the breath that he draws at the will of the gods, from their bosom: for longingly I desire to bear in common the burdens of the day, and in common to receive consolation in the dreams of night. What wilt thou? blame me not, Gunderode, that I speak thus; follow the thread of my

thoughts and thou wilt see that I could not help it. Dost thou not suffer with me, that they accuse thee of my folly. Want of historic sense, what is it but to mix the traditional pain that lies buried in the fable-world with that of to-day. They are right in attributing no logic to me; then would I have to forsake him who is given up, and give myself up, which would be fruitless.

Fear not for me, I am not thus every day; but I just came from the dove-cot, where the sun had lighted up the blue hills for me where Hölderlin sleeps, over the grave of *Cædipus*; and I sung the song to them in tones to art unaccountable, compassing all they could of keen sorrow, and smoothing it with the love I poured upon it from my heart with my voice, that it might pierce the clouds,—outward and upward to the horizon, towering to where the mighty Fates yet abide, to mingle with their dark, brackish waters. What were the Poets, did they not change the mysterious into the godlike? When song thus bursts only from my senses, and not from my consciousness, voices speak from within me soon after, that are in unison with nothing else; neither is the tone nor rhythm that I follow. No one would want to listen; but they to whom I sing must hear me, is it not so? I foresee that thou wilt become anxious about me again as the year before!—but thou knowst it is nothing; I do not rave, as the others accuse me, who hold their hands on my mouth when I would speak. Be not foolish, let not the Philistines frighten thee about my health, after they have denied my reason. “He who calleth his brother a fool is in danger of hell-fire;” they are innocent, I am not their brother, thou art my brother. Once more, I am not ill, do not disturb me with a single remonstrance; I will tell thee still more if possible. What wouldst thou have of me, did I not learn to give thee my soul naked and bare? Friendship! what is it but the naked revelation of souls? BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

Thou pressest my writing-hand that I hardly dare to breathe, much less to think; and lest I might have a voluntary thought, I rather do not think at all. Mayst thou feel at the end of my letter, that within the narrow confines of my spiritual nature I do not pain thee, so that thy confidence may flow down to me unhindered; yes, flow down, for I am nothing.

Then let me speak healthily to thee, as nothing within thee is strange to me ; for to join in thy notes were to interrupt thy course. In thy lament over thy history-misère I agree, for it wearies me too. In heaven's name buy a pair of pantaloons as a sin-offering, and dismiss thy Arenswald graciously. Clemens writes that I owe him an answer ; I did not know that he was at Marburg. When thou writest to him, send him the enclosure ; he is more than infinitely kind to thee. "It is a singular fate that our united efforts to lead her to an inner development, or rather to facilitate it, will not succeed." So he writes to-day. Among many witticisms, dreamy sighings and protestations, it was all that related to thee. Because he is always desirous that thou shouldst collect thy fantastic forebodings, the fable-fragments of thy parallels, and to set down thy world-views in some form ; so I like a good bee-master thought to surround thy swarming ideas by a flowery meadow, where they need only flit back and forth to gather honey. A lucky skipper must have a fair wind. I thought thy studies would flow like a fresh morning-breeze into thy sails. I wrote to Clemens to-day that it would not do to press thy spirit, and fill the must into skins, that it may become clear, palatable wine. Who will not enjoy the fruits from the vine, like Lyæus the Inebriate, the son of two mothers — he born of Luna — at last letting them ripen, — the defender of the gods, the raging one, — and plants holy trees, utters holy oracles. The bloom of nature that is breathed over thy being and thy letters, Clemens thinks can be harmonized into tales and poems by thee. I don't believe it. Self-activity thou hast none, but art rather unconsciously led ; out of thy mind all reality flows into mist. Human action, human feeling, for that wert thou not born, and yet art thou ever ready with unconcern to sway everything, to adapt thyself everywhere. Ikarus was a careful, considerate, searching youth compared with thee ; he at least tried to navigate the ocean of light with wings. But thou dost not use thy feet to step, thy understanding to comprehend, thy memory not for experience, and that not for influence, yet thy armed, storming imagination, before which all reality scatters like dust, is arrested in ecstasies before a com-fry. The cluster of rays in the flower-chalice that came in thy way on the field-path last Sunday, when thou wouldst filter thy abstractions into that retrograde philosopher Ebel was

a Scorza nera ; so says the wise master Lehr. I am intimidated by thy assertions, scorched by the flames of thy exuberance. Here at my writing-table I lose all patience at the colorless appearance of my poetical essays, when I think of thy Hölderlin. Thou canst not compose because thou art what poets call "poetical." Matter does not form itself, but is formed ; thou seemst to me the clay which a god is moulding with his feet ; and what I perceive in thee is the fermenting fire that by his transcendent contact he is strongly kneading into thee. Let us then leave thee to him who, having moulded, will also perfect thee. I must form and make myself as well as I can. The little poem I send thee for Clemens arose from contemplation ; there is a truth in Poesy in which I have until now always believed, for to single out lovely traits and purer views from daily life is not its only mission. We require a model according to which we can form our sensuous nature to a powerful organism, to establish a harmony by which the mind will be led to a higher life of deeds, to which it is now, as it were, only enticed by Poesy ; for great and beautiful deeds are also Poesy, revelation is Poesy. I feel and confess to all thou rejoinedst to Ebel on your drive, and understand it in thee as thy most essential element, for I know thy currents, and have often been carried away by their force, and daily still do I feel the mighty surging of thy waves. Thou art as the wild surf, and I am not a good helmsman to steer through it. Gladly will I protect thee against the demands and constant importunities of Clemens ; but even if in my inmost heart dwells firm faith in thee and thy good stars, yet from without I am made to tremble and shrink fearfully at human laws and the established order of things, and still more I tremble at thine own nature. Yes, thou mayst chide me ; in making my confession unreservedly, my only thought is, to what will it tend ? Thou wilt laugh at me, and so thou canst ; for imbued as thou art with electric power, in thy fire without smoke thou hast no idea of suffocation. But I — I have nothing to protect me against this life-suspending forerunner of fire ; I feel my will powerless as soon as thou agitatest it, still I know that thy nature must be so, and not otherwise, else it would not be at all ; for thou art only that which is beyond the ordinary limits, invisible and unattainable. Else thou art untrue, not thyself, and canst only go through life an irony. Sometimes I think I

dream when I see thee among the others, who all consider thee an unaccountable child, in whom no one seeks or believes anything hidden. And thou dost nothing but jump upon chairs and tables, hide thyself, and crouch into the smallest corners, promenade in the long corridors of the house by moonlight, or climb about the old garrets in the dark. Then thou comest in again, dreamily wrapt in thyself, yet thou art alive to everything; is anything desired, thou art on the way to fetch it; when called, thou appear-est, even were it from the remotest corner, and for this thou art called the house-goblin. All this Marie told me yesterday. I went to her to ask if it would do for me to accompany thee to Homburg. She was very good, and did not grudge it thee, and I would gladly have gone. St. Clair would have accompanied us, and so I mentioned nothing, but that I would like to go to Homburg to see poor Hölderlin, and take thee with me. But that proved precisely the most ill-judged thing I could have done, for now she insisted that I should not take thee, as she believed thou must be kept from all over-excitement. I could not help laughing at the well-meant remark, when Tonie came, and Marie told her. They both agreed that thou hadst been very pale in spring, and lookedst sickly even now. "No," said Marie, "not sickly, but ghastly; and did I not know that she is the most natural girl, still an undeveloped child, who knows nothing of life, I might be led to fear she nourished a secret passion. Here in the city she only feels at home in the nursery; she slips away from company and from table, goes to the cradle, takes out little Max and holds her on her lap for hours, amused at every grimace she makes. The child had scarletina; no one came to me, she alone sat for hours with the child, and it did her no harm. She can endure a great deal; I have never heard her complain of headache or anything else. How long she watched with Claudine! no one else could have done it; I do not think she went to bed for a fortnight. In every sick-room she is at home, and amuses herself richly where every one else is annoyed. Her whole mind, however, consists in the influence of the moment only, for a sensible word I have never heard from her. Her greatest pleasure is to startle Franz, and every moment she seeks another place to surprise him in. The other night she perched herself on one of the bed-posts, where I thought she would not be able to stay a moment.

Franz did not come for a quarter of an hour, and after he was in bed she swung herself down, so that I feared she would break her neck, and we could not get her out of the room all night." During this account Lotte came, who seriously asserted that thou wert predisposed to St. Vitus' dance; thy pallor indicated it, and even in walking thou wouldst climb to the most dangerous places. Lately she said, both of you were walking in the moonlight, outside the gates, with the Canon von Hohenfeld, when thou didst mount the glacis, running back and forth, and turning without falling a single time, so that even Von Hohenfeld suggested all could not be quite right. Hardly had Lotte finished her story, of which the refrain was always, "Want of historical sense and logic," when Ebel entered. He also was consulted about the journey to Homburg, (oh that I had not thrust my hand into that hornet's nest!) and forthwith began a peroration, compassing everything in "Not, for Heaven's sake." Lotte sat in the arm-chair, acting as second, interposing at proper intervals, "Not, for Heaven's sake, one must be logical." Ebel said, "Insanity is contagious." "Yes," rejoined Lotte, "especially for one so predisposed." "Now, Lotte, you are too severe, she may be stupid, which is questionable, for she is really neither stupid nor wise, or rather both stupid and wise." Here Ebel said, "I must speak as natural philosopher; she is an entirely peculiar being that has been charged with too much electrical matter by nature. She is like a lightning-rod, and whoever is near her during a thunder-storm can feel it." For it was only on thy account that he jumped from the carriage during our last drive, and in thunder, lightning, and a drenching rain, ran home across the fields, regardless of shoes, hose, and his short-sleeved coat. Tonie accused him of it, and he acknowledged that it was apprehension lest the thunder-cloud might be attracted by thy electric nature. He firmly believes that the flash struck so close to the horses, because in thy enthusiasm thou wert emitting so much electricity. Poor friend, the rain has shortened his coat-sleeves still more. Lotte insisted that it was illogical in Ebel to use the word "enthusiasm," because for that a logical cause must be shown, which could not be found in thy mind. During this St. Clair also came, whom I had appointed to meet me there at the tea-hour, to hear how our attempt succeeded. Had we been successful, we would have taken thee by surprise, and called for

these in the carriage. Later Franz and George came up, and the matter was laid before them. Lotte urging continually that it would be the most illogical thing in the world to let these go, for in spite of thy unwiseness, freakishness, and utter want of &c., thou wert still very eccentric, and it was unanimously resolved that thou shouldst not go. Tonie remarked that thou hadst been committed to her care more urgently by Clemens, and that there would be discord if she gave her consent to thy going. I know of one who would have gladly throttled them all, and that was St. Clair. He looked severe, but did not speak, and I saw his lips tremble. No one knew how deeply he was interested; he took his hat and went out without saying a word, and I saw the tears rise to the eyes of thy champion.

AN CLEMENS.

Die Hirten lagen auf der Erde
Und schlummerten um Mitternacht.
Da kam mit freundlicher Geberde
Ein Engel in der Himmelspracht.
Mit Sonnenglanz war er umgeben,
Und zu den Hirten neigt er sich;
Er sprach: "Geboren ist das Leben,
Euch offenbart der Himmel sich.
Auch ich lag träumend auf der Erde,
Ihr dunkler Geist war schwer auf mir,
Da trat mit freundlicher Geberde
Die heil'ge Poesie zu mir;
In ihrem Glanz warst Du verkläret,
Vertrauet mit der Geisterwelt,
Den Becher hattest Du geleeret,
Der dich zu ihrem Bund gesellt.
Dein Lied war eine Strahlenkrone,
Die sich um Deine Stirne wand,
Die Töne eine Lebenssonne
Erleuchtend der Verheissung Land.
Der Liebe Reich hab ich gesehen
In Deiner Dichtung Abendroth;
Wie Moses auf des Berges Höhen,
Als ihm der Herr zu schauen gebot;
Er sah das Ziel der Erdenwallen
Und mochte fürder nichts mehr sehen.
Wohin, wohin soll ich noch wallen,
Da ich das Heilige gesehen?"

TO CLEMENS.

Shepherds, on the ground reclining,
Were sleeping in the midst of night,
There came with friendly mien, and shining,
An Angel clad in heavenly light.
With starry splendor all surrounded,

He to the herdsmen then drew near,
 And spake: "'Tis born that life unbounded,
 Revealed to man is Heaven's sphere.
 I too lay on the ground reclining,
 Its sombre spirit troubled me.
 Then came with friendly mien and shining,
 The holy genius Poesy.
 I saw thee by her glory chained,
 United with the spirit land;
 For thou her goblet full hast drained
 That made thee member of her band.
 Thy song it was a halo beaming
 That crown-like on thy temples bore;
 Its melody with life-light teeming,
 Illumined yonder promised shore.
 The realm of Love, I see it now
 In the evening crimson of thy lay;
 As Moses on the mountain's brow,
 Was called to witness and obey.
 He saw the goal toward which to wander,
 And more than that he would not see.
 But where, oh, where, am I to wander
 When the most sacred I did see?"

TO GÜNDERODE.

I did not think that I should feel so sad these beautiful days. In thy letter, line for line, I read nothing sad, and yet it makes me heavy-hearted. Thou speakest of thyself as if thou wert different from me, very different. Ah, dost thou not stand nearest to me among mankind. We did not agree in all we discussed; thou wert of one mind, I of another, and yet hast thou ever been my intercessor. Yes, truly, I am not like thee, for I feel it to-day out of every line of thy letter, which is so true, and illumines the depth of thy soul. What a mystery man yet remains to us, and until all things take a heavenly form, how much will remain uncomprehended? But to be entirely understood, that seems to me to be the sole metamorphosis, the true ascension.

In the little arbor where we first met last year about this time, — already for a year have we been dear friends????!! — — — Thus could I continue to make signs of astonishment, of interrogation, of thought, of sighing; yes, if I knew how to make a sign, to indicate shuddering and tears, I would mark my pages full of the feelings to which I know not how to give expression. The honeysuckle, waving down from the trellis, blossoms more luxuriantly this year. Knowest thou, that was our first word? I said to thee: It was a very cold winter this year, and the crow's-foot has frozen most of

its branches, so that the arbor affords but little shade. Then saidst thou : The sun gives, and the arbor takes ; what light it cannot absorb, it lets down upon us. Then further, that the plant above us was more properly called Geisblatt (chevère-feuille), than crow's-foot, and that then it suggested a pretty goat, gracefully eating the spicy flowers, and that Nature offered an ideal life to every creature. Just as the elements produced life, in undisturbed activity, bare, nourished, and completed it, so there was again prepared in the enjoyment of this uninterrupted development an element in which the soul's ideal could thrive, bloom, and complete itself ; also, thou saidst, too, that I should clothe myself in white for the sake of Nature, who was sending forth so many bright flowers around us, that a dress with printed flowers were tasteless ; that we must desire to live in harmony with Nature, or else the bud of the human soul could not open. I thought awhile of thy words, and we both were silent. It was my turn to answer, but I did not dare to ; thou seemedst to me so full of wisdom, and thy thoughts appeared so to blend with Nature, and thy spirit to tower above men like blossoming tree-tops which in sunshine, wind, and rain, by day and night, forever strive upwards. Indeed thou wast to me like a grand tree, inhabited and nourished by the spirits of Nature. When I at last heard my voice that would answer thee, I was ashamed as though its tone were not refined enough for thy ear. I could not say what I tried to ; thou wouldst help me and saidst : The spirit flows into our sensibilities, and these arise from everything that Nature produces. Man deeply reverences Nature, because she is the mother who nourishes the soul with the impressions she gives it. How much did I think of thee and thy words, of the black lashes that shaded thy blue eye, as I saw thee for the first time ; of thy kindly mien, and thy hand that stroked my hair.

I wrote down : "To-day I saw Günderode ; it was a gift of God." To-day, as I read it again, I would gladly do everything for love of thee. Yet thou hadst better not tell me if thou art loving to others also. That means : be with others as thou wilt, only do not let it concern us. We must retire into Nature ; there must we walk hand in hand, speaking to each other, not of things, but a great language. My studying will not succeed ; I have no use for it. Why shall I learn what others know already ? that will never be lost ;

but that which happens just for our sake, that would I not miss experiencing with thee. And then with thee I would also strip off all superfluous world's-dross, for in reality all proprieties are a heaven-crying injustice, against the voice of poesy within us, that guides the soul to right. That civility which is always bowing before others, approaching without coming into any contact, disgusts me; just as though it were uncivil to avoid those who do not concern us. Were Nature so intriguing, contrary, and unwise, as men are, not even a potato could ripen, much less a tree blossom. All this is only the consequence of Nature's generosity, of which each ear of corn, with its wealth of grains, gives proof. Narrow-heartedness will never burst its seeds to the light; they will be blighted. Now I begin to feel for what I am here. Each morning I pray when I awake, "Kind God, wherefore was I born?" and now I know it. — Therefore, that I may not be as unwise as the others, that I shall walk the clear path marked out in my heart; for why would the finger of God have impressed it there, and have taken my five senses into his teaching, that I might learn to spell him out, were it not that I should follow that path? Yes, we must exact wisdom from man, and point it out as the simple path of Nature. But the denial of a great and powerful world-mind within us is always the consequence of our social relations to others. They cling so that one cannot draw a free breath, cannot think nobly, nor do great actions, for sheer courtesy and morality. Great deeds, for those truly no merit is due; they would be done of themselves if life were conducted naturally. It is shameful how much men cover with the name of generosity, as if a progressive, active life did not of itself emit the electric fire, that one calls great deeds. The grovelling tribe of man chatter like magpies; they understand not the sighings of love. I must say this, because the nightingales are sighing so sweetly above me. There are four of them; last year there were four too. Ah, to love, I do not think I ever shall. I should be ashamed before those nightingales, that I cannot do it as they can. How they breathe their souls into the art of transport, into the music, and in a tone so pure, so innocent, yet true and deep. No human being could approach such expression, either by voice or instrument. Why is it that man must learn to sing, while the nightingale understands to sing to the heart so purely, faultlessly? I have not

yet heard a song from human kind that has touched me as that of the nightingale. Just now I thought as I was listening to them so intently, if they would not listen to me when they made a pause. Hardly did I raise my voice, when all four burst forth together, as if they would say, do not invade our realm. Arias, opera-music are as wrong motives in the moral world; it is the declamation of a false inspiration. Yet man is carried away by sublime music, even if he is not sublime himself; that is the hidden will in the soul to become great.

How it refreshes the soul, like dew, to hear one's own genius speak in its primeval tongue. Not so? — Oh, we too would be like those tones that are so rapidly approaching their goal without wavering; there they compass the fulness, and bear in every rhythm a soul-born secret; not so does man. Certainly melodies are God-born beings, that live on in themselves. Man does not beget thought, but thought begets man. Ah, ah, ah! there a linden blossom falls on to my nose, and it rains a little. What nonsense I am writing down; one can hardly read it, the twilight has deepened so. How beautifully Nature spreads her veil, so lightly, so transparently; now the flower-souls begin to roam abroad, from the orange-trees in the Boskett, and the linden odors come streaming, wave on wave. Night sets in already — the nightingales are becoming eager; they warble in the moonlit silence.

Ah, we will do something very great; we will not have met in vain in this world. — Let us found a religion for humanity in which it shall become again an existence with God, — thy Mahomet accomplished it with a few excursions to heaven. — Let us make a little pleasure-trip to heaven!

TO GÜNDERODE.

Yesterday I forgot to write to thee that I sent thy poem to Clemens, after first copying it for myself. I wanted also to tell thee how beautiful I found it, but out of gratitude that I have thee for a friend, I forgot it; still thou seest reflected, in my letter, that it is thy great heart which touches me, and that I am not worthy to unloose the latchet of thy shoe. Thou choosest a beautiful thought, and weavest out of it in rhymes a robe of honor for Clemens. Ah, what a beautiful gift thou hast; thou liftest thy spirit up out of this earthly

life. — God created the world out of nothing, the Nuns used to preach ; and I always asked how that was done ; they could not tell me, and desired me to be silent. But I went about looking at all the plants, as if I must find out from what they were created. Now I know it ; he did not create them out of nothing ; he created them out of the spirit, — that I learn from the Poet ; from thee, God is a Poet — yes — thus I comprehend him. To-day I read to grandmamma from Hemsterhuis. Choeseil says : “ Il faut que Dieu ait la figure de l’homme comme il l’a créé d’après son image.” D’Allaris says : “ C’est fort singulier monsieur de se figurer la figure de Dieu avec un visage humain, comme celui la est fait pour des besoins et des fonctions terrestres auxquelles Dieu ne doit avoir aucun rapport, en raison de sa force, et de son grand courage le monde entiere devrait s’en aller en poussière si par exemple le bon Dieu s’amusait une seule foi a éternuer de bon cœur.” If God created man after his own image, then I understand this so : God has an individuality, only comprehended by himself, as he stands single and unattainable. But as a Poet his individuality vanishes, and is merged in the invention of his productions. Thus God is and is not individual. The Poet illustrates this, — he is individual, and is not, even after God’s own image, for he creates with the spirit that which lies entirely beyond our sensuous existence, and yet it is sensuous, for it can be comprehended by the senses, that feel themselves cherished and nourished by it, and as the nourishment of the senses is but their higher development, so the poet-like God resolves his individuality through his thoughts into a higher form, moulding himself upward to a higher development. What do I tell thee here ? Ah ! I understood for a moment what God is, as though I could read it in the clouds, when looking up at the sky. I saw how the moon slipped from behind them, which dispersed my thoughts, the words up there in which it was contained melted away, so that I had to say it in others, and it is not exactly as I mean it. Ah, indeed, God will not allow himself to be caught ; I thought already I held him. But this have I comprehended, that God is poesy ; that man being created after his own image, is consequently a Poet also. “ Many are called, but few are chosen ;” this to my sorrow have I discovered within myself. Still I am a Poet, although I cannot make a rhyme.

I feel it in the free air when I wander in the woods, up the hills ; then moves a rhythm in my soul with which my thoughts must flow in accordance, and my moods change in time. But when I am among people, and allow myself to be carried away by their time or metre, which is like that of the vulgar street ballad, I feel very insignificant, and know nothing but nonsense.

Dost thou not find too, that stupid persons make one feel far more stupid than one really is ? They who say that I am foolish are not quite wrong. But heart, thou that understandst me, come to me and I will give thee a feast that will honor thee. But now listen further. All great deeds are poesy, the metamorphosis of the individual into deity ; but that deed is not poesy which is not great. Great is everything that is compassed by the light of reason. That is to say, all things, comprehended in their true sense, must be great, and certain it is, that each such thought must have its root planted in the soil of wisdom, and bear a flower which blooms in divine light, to emerge from the soul's depth, after God's image, upward, beyond to the source of our being. I am right, am I not ? And if it is true that man can be thus, why should he be otherwise ? I understand it not that all men are so different from what they could so easily be. They cling to that which they should not regard, and despise that to which they should cling. I feel a longing within me to be free from all these failings — to descend into the bath and purify myself from errors. All the world seems to me insane ; I rush along with the rest, and yet I hear a voice within me that teaches me better. Do let us found a religion, thee and me, and let us dwell meanwhile as priest and layman in it, all by ourselves, living strictly according to its precepts, developing its laws, as a young prince once developed himself who was to become the greatest ruler of the world. Thus it happened that he became a hero, who by his will subdued all his failings, and aroused the whole world so that it became better. I believe, too, that God has only created races of kings that man may be placed before man conspicuously in order to see and know himself. As the king has power over all, men who watch his public actions see how evil, or if his deeds are good, how great he himself can be. Then, too, a king is so placed that he can succeed

where no one else can ; and a talented ruler will by force carry his people to that point, to which without him it would never have attained. Thus we must frame our religion entirely for the youthful sovereign. Ah, wait ; now I have found my way, and can go on better. I pray thee lend thy heart to sympathize with me a little ; it invigorates me thus out of nothing to draw thought like God, for I too am a Poet.

I picture to myself the delight of considering all this with thee. Then we will wander up and down in grandmamma's beautiful garden or in the Boskett, where there are dark, shady paths to muse in, and then discourse, when in the evening I will write it down and send it to town to thee by the Jew, and thou canst afterwards arrange it poetically, so that in future when men find it they may feel more reverence and belief in it. It seems a jest, but do not take it as one. I am serious ; for why should we not consider together the welfare and necessities of mankind ? Why, then, have we thought of so much already that others have not considered, but that it should bear fruits for mankind ? Can we not expect that all which sprouts forth from the earth as well as the spirit will ultimately bear fruit ? I do not therefore see why we should not, with tolerable certainty, count on a good harvest that will benefit man. Ah, humanity, poor humanity ! caught in a net like an *ignis-fatuus*, it is dim and muddy. Oh, I do not sleep any more ; good-night. It just occurs to me that our religion shall be called the Hovering-religion, and I will tell thee about that to-morrow. But one law of our religion I must place before thy consideration directly, and that a fundamental law ; namely, man shall always do the greatest deeds, and no others ; and here I anticipate thee and say, that all actions can and must be great. Ah, forsooth, I see the clouds of dust already that we will raise when we once hold our councils. " Who prays not, thinks not ; " that I will have written into the earthen dish out of which our disciples shall eat ; and in another, " Who thinks not, learns not to pray." The Jew comes, and I must hurriedly push our mundane subversion into the bag. We should also be able to say, like the old nun at Fritzlar, " What wonderful instruments the Lord employs for the furtherance of his ultimate ends ! " If thou seest St. Clair give him my greeting.

TO BETTINE.

Or rather we can say, thinking is praying, and so do some good immediately; by thinking while praying, and praying while thinking, we save time. Thou talkest unrhymed things, and art extremely cunning in thinking I shall rhyme them. Thy projects are always very hazardous; thou art like a rope-dancer who relies on his balancing-pole, or like one with wings who knows he can spread them in a gale, and be carried upward from his height. On the whole, I understand well, notwithstanding the praise thou strewest like sweet sacrificial herbs, that I am the offering which thou hast selected for sacrifice. I know thou art right, and that I am too timid and cannot defend that which in myself I recognize to be right against arguments drawn from untruth. I grow mute and stand abashed where others ought to be so, and this feeling is so extreme, that I ask forgiveness of the very persons who have done me wrong, for fear they might perceive it. Thus, for instance, I cannot endure that any one should think I doubted them; I rather childishly laugh at all their rejoinders. I cannot bear that those to whom I cannot convey a higher conviction should entertain the illusion as though I were wiser than they. If two are to understand each other, it requires the life-inspiring influence of a third divine one. Thus I accept our mutual existence as a gift of the gods, in which they themselves play the happiest part. But to expose my inmost experience to unconclusive assertions,—for that neither blue-eyed Minerva, nor Areus, the warlike, will lend their aid.

I agree with thee that it would be better if I could bear myself more manfully, and not allow this mighty world-mind to be subdued by my social relations to others. But what wilt thou do with one so timorous, who is still afraid to say grace loud enough at table? Bear with me, and leave me as I am. If I have not the heart to raise my voice against all nonsense, so have I not allowed the smallest wave of thy gushing life-floods to break itself against this hard rock. It stands dry and untouched by thy holy inspirations, and thou canst, unconcerned about it, let thy life flow on. I know it pained thee that we could not visit Hölderlin. St. Clair left yesterday; he was with me before he went, and saw thy thick letter. He longed so to hear something out of it, that the

Timorous One, relying on her good feeling, was emboldened to read him that part in which Bettine speaks of the *Œdipus*. He wanted to copy it, he must copy it or his soul would have languished ; so the Timorous One was too powerless to deny it him. I must read it to him ; perhaps it will be like a balsam to his soul ; if not, still the highest exaltation excited by his poet-nature must echo in him, as he too found an echo. I must read it to him ; it will at least win a smile. Now see me again full of fear lest my boldness should displease thee ; and yet, did not my ear betray me, that hymn on the dove-cot was sung to the poor Poet, that it might blend with the music of his broken chords.

I am just now so much troubled by company ; already a second time this week must I creep into the black robe of our order, and in that, too, I am followed by my queer timidity ; I seem so strange to myself in it, and it strikes me as unusual to support a borrowed dignity publicly, so that I always hang my head and look askance when I am addressed. Yesterday we dined at the Primate's *in corpore*, and I dropped my cross ; it fell under my chair, where I felt it with the point of my foot, which confused me very much ; just think, the Primate himself picked it up and asked permission to fasten it on my shoulder ; at this our duenna came and took the trouble upon herself, thank Heaven.

This affair kept me awake all night, and I must still blush when I think of it. I called to see Mad. Haiden, — met Moritz in the cabriolet, — from there I went to the theatre, and into your box. George took me in. Die Geschwister.* — The house was very empty on account of the heat. The Frau Rath† alone sat on my side, and called upon the stage "Herr Verdy, play your best, I am here," which embarrassed me very much ; had he answered, a conversation would have ensued, in which finally I must have taken part. There were not fifty persons in the parquet. Verdy really played very well, but the Frau Rath applauded every scene so that it rang again, and Verdy bowed profoundly to her. It was strange to see the empty house, with the box-doors all open on account of the heat, and daylight straggling in ; a draught blew through, and played with the flimsy decorations, when

* Name of the play. — A drama by Goethe.

† Alludes to Goethe's mother, who was according to German custom called by the title of her husband, Rath or Councillor.

Mad. Goethe called to Verdy: "Ah, that is a splendid breeze," and fanned herself; and it seemed as if she had a part in the play, and the two on the stage were only engaged in a confidential, domestic chat. Meanwhile I thought of our greatest Poet, who did not disdain, so unassumingly to express his profound nature. Yes, you may be right, there is something grand in it, and it was fearful, and tragic in consequence, this emptiness, this silence, the open doors, and that single mother full of rejoicing, as though her son had built her the throne on which she, supremely elevated above all mundane things, received the homage of Art. They did play very well, too, even with inspiration, and only on account of the Frau Rath; she knows how to command respect. At the close she called out loudly, that she was obliged, and would write to her son. After this a conversation began to which the audience was quite as attentive, but which I did not stay to hear, as I was called for. To-morrow it will probably be all over town.

I do not feel well, else I should have been over to-day, so does thy letter interest me. Thou hoverest at the pinnacle of life, and like the newly fledged, lookest out directly how best to steer towards the sun, and as easily dost thou descend again. If I am well I will yet come this week. I believe the fear of being bled makes me sick; I cannot become reconciled to it, and when I think I must shed blood, it makes me ill. Do write me to-day about thy Hovering-religion, what it means, that I may have something to think and ponder over, as I cannot do anything, and must keep my room.

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

O do not allow thyself to be bled for a thousand reasons, for (perhaps): if a person has been bled but once, he can never become a soldier, a hero! One can never know what changes such an infringement on nature can bring about in the human mind, and what capacities are thus lost. I beg of thee do not let thyself be bled. In the Convent, when the day came, where the little phlebotomy man was marked in the calendar, I believe it was in the hot season just as it is now; then all the Nuns were bled from the left foot. At that time a surgeon came, at whose ugliness I was always lost in astonishment. His name was Herr Has. An old Nun once said, that in the small-pox pits of his face, containing a consider-

able earthy deposit, one could sow cress-seed, and he would have a green beard. After that I always kept cress-seed on hand, and watched for an opportunity to sow it; and I did finally take advantage of a moment when he had dropped asleep, waiting for the Nuns. Thou mayst believe it or not, but the cresses found a thriving soil and began to sprout vigorously, and he needed now only to be rubbed with vinegar and oil, to make an excellent salad. But thou dost not believe that, dost? — Now listen, — it just occurs to me : do eat a good dish of salad, that cools the blood ; but if during an inflammation thou lose blood, that must increase it ; for, if thou hast a pot of boiling water, and pour part of it away, the rest will only boil the harder. The cocks are crowing, it is past midnight, so now I will go on writing till to-morrow morning, that thou wilt have enough to read on thy sick-bed; about the new religion I will speak directly, but first I must tell thee something. When the Jew came with thy letter it was four o'clock, and I was thinking of something that would be good for thee, when directly the apricots in grandmamma's garden came into my mind, and how nice they would be for thee. So I went round the trees spying out the best, till I got by heart where they all hung, and promenaded repeating my lesson till sundown, as by daylight I could not steal them, so had to wait till all were seated at cards. It was the greatest pleasure to steal these apricots ; in the first place the fear was quite amusing, my heart beat so quickly that I laughed for joy ; there is something agreeable in feeling the heart beat ; and then it seemed too as if they liked being stolen, for they dropped right into my hand ; I had tied a cloth round my neck into which I threw them, twenty ! — I was very glad when I had them all, and safely conveyed them to my room, where I wrapped them in young vine-leaves of the second growth, that have such soft, velvety down on one side. There they all are, and look at me from the box, as if desirous of being tasted by my lips ; but that will not do ; they are for thee, and must forego being eaten by me. Eat them, Günderode, they are good ; God has created them purposely for inflammation, so that it shall return to the spirit, from which it has only infused itself into the blood. Do not allow thyself to be bled, for I have a presentiment, as if something in man were destroyed by it ; perhaps real heroism ; who knows but what a man who has been bled

once, has not robbed his posterity of courage, and that this is the reason why this virtue is so rare. The little phlebotomy man is the Evil One, who has crept into the calendar in order to cheat man out of the only thing with which he can resist him, out of the steel in the blood which is infused into the spirit, to make it firm in accomplishing what it will. Wisdom and bravery! man clamors for wisdom, but has not the courage to support it; one is dependent on the other; for where courage exists for it, wisdom will come too. It is not possible, that if the power exists in the soul to achieve the greatest, the seed of wisdom should not also blossom, which teaches the highest aim. For instance, he who has the courage to despise mere wealth, will soon have the wisdom to recognize the perversion arising from that cruel prejudice, and how poor, how very poor are wealth and power! Ah, in our religion courage shall stand first, and if we are ever watchful to exercise it in doing what is great, and disregard prejudice — then will from every deed arise a higher understanding, preparing us for the next, and we will soon prove things in which as yet no one has faith. For instance; one cannot live on air! — why! it is an assertion made by the Devil to fetter man to the slave-chain of Gain, that he cannot live on air, and must seek to acquire. He who acquires much, cannot find time to wed for sheer labor.

Yet we live on air alone, for is not all that nourishes us nourished by air, and is it not the first condition of our life to breathe?

By this God expresses: Thou sharest the air with all, then share also thy life with all.

Who knows how much Nature may yet alter, and assimilate more with the spirit, so that the soul, more governed by it, will require more air, and less other substance? All silly thoughts, desires, and vain fancies create an appetite for animal food. I know, by myself, that when anything flashes through my mind, which I must follow up from a presentiment that it contains the vital air, then I have no appetite. Frenchmen, when they are witty, are said to have an appetite for something piquant or spicy; it would then depend very much on the mind if in the end we did not prefer to live on air. And our grace at table shall be: Lord, I eat in the faith that it nourisheth me. All the old bills of fare, roasting spits, and baking traditions, we will thrust into the

Devil's kitchen, that he may break his neck, for we have no time to waste over them. Go to thy neighbor and ask for bread, break a fruit from the tree, and partake of the sacrificial feast a little, not permitting wants at this or that hour to become fixed in thee, or other habits which make thee physically dependent. Here something occurs to me about the everlasting draught or night-air. Every moment we hear there's a draught, and then people run as if death were at their heels; then the night-wind hinders them from enjoying nature by night, or the dew is dangerous; and yet,—has one ever heard that in battle a hero has fled from the night-dew? Therefore, to be above taking cold by sun and moon-shine, our own masters, must be a law of our Hovering-religion.

I don't know, still I have a presentiment as if we would yet stumble on to great discoveries. For the present, we have already discovered that we must not be bled, in order that the steel in the blood, which engenders courage, may not be drained. One might urge that from a wound received in battle, this steel of the spirit would also escape, so that a brave man becomes a coward,—but this is not so, because, from a wound received in inspiration, the very blood breathes forth immortality. When the virtue (courage) is awake in man, that is: if the Genius goes over into the blood, and fighting, faces the wound it is to receive, then courage is so paramount that no servile escape can take place, as at that moment all the steel in the blood has entered the spirit,—for as God eternally produces with every breath, being all wisdom, so does Genius always produce, because it is connected with God's electric chain, constantly receiving its shocks and communicating them to the blood. I pray thee how wilt thou otherwise explain the electric power, but that Nature, thrilled by the spirit of God, enters the blood; when in man it again finds its way into inspiration, because he has mind.—And behold! power receives the flash, and thus wisdom and courage are begotten together. What did I say in my last letter, that God is poesy? and to-day I say that he is wisdom. This is an old story; I believe the Fathers of the church have long since established it, and therefore have great reverence for God. To-day we have discovered that God is the great electric power rushing through Nature, and into the blood, where it again appears as Genius in the souls

of men. Genius arises from the steel in the blood, to which it returns, when the senses are active. He who has no steel in his blood cannot conceive of God in this wise. It is already three o'clock, and if I were to write on, I should come across all sorts of curious things, at which I should be astonished myself.

I ought to go to sleep, but will give thee thinking enough to do for a whole day, because thou art alone. Thou didst write me that Moritz met thee in the cabriolet; I am much obliged; but as I have made a vow, for the fortnight I am still to remain here, I can give no ear to thy admonitions; tell him so when thou seest him. Bernhard's gardener is a young, slender man, with a finely curved nose, black hair, black lashes and blue eyes, and a sweet voice, at least when he speaks to me, for when he restrained the dog the other day that barked at me, he used it vigorously. It will seem strange to Moritz, but it is no wall of separation to me, because he is overlooked by the educated classes. A man of a good race must show it, even in a slave's garb; this proves the impurity of our established nobility; for truly the best blood is scattered through the world, only it runs unstamped, and yet that alone is allowed to pass which is stamped. But this I tell thee, I do not consider any one noble whose race cannot be recognized even in the peasant's garb. — Well then, the gardener, who always gives me work early in the morning, thou knowest, — I have cut the faded china-pinks from the beds for him; I have transplanted strawberries, pruned the vines, tied up the honeysuckle, and propped the peaches, taken slips from the carnations, and picked the parasites from the melon-vines, besides many other things that I always helped him do early in the morning, when I ran to the Maine terrace, to compose and write for Clemens, and could not do it, because nothing would come into my head, as Nature is far too grand to permit one to think in her presence; so I preferred to pick pease with the gardener, rather than stand on the watch for great thoughts. There the gardener always presented me with a nosegay; at first very handsome and full, with rare flowers, then smaller and simpler; I thought it was because I came every day, and was too much, but at last, on the same day that I picked the sugar-pease, he gave me a rose and —

In the morning, I thought about it till I fell asleep. The

rose I took to bed with me. Why should I let it slowly fade in a glass? — one ought to carry about a talisman of Nature everywhere; it will keep us free from evil. Who would not be filled with noble thoughts in the presence of a rose? I love it, the sweet rose with which I slept; it pined, but since I placed it in water, it is reviving. — I am so stupid, and write such silly things. — The poor gardener!

TO GÜNDERODE.

The Jew came this morning at five, and said he had delivered the letter at the Convent, without hearing anything about thee; the great ass had to run round like a greyhound to-day to purchase paradise-apples for the Feast of the Tabernacles, so that he had no time to wait. The fellow looked very queer with the long palm-branches straggling out of his bag and waving over his head. With one hand he had hold of his long beard, and with the other of his long staff, placing it far before him, constantly swearing by his beard, and panting under his load. It amused me to look at him, so I let him stand awhile; it was a picture for any one who could paint it. This time, then, my religion-despatches could not reach thee on account of the Tabernacle affair — if thou art only well again! This evening I had to walk with grandmamma by the canal in the moonlight. She told me about her youth, when she and grandpapa still lived at Warthausen with old Stadion, and how he loved grandpapa more than his other sons, bringing him up strangely, but with great care. When he was a youth of scarcely eighteen, he caused him to carry on a great and wide-spread political correspondence; he gave him letters from emperors and kings, from all the regents and dignitaries of state of every grade to answer. There came transactions in every branch of government: commerce, navigation, old claims, new demands, division of lands, treason, conspiracies, imprisonment of great persons, church affairs, monastic endowments, finances, in fine, every kind of transaction which a great minister of state has to negotiate and arrange, — all this Stadion discussed with him, causing him to express his opinion about it, to write treatises on these subjects, which, after adding his own suggestions, he made him copy over. He wrote letters to different potentates, particularly a correspondence with Maria Theresa; first about her accession to the throne and the co-regency of

the royal consort ; then about the empty treasury, the military resources of the country, the displeasure of the people, the claims of Bavaria on the Austrian crown-lands, and the refusal of the Electors to acknowledge the right of heritage ; about the war of Frederic II. with England ; proposals for a loan ; letters to a French general *Belle-Isle*, to Cardinal Fleuri, to the Austrian Field-marshal Prince Lobkowitz, and lastly a correspondence with the Marquise de Pompadour, in the interest of the empress. This correspondence was at first gallant, then tender ; letters with madrigals came, in answer to which grandpapa again had to reply in French poetry in Stadion's name. Over these she said grandpapa bit up many a pen, and Stadion taught him to interweave politics with allusions to charms, to blond and brown locks, — which Stadion often did not find tender enough. The answers were then communicated with great pleasure by Stadion, especially if they expressed any sensibility for grandpapa's gallantries ; this made Stadion laugh very much, and he showed him how the extremest delicacy was always to be observed. And at last, when after the accession and coronation of Maria Theresa the congratulations had been despatched, Stadion gave Laroche a writing-table, which he found to contain all his own letters written during three years, still sealed, that he believed to have been sent over land and sea, besides the answers invented by Stadion himself, who told him that by this means he had wished to make a statesman of him. At first grandpapa was very much shocked ; but afterwards he was deeply touched, and preserved them as a sacred memorial of Stadion's great and tender mind. Grandmamma has all these letters, and promised to give them to me. She was very talkative to-day, and becomes more tender towards me daily. She says she likes to talk to me, although many things are difficult to recall. She spoke much of mamma, of her grace and refinement of heart, and says, " All that you children share among you of beauty and mind, your mother united in herself." Then she wept much, and could say no more, for the tears choked her utterance. She had placed her hand on my head when she spoke, and the moon coming from behind a cloud, she said, " How beautifully the moonlight rests on thee ! it were a lovely picture to paint," — and at that moment I had the same thought of grandmamma. It was strange to see her standing under a great chestnut-tree opposite me, by the canal in which the

moon was reflected, with her thick white curls and black robe of *gros-de-tour* with its long train, and made after the fashion of her youth, with a long waist and broad girdle. Ei, how refined is grandmamma; every one seems common compared with her. People reproach her with sensitiveness; that does not disturb me; on the contrary, it finds an echo in me. Even if I have sometimes laughed with others at what seemed too strange, yet I mostly feel a truth in all she says. When walking in the garden, she bends all the vines where they seem inclined to twine; she cannot bear disorder, nor faded leaves, and daily I must cut out the dead flowers. Yesterday she was occupied for a long time at the honeysuckle arbor, and said to every twig, "Little branch, where wilt thou go?" Then she gently twined everything together, tying it loosely with red silk, so that not a leaf should be crushed; everything must have room to breathe, she says. This morning I brought her some red and white bean-blossoms, because yesterday I read her a scene from her novel in which they played a part; she found them by her breakfast-plate. She spoke of the ruby-red of the blossoms, held them up towards the light, and was pleased at the glow. I like to have her chat thus. I told her she seemed to me like a child who saw everything for the first time. "What then shall I be but a child; are not all the distractions of life now past which came in the way of the childlike mind? Thus human life describes a circle, and shows even here that it is assigned to eternity. Now that my life is completing itself with all the good that Heaven has granted, — so many blossoms have faded for me, so many fruits ripened; now that the leaves are falling, the spirit prepares itself for fresh shoots in the next sphere of life, and there thy forebodings may be right." Ah, Günderode, I too will become a child again before I die, moving in a circle, and, not as thou, desire to die early. No, I wish not that; for where is it fairer than on the beautiful earth, and for a child to be where it is fairest, over to where the sun sets? Grandmamma also told me another pretty tale, which I will write down here because I do not wish to forget it, about the father of Stadion. He possessed a lion that was said to be so tame that it slept by his bedside at night. One morning he was awakened because the lion was licking his hand so hard that it drew blood with its rough tongue; the lion seemed to like the blood and

Stadion, who did not dare to withdraw his hand, reached a pistol with the other, that hung over the bed, and shot the lion through the head with it. When on hearing the noise his people rushed to their master's room, Stadion leaned over the dead lion, gazing at him with rigid eyes, and with a loud cry exclaimed, "I have murdered my best friend;" and for several days after he locked himself up in his room because it grieved him so much. "Ah, that I had rather not killed the animal, but trusted to its generosity; I do not yet believe that it would have devoured me, and I would far rather the thing had not ended so." She told me much more about him which proved his great presence of mind, and spoke so wisely of this great quality that I was quite lost in listening. She said that men often reasoned long and wearily over what genius might consist in. She knew of no greater genius than in this power over one's self, which at last was communicated to all near it, and that he could easily govern who did not break away from himself with curb and rein, "as thou dost, little girl," she said, "and dashest up the steep, with thy spirit causing thy grandmamma giddiness."

If ever there were great rulers, they were moulded to become so by this power of mind which they were obliged to exercise in a former life. Grandmamma believes that the soul, the being of man, enters from the seed of the spirit into another life. This seed it was, which during one life ripened within itself; and then by gradual knowledge and more perfect capacity ever reproduces itself into new spheres. Then she told me of the ancestor of our grandfather, who, in the Thirty Years' War, was found on the battle-field near Dutlingen, where the French had suffered a great defeat, as ensign, wrapped in his colors, with the staff of the standard pierced through him. His brother, who wanted to protect the colors, lay over him, having paid for it with his life. They were in the French service, and the great Condé saw them fall, and said, "*Ferme comme une roche*." While formerly they were called Frank von Frankenstein, they now called themselves Laroche, because the king gave to the widow of the brother who had also fallen in the battle an estate in Alsatia, and added three banners to the rock in their escutcheon. Over this last story I have been making my own reflections; and so simple, yet so great an action, I have placed before my mind. He was an ensign — this ancestor of mine; and both the brothers did

an immortal deed in faithfully defending the standard to which they had sworn, and sacrificed their lives for it. While the ensign dying wrapped his standard around him, his brother, the sergeant, even protected it with his body in death, thus saving the colors to the army of Condé, so that it might not fall as trophy of victory into the hands of imperial Tilly, although they were both of them Germans by birth.

An oath must be the awakener of great strength in man, mightier than our earthly life. I believe that all which is mightier than our earthly life makes the spirit immortal. — Indeed, an oath is an obligation, a vow, to stake the temporal for the spiritual — there, I believe I have found what ought to be the inmost foundation of our Hovering-religion. — Every one must swear to something sacred within him, and, like that ensign, make himself immortal by sacrificing his life for it; because Immortality must be the aim, not Heaven; of that I may think as I will, it wearies me, and its glory and enjoyment are no temptation; one tires of them; but self-sacrifice and care, they never weary. In happiness and enjoyment man grows not, but will ever stand still in them. What, then, is the true, the sole spark of happiness, that sparkles over from the great hearth of the gods into this life? — That is feeling, the affliction which strikes fire from the steel in the blood; yes, that is it alone. It is the secret inner conviction of the coöperation of all the powers that makes all active and quick in us, to act with the spirit, staking for it its own earthly nature and possessions. Indeed the spiritual strength which renders useful the temporal power is the only human happiness.

Yes, I believe that possessions are only to be called gifts of fortune in so far as they are given us to deny them, for the sake of the higher needs of the inner man. This denial, this giving up placed within our reach by these gifts of fortune, that we may rise above them, seems to me a divine gift, but we drop it, losing the inspiration that should flow through our senses, with the nectar of happiness; we fear it, and though we longed for it, yet is it dangerous to thrust the cup away like a drunken god, when it is empty. Mark! it also belongs to our Hovering-religion that we drink wine to the gods, and, drunken, fling the cup with the dregs into the stream of time. Thus it is, else I know not what I could prize as happiness, but vigorously ever to create anew, and

not watch with argus-eyes the old. Otherwise, I know nothing that would tempt me, nothing I should like to be or to have, but a penetrating mind. Of me, no one shall hear that I am unhappy, let come what will; and whatever falls to my lot or my way through life, I will take it upon myself as sent by God. Mark again! that too belongs to our Hovering-religion,—and my inner happiness, that I will settle with the gods. Those moments in which a feeling as though divine emotions were awake in us spreads the plumage of pride, making all ordinary thoughts stand in awe and go out of our way,—ah! that it is,—then one mounts alone to the mountain-tops, inhaling the odors borne by the night-wind, breathed upon us by the Genius, for joy and gratitude that it is born again in us not to be denied,—then we dedicate ourselves to it anew, covenanting with ourselves to bear and suffer patiently. Nothing is too trifling that calls into action such great powers of mind, for even in exerting these consists the great, and we cannot neglect the higher for the lesser; for directing the power of the soul to the lesser with forethought, like the Giver of life, is the true sacrifice which makes us divine. “All things must be left to God,” say the good Christians; yes, indeed, from Him I take what He sends forth to me first, that to which the first emotions of my soul prompt me, gliding down on the stream of time which He directs; and if there I neglect the past or the greater, that I cannot know, but were it a bee that must drown without my help, I would first reach it a bough whereon to save itself; such is the foundation of my inward happiness. On the whole, why should I be in trouble about earthly happiness; it disturbs me not. Were any one to extol his happiness, I would laugh at him. If any one were to tell me: Nothing will occur to thee, thy days will pass, and thou canst not unite thy efforts with the times, they demand nothing of thee, flying on their course, deaf in the turmoil of those who clamor to be heard as they fight their way, that is nothing to me,—if acting, if feeling or communing in deep sympathy with the Genius, which is the same; for what is action but becoming conscious of right, and doing it? Actions are the letters of the mind, but not as sweet as the secret, heavenly school of the spirit.

Think where I will, nothing seems so sweet to me as lying in the shade of yonder great linden, beneath its falling blos-

soms, and through its rustling branches to watch for the loved one, the Holy Ghost. He is my lover, coming to visit me now in the hot season, when I am lounging in the bosket, where the linden-blossoms are raining down upon me with every soft breath. Oh, he makes no show of wisdom, of theological learning, of virtue and religion. I suit him as I am, and he laughs at me when I ask for instruction; breathing upon me, he says: There is wisdom for thee. — Then up I jump; my face glowing with his breath, I run into the house, thinking how happy am I! I throw myself upon the earth and kiss it; that is my prayer. — how shall I embrace him but by kissing the earth? Lonely — that I never am; my lover is everywhere, — the third person in the Deity everywhere; also in the bunch of flowers from the gardener, standing by my bed, lighted up by the moon at night, when all is still and deep in sleep, and the lights out in the neighbors' houses; then those gay colors absorb the moonlight; when I look at them I say: These are thy words to me, Holy Ghost, the play of the light on the flowers. — He denies not that I understand him. To thee I can tell all, for through thee I first learnt to understand him. When thou readst to me in the morning thy compositions of the evening before, I constantly looked about for him who might have dictated them to thee. The sound of them carried me away. I felt that it was the Spirit whom I too meet when I am standing out upon the hill. He rushes towards me from afar, bowing down the tree-tops; nearer and nearer he comes, darting upon me — embracing me! Who else can it be? — who will forbid it? — I feel his wisdom; his love is rhythm. What is rhythm? — It is the echo of the feelings against the great dome of heaven, making it ring again. That which we feel becoming audible, striking tenderly on the ear of the soul, sounding deeply into the heart; that is rhythm; that is the Holy Ghost, giving us sweet must from the wine-press of our own thoughts, the sweet Holy Ghost.

AT NOON.

Ah, Günderode, I know what the world-soul is; I have often wondered at the rushing when sitting alone in the noon-sun, for then the sound is loudest. That is my love who is with me under the linden in the night-breeze. — The Holy Ghost is the world-soul. He touches all things, raising them

from the dead ; had I not him, all the world would be death to me. To live is to awaken life ; I wondered when the spirit told me. I bethought me if I were awakening life, or were dead. Then I recollected that God said, " Let there be," and that the words of God were creation, and I would imitate it. I went to the shore of the Maine in the evening and saw the blue Taunus in the distance, and gazed upon it that it might receive life. How soon was my will fulfilled ! Thou shouldst have seen the stream of living breath surging over to where I sat. The swallows came flying before, the mists rolled down, the rays of evening dimly lighting the pastures on the slopes and the flower-gardens ; he rolled all towards me from the lap of his valley, and unveiled it, so that I could clearly see. How plainly did my eyes behold !— Ah !— I thought no further ; to me it was the long-expected, long-known lover !— Thus the Spirit changes into everything upon which I look with life-giving eyes. And no one do I meet who loves me, but the Holy Ghost speaks from him unto me. Ah, yes !— I can speak happiness. — Sounds of the soul, heavenly Graces ! ye bear me to the love-couch on the green grass. — What thou wak-est, awakeneth thee again, and what awakens us is the Holy Ghost, who arose to me above the distant heights, over the mists, for I longed to see him with my eyes. How lost I was in regarding him, so that I perceived nothing of the darkness, and he caught me in the veil of night, wrapping it all about me ! Ah ! do but awaken life, and directly it becomes independent, and overpowers thee, and thou belongest to it, instead of it to thee. But I have yet something in the background that I must tell thee here : The more powerful strength is, the more life it has ; therefore, beauty is the living spirit, for it alone awakens life, — aught else rouses not the spirit. Ha ! how the soul languishes for beauty, for life ; beauty is the sustenance of the soul. It is a great misfortune not to be surrounded by beauty ; all things die out, and that which bears not the germ of beauty is lost to eternity too.

Longing is the germ of beauty which expands. Longing is the fervent love of beauty. This afternoon Büri brought grandmamma a book for me, — Schiller's *Aesthetik* ; I was to read it, to form my mind. I was quite terrified when he placed it in my hand, as though it would hurt me, and I

threw it away.— To form my mind! — I have no mind — I want no mind of my own. In the end I will not be able any more to understand the Holy Ghost. Who can form me but he? What is all policy against the silvery glance of Nature! Truly it shall be a chief principle of our Hovering-religion to permit no formation of the mind, that is, no trained formation; each one shall eagerly look upon and bring himself to light from the depth, like a rich ore, or a hidden spring; all culture shall tend towards bringing the spirit to light. It seems to me that with the five senses God has given us, we can reach everything, without torturing our wits by culture. Cultivated persons are the most witless phenomena under the sun. True culture is produced by using the powers within us, is it not? Ah! could I but rend the chains that keep me from gratifying all my inward demands; for by that alone would the perceptions burst into full blossom. I have just read through my letter, and am surprised at the parade-horse of boastful thoughts trotting by the rein in a ring. A philosophic high trotter, I do not feel comfortable when I have mounted him. How many things do enter my head that I do not care to know anything about! If I could only spit down upon the Philistines from the ladder of presumption! — Good-night. This is the fourth day that I have not heard from thee; if I have no letter to-morrow, I shall come and ask thee myself what to think of it.

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

Yesterday I returned from Hanau, where I spent three days in the most prosaic business transactions. Thy two letters lay upon my pillow, besides one from Clemens inquiring about thee, not having heard for so long a time; receiving no answer to several letters, he fears thou art ill. Hast thou really not written to him? Do not delay it any longer. He inquires about thy studies, and fears thy interest in Thoroughbass, about which thou wrotest to him so enthusiastically, has already subsided again. I am to bring thy unsteady mind to reason; he calls me careless and accuses me of neglecting thee; I reproach myself too, yet, after all consideration, I can arrive at no better result than to leave thee entirely to thyself. Clemens thinks thou hast enormous talent for every art, and that it must move the very stones by the way to allow thee thus to waste it; thy self-content depended

upon giving thyself up to it, body and soul, and were the key to thy whole existence. — I dare not tell him that thou hast become a founder of religion, and taken all humankind upon thyself; that thou wilt let it live on air, and grope in the darkness of unculture; that thou wilt eschew boiled food, and live entirely on raw carrots and onions, throwing roasting-spits to the devil, and wilt invite the Taunus Mountains to dine with thee; that thy religion is to hover, besides having discovered a nobleman in thy gardener, — all this I must not tell him.

Pray, what shall I tell him? Do help me by a suggestion. — The rapid change of topics in thy letters would make Clemens's hair stand on end; thy tender relation to the Holy Ghost, as thou callst him, whom thou canst scent like a pointer, would cause him unspeakable anxiety. He wishes to know what thou writest, for he says he knows that I receive enormously long letters from thee; it is a riddle to me how he discovered it, I have not mentioned them to any one. I think Clemens is right, for even if thou hast discovered a new life, in which thou findest thy own fulfilment, as thou sayst, thou must be capable of feeling that, as well as by all those phenomena of Nature which thy Genius avails himself of to reach thee, he could do so by means of any art to which thou chooseth to open the portal; but, poor fellow! I believe thou wouldst rather crush him than let him through. That which really stimulates thee, and collects thy ardor for a moment, thou takest pains to dispel, and scatter to the four winds.

Thou canst not deny that music coincided with everything requiring a stimulus in thee. Hast thou not written to me that thy spirit constantly called to thee, "Take a violin, and swell the stream of harmony, else canst thou never be happy"? It was this, or something similar, thy letters contained a month ago; how thou feltest that music was the primordial spirit of all elements, that it alone called forth the spirit in man, and that spirit could be music only, beside many more high-flying ideas of the same nature, that have, as I see, entirely vanished from thy head. Where is thy primordial spirit of music now? — I will not cross the path of thy life; but that thou canst not, even for the sake of the Spirit, who meets thee on secret paths, and whom thou lovest so that thou thinkest it is only his presence in all things thou lovest; that thou canst not for his sake devote thyself to an art, make

no exertion, read no book; only go to walk, climb roofs and hedges, rove in misty paths, founding Hovering-religions, till it is a real misery! How gladly would I try that with thee, which Clemens holds to be my duty, but thou wilt render no account to me, ever hovering like a butterfly beyond thy height. How long wilt thou stay from home? — Tonie wishes me to say that she intends to call for thee Wednesday evening at half-past nine to go to a ball that Moritz gives in Niederrath; she consulted with Marie and Claudine about thy toilet, as thou hast no ball-dress at Offenbach. Claudine proposed a white crape tunic, broad blue shoulder and waist sash, and a head-dress; Marie says thou never dressest thy head, but this time I propose myself that thou wear a wreath of blue cinder-wort; it will be very becoming. Moritz will send thee a bouquet of them. To-day is Saturday; on Wednesday then, if thou dost not write to the contrary.

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

I do not send a regret for the ball, but look forward to it with much pleasure. I have been very happy here for four weeks, and will on no condition leave grandmamma, till aunt returns from the Springs; we have become accustomed to each other very much, grandmamma and I, and I asked her if she would have any objections to my going to the ball. She said: No, darling, thou hast been shut up here long enough; when wilt thou come back? for thou wilt want to spend the day following at F. I told her I would return again the same night, for I saw she feared I might stay in town, when it might easily happen that my brothers would not let me return, and I do not wish to leave unless grandmamma herself desires it, and is not alone any more. Do then arrange it that Tonie and Marie drive together, so that I can come over in George's gig, because I do not fear the night-air; that you know is a law of our Hovering-religion. Thy terrific growling I do not fear either; I know very well that thou art pleased; thou mayst tell Clemens what thou likst, but nothing out of my letters. He who told him of my long, long letters to thee, was St. Clair, to whom thou readst part of the longest, allowing him to copy it. If he has only not spoken of the contents, nor read it to him! for I know surely that Clemens will look at me fixedly, and get round

me by all sorts of questions, asking all manner of curious things, dodging right and left and across, with exhortations to free me from witchcraft. As I tell thee, with Clemens I lead an entirely different life, it is quite another stop I open when I write to him, it has not the same tone I use to thee. It is not all over yet with my music, nor has it become a stagnant notion. I am sincere, and the one virtue of truth goes through my nervous system, and it is combined connectedly as the daily usages of life are in my mind. If I at different times have told thee of the great influence music has upon me, thou canst think I did not stand still there. But if we enter on paths which as yet have led to no goal, — which are desolate, leading to no solution that has not become obvious to me, why shall I speak much about them? Acquaintance with the vital part of music is only made by artists in a manner that tends merely to an explanation of its separate parts, and they are not a little proud of their learned conversation about it; it does not dance through my head like a blue mist merely, — as there arises at the same time a romantic or spiritual picture within me; the one giving me moods, and the other revelations. Only yesterday in the bosket, among different new music that did not inspire me at all, a symphony of Frederic II. was performed. Directly in the beginning he rises courageously, with ringing spurs and horseman's boots, encouraged from all sides to gallop bravely over the heads of timid humanity; and soon he has no conscience about doing it. Only one Muse, Euterpe, meets him firmly; his horse has carried him to a desolate spot, far from men, whom he governs like leashed hounds, by a call. Here he sinks down before the only overpowering one; here he confesses the great void of his heart; here he wants balsam to be laid on all his wounds. Impatiently and tenderly, humbly he kisses the prints of her feet, and confidently he bows his crowned head before her blessing. Purified and comforted, he returns again from this flute-adagio to his Court, as though nothing had transpired with him amidst the brilliant ringing of violins and oboes. I feel what wisdom Art exercises. Where no hand reaches, no lip opens, no thought ventures, there she appears as priestess, and before her the heart overflows. Beseechingly it places its confessions at her feet, taxing itself with every fault, desiring to be received entirely into her bosom. Ah, Music! she

pierces gold and iron; no helmet fits so closely to the head, no cuirass to the breast, but she pierces it, and king and vassal bow before her. But how is it with the symphony of Beethoven that followed directly after? Wilt thou be carried over among the pillar-like stems of yonder olive-grove, with its velvet leaves floating in the breeze that ripples their green veils and sighs in the soft elastic grass about thy silent tread? Come! see the sun in his fiery armor, darting arrow-rays from the arch into the eternal ether; — soon borne by the changing waves, the endless ocean heaves beneath thee. The wind rushes along amid towering billows, — opening the way for silvery gods, who, floating upwards, entwine themselves with thee by heavenly rhythms born from thy bosom. But changing, without end, is this ocean. In the ecstasies of its transport, color upon color glides over its waves, enchaining thy looks, penetrating thy senses, languishing, then fiery, smiling, weeping, dazzling, and again veiled, — so quickly it flits by, like the glance of inspiration from beloved eyes, thou canst not hold, nor yet turn from it. Clear and cloudless the sky; gently its breath chases before it countless wavelets, — one after the other, — and they die on the shore with low sighs. Ah! sweet moment, reigning over the ocean of passion! it takes away thy breath, and thou wouldst hold firmly and forever that which unceasingly recedes before thee each moment. What is it, the soul in the ocean of music? Does it feel pain? Has it ecstasies, — the wonderful touching one? No thought can follow it — does it sympathize by reaction with every emotion? Loves it when we love? Does it flatter her foaming when our tears mix with it? Oh, I would throw myself into the emerald lagoons, over which, gently carried through the endless sea, the boat rocks our united souls harmoniously to the last tone. And then, — the same calm, the same cloudlessness, the same breath, — sweet, pure, — the same sunlight in the soul, intoxicated by the sweet, swaying tones that stir the bosom. But soon it rises! the great spirit of creation — thou hearest in the rushing his voice, in which all blends, dying away. Then in thy awed bosom its breath is felt again; and now — powerfully — in ceaseless rising and falling, it rushes frothing back to the winds that roar resounding in its abyss. Yes, that is Beethoven's ocean of music. From heaven to heaven rise the tones, bolder the oftener they must descend. And

high above that double cadence thou feelst thyself in safety, on a lofty rock, encircled by those hurricanes, those waves that rise to thy heart without end, forever receding, ceaselessly returning with renewed force. They dash against thee, mingling with each other, yet dividing again in the sunlight of harmony, — and at last, all the longing voices that sway in the merry confusion of joy, of sadness, that sound at a single sign from his master-hand. But now enough! Ha, how dost feel in thy breast? Yes, confess! Is it not an ocean of music? and he — Beethoven — it is who rules it? And dost thou not feel here that the Divine, which gives the spirit of creation, is unsubdued passion? and dost not believe that the spirit of God is only passion? What is passion, but life intensified by the feeling that the Divine is near thee; thou couldst attain it, blend with it? What is thy happiness, thy soul's existence, but passion; how it increases the power of thy activity, what revelations are made in thy bosom of which before thou didst not dream! What is too difficult for thee; which of thy limbs would not move in its service? Where is thy thirst, thy hunger? Dost see, there thou beginnst already to live on air. Light as a bird thou risest beyond the unattainable, and over into the distance dost thou send the flames of thy immortality, igniting the eternal, which dedicates itself to thy service, and passionately pours itself forth into the great ocean above which the eternal stars shine for thee; and night paling in its splendor, the rosy dawn joyously awakens.

Ah, indeed, the error of the Fathers of the Church, that God is wisdom, has proved a stumbling-block to many a one; for God is passion. Great, encompassing all in his heart that reflects life like the ocean, and passion pours into it like streams of life; and, embracing them all, passion is the deepest rest. Now I will speak to thee; I do not wish that thou shouldst further anxiously sigh about my idleness! I am quite aware that on the whole I could employ my time much better than condemn it to that which does not fill my heart. I would have gained more for myself, and my love for the best and highest would not have been supported by injustice; knowing full well that I have wronged everything in my warmth that was not absolutely essential to my mind's sustenance, I always armed myself beforehand, not knowing but what a contest might ensue; and truth has been put to

the sword a hundred times when I said that this or the other did not stimulate my mind, for everything stimulates it, yes, everything; and I feel thy mission to guide and teach me harmonizing with a voice within that admonishes just as thou dost. But the impulse to give myself up to passion is so strong in me, that it seems nonsense to subdue so powerful a voice. Impossible; yes, impossible is it for me to pay more than passing attention to anything, just as one sees the shores approaching and receding. My eye catches them and sharply takes them in, so that the impression is clear, though the feeling within is but transient. I am ever urged onward, and where I scarce tarry, the farewell is spoken with the welcome; and the least thing belonging to my journey, were it only the tarring of a ship's rope, I do with more pleasure than resting on those shores of Art and Science, though their sands were of gold, their rocks of diamond, and the dews falling there were pearls. Where would I go? I had almost said upon the island where the apples and pears are ripe. Ah, but indeed, there where the moss is fragrant, where it showers blossoms, and heaven's breezes speak; where the summer-wind rocks the boughs, and the forests guard night in their shadows, that it be captive while day sojourns; where the eagles swoop down upon the blooming meadows, catching up the youths and bearing them up to the Omniscient, that he caress them a moment and dismiss them again to their sports by the brook; where the bees swarm from the lips of the poets, gathering honey from the flowers that spring in his path; where spirits dance about lighted hill-tops, and the soul expands softly as a bud, embedding the rays of the spirit in its chalice, as the rose does the golden stamens that develop its life and also end it. That is in my mind; there will I go. Nothing but a sea of blossoms, breathing fragrance, eating pears and ripe grapes, sharing with other lips the sweet peach, — I half, and he who yet tarried for me to-day at the cross-road when the sun set, the other. What is it? It will bring me up; it must cost tears, I know; but there is joy, too, where beauty ripens, and that is all I demand of fate. It shall separate me from the evil, and permit no sin within me. In my ceaseless dreams I would feel a perfection — of Love and Beauty. That is my aim, and my soul strives to find a sphere in which I may constantly meet the beautiful.

This it is, and naught else. Everything I experience of Art,

Poesy, and Science, reverberates like an echo in the unfathomed depths of my bosom, and I start lest that be true which sometimes moves through my soul like a dream; then my pulses throb in hope that there be a dual life, which really too can have a dual love; that when I earnestly yearn to be understood, I am understood — somewhere? — how? — ah, what do I care, — by the fleeting mists, by the wind in the distance, by the last streak of light when the dome of night is already closing over me, — in short, everything I see must have spirit, loving spirit, — else truly I am wronged by it. What journeys do I undertake, what dangers brave in my soul! Here in darkness I swim in shoreless floods, one wave plunges me upon the other, but I trust and have a voice within, that for the sake of the Genius I am so brave! Oh the living fire! and in spite of the storm, I hold aloft the palm and hasten to meet the first rosy light of dawn, for it is *He* himself. God is poesy, I said in my last letter; and wisdom, say the Fathers of the Church; I denied it, and said He was passion; wisdom serves Him to master the universe of passion, but it is not Himself. My reasons: What should God do with all His wisdom if He cannot appropriate it? When from everything which is created, creation continues, because no force, no strength is superfluous, but must for the very sake of its higher development eternally stimulate and intensify itself; so the wisdom of God cannot want to sit with idle hands. To rule heaven and earth, where sun, moon, and all the stars are already fastened up for eternity, can offer no temptation for wisdom. To meddle in the affairs of men, hear their prayers that are all perverted, must be easily done by a Heavenly household. Should God attend to it himself, — it would be unwise, for the breath of God exceeds all spiritual pangs of humanity, and it would never be able to put forth the germ of its own wisdom. Our soul is inflammable, it shall ignite itself; have we not passion? in the flames of the soul shall it rise to heaven to the eternal Creator, and in the glow of his passions be absorbed. Not in vain does the mighty spirit of Immortality arise; each breath, each look shall last forever, saith an inner voice. To all that transports me in nature I swear eternal fidelity; the caresses of the breezes, how could I refuse them the hot breath which is hot only to be cooled in the love of the breezes. The clear waving waters, why should I not confide in them, that carry me,

softly resting on eternally moving life, as love carries what it loves?—and the soft, gentle Earth, should I turn from her who leaves no emotion unborn, bearing each germ into the air, and placing pinions into the cradle of creation, that the spirit may unfold them, when it has ripened under her care?—she, the divine Earth, upon whom all life tumultuously rejoices, cherishing it in her bosom and upon it,—and lets them trample upon her, all the living things, giving them the milk of her herbs and the abundant fruits that burst from her bosom;—ah, why should I not love her with ardent love, the double loving one? And then—the light that descends into the darkness to move there,—breathing life into desolation, nourishing and strengthening the powers of the Earth, that afterwards play about the spirit in its own secluded darkness, conveying to it the passion of light, that it may also embrace with it. Why do all of you compose about those truths, so mighty, so self-dependent, as to move the bosom of the Poet that he becomes their element, and pronounces them forever. O, let them be born for me! that I may trust them, that I may yield myself up and enjoy them; for why should they ever urge themselves upon your mind and stir your lips, ye that utter them, if they were not truly living life that is born again through you into the senses of men. Indeed, my senses are fruitful land; they have received your seed. Oh think! that nothing was surmised by you—nothing read in the clouds that did not come to life within me. That is it! What would I say? Ah, how far I have strayed! I would only say of God that he could not be wisdom, but passion which needed wisdom, courageously and nobly to complete what germed within it. How shall I tell thee if thou wilt not understand it thyself—if thou wilt not understand that all being is expressed by passion; even rest is nothing but passion, and man only born with the bosom of a god, like a hearth of passion, forever to sacrifice to the Divine with a living flame. If thou dost not agree to this, how can I force thee to? Therefore come and let us gather wisdom wherewith to feed the glow of our passions. We have protested against God's being wisdom; but that wisdom and courage are in love with one another, (not that of the Fathers of the Church,) that is our doctrine. They are the hearth upon which passion burns; without them passion cannot breathe. If there were no burning passions between the

spirit and strength, whence should they draw their fire? for out of nothing comes nothing. They would become latent and die — spirit and power. But the ardent desire to unite and possess one another feeds the vital fire within them, so that there is a constant attraction towards one another; feeling in each emotion moving one or the other, that it is inner living life, all else is not living within us.

Why must we feel shame before ourselves, were it not that this inner love-tyrant drew feeling to account because we have broken faith with a mighty one within us, or have shown a weakness before the beloved? What is conscience but the love-court that the Spirit holds with the Senses, where they devote themselves to each other, bringing sacrifices and doing heroic deeds, receiving the inner reward of Love? Then that voice examining each mood. As this life is developed more deeply and broadly, the firmer are its pretensions and privileges based, the more easily wronged. I tell thee, there is a nobility, a heightened impulse in the soul, that is reflected back upon external life, and from the passionate contact of the Senses with the Spirit. When thou walkest, when thou turnest, or even raisest thy voice, — anything that draws thee but for a moment from the presence (influence) of those life-impressions, dost thou not feel reproaches — a hesitation, a want of power in thee? Does not thy heart beat in agony as though it would return there where the Senses, beloved by the Spirit, tenderly embrace with it? Ah, I must speak such nonsense with tears, for I am deeply moved by something; how shall I tell it to thee? Noble man! an arena for the passions, all powers that struggle into life through love for one another. One excites the other, tenderly or ardently; all together they glow through the spirit for each other, when through the glow and glistening, commonplace day looks in so soberly, tears apart the fire, puts out the brands, making an every-day body out of one. That is the distress thou art in about me; meanwhile these destinies dwell in my bosom, and demand an answer each hour. Then there is discord, reconciliation, and secret love-gifts, — and all this like the soft evening wind that comes creeping over. I hear it gently approach and flutter at my heart, and I am in agony; why? I cannot say. My heart — it's too weak. To be beloved by a higher power in sweet desire! It cannot endure it, — that Spirit without me, in the waves of air, in the moonlight — if

it speaks to me, I cannot endure it; then I beg thee let me sleep in thy lap. I cannot look into its face; tell it I would die, and it should cover me with green branches. It, that stands beside or above me, gazing at me so silently; what is there destructive in love that I say I would die? for I have nothing in my soul but this language. My hands cannot reach it. Would I grasp into the air; no, I dare not; my eye sees only at night, not in the bright daylight. But at night, in darkness, I go to meet him; hurriedly I am urged into the dark wood-paths, and am most convinced I see him in the distance. Not joyous, not sad — deep stillness within me — sometimes my heart beats fearfully, and I see his shadow before him gliding over the grass; then I rouse myself to think. I collect my thoughts, and with hurried steps I go forward, ever nearer, and lay myself down upon the roots. I kiss these roots; they are the feet of the Poet-spirit above me. But I must go to bed; I am too tired; twice have I dropped asleep already while writing.

To-day I see that I have not answered anything in thy letter, and, for want of logic, strayed into the transcendental, though I wanted to tell thee that I still studied history, but do not wish to give thee any more dry extracts from it in my letters. I draw maps instead, and have other speculations; thus twice a week I study music with Hoffmann; not thorough-bass, that he thinks I will learn by myself, but rather has me write down my melodies, on which he sets some value, liking to listen when I sing evenings. He overheard some of my passages and wrote them down; and lately, in a concert, he fantasied only on a theme that he got from me. I found it rather singular; the music came to me so mockingly, I knew not what to say, and should not have guessed it. The next morning he asked me how I liked it; I replied that it seemed as though I must run before, always knowing what was to follow, and that the fantasies had a sense I could comprehend. "Yes, that was because they were your own paths that you followed." Since then he desires that I may learn to write music, which comes much harder to me than the other. No thought will remain for a moment, and if I succeed at last in retaining it, it tears apart in the middle, and I cannot find the other half as it originally came from my mind. I do indeed find another end, but because it was not the first that came spontaneously, I become

impatient as though it were wrong, and it becomes utterly impossible to find the time. Hoffmann will connect the measures for me ; that I do not want ; sometimes I permit it. Afterwards my feeling suggests something else. Hoffmann has unspeakable patience with me, and says it will be easier in time ; that as soon as I am accustomed to write it down I shall soon master it. When he tells me this, it makes me quite sad. I will not master them, but they shall master me, these floods of music, of which I do not know if they have any value for another ear. It matters not, because they speak to me, telling me of the full accords of life, which I recognize as making me one with Nature. This is what hinders me. It seems to me as though I would dabble in prophecies. Yes, my studies will be difficult ; and yet I have the will and do my utmost in this desert created by my want of talent. And of the Spirit, which is life within me, I must take leave when I would learn. I say to myself, it is only for a time ; the Spirit will return ; and then feel myself prepared for the farewell, dying when I would learn.

Now I will answer thy last question about that poor woman. It was shortly before I returned from Frankfort that I was coming home from Tonie's, who lives before the Bockenheim gate, on my way to the city, when I met a woman whose shoe was untied, and she could not stoop to tie it as she was with child, sighing very much under her burden. I let her place her foot on my knee, in order to tie her shoe, and then assisted her to her lodging, as she complained of great pain. It was nearly twilight when we came to the city, where we were met by Frau Euler, who seems to be our evil spirit. I dropt her a deep courtesy for my own gratification, and dragged on the woman, who began to frighten me, as she was sighing deeply, and was very pale, while the perspiration stood on her brow. We chanced on good Dr. Neville, to whose care I consigned the woman. As I was crossing the Horse Mart I met Moritz, who said, "How pale you look ; what is the matter ?" I answered that I was very hungry ; and it was really so. The terror I had endured for the woman had made me hungry. Moritz put his hand into his pocket that was filled with dried olives, of which I am fond, and emptied his pocket into my glove, which I took off in order to put them in, when ill-luck brought Lotte that way. Moritz left me ; but Lotte came up and inquired how I

could stand hand in hand with Moritz in the open street. This vexed me, and I stopped at the convent with thee, and ate my olives, placing the seeds side by side on the window-sill. Thou stoodst by me, wrapt and silent in the twilight; at last thou saidst, "why art thou so still to-day?" I answered, "I am eating my olives, which occupies me; but thou art still too; wherefore?" "Sometimes the soul is mute," thou saidst, "and all is dead within." "Is it so with thee," I asked. Thou wert silent awhile, then saidst, "It is within me just as it is out there in the garden; the twilight rests on my soul as it does on those shrubs, yet it is conscious, but colorless." But "colorless" was repeated in a tone so frigid, that I looked up at thee surprised and intimidated; for I did not dare to speak more to thee, and thought of words with which to begin. I cast about in wide circles, but nothing seemed suited to break this long silence, which grew deeper and deeper, waving through my head like slumber. I did not resist it, but laid my head dreamily upon the window-sill, and who knows how much time passed, when lights were brought, and as I raised my eyes thou wert bending over and looking at me. I gave thee a questioning glance, to which thy answer was, "I feel a void here in my bosom, which I may not touch; it is painful." "Can I not fill it — this void?" I asked. "That would be painful too," was thy reply. Here I gave thee my hand and left, followed long by thy look, which was so still and deep, though it seemed only to glide over me. How I thought of my love for thee on my way home, twining my arms closely about thee in my mind, and thinking how I would bear thee in my arms to the end of the world, putting thee down on a fair mossy spot where I would tend thee, and allow nothing near thee that could give thee pain. This I wished in my childish heart. I would make thee joyous by force, and thought for a moment I should succeed; but I know I cannot succeed with thee. It was only a delusion of the senses, as with a child that cannot distinguish the distant from the near, believing it can reach the moon down from the skies, and cheer a play-fellow, who is still and sad, with it. On reaching home I found them all assembled at tea, but I was mute because I thought of thee; so I sat down on a stool by the fire, and closely searched my own heart, to find how I could awaken a life in my soul with which thou couldst enter into sympathy, because hitherto

thou hast given all to me, and I could never let the voice in my breast become audible before thee; thus I thought that at a distance I should be better able to come to myself by writing, because the manifold, nay the thousand-fold confusion within keeps me silent, and I cannot find words on account of it. I recollected that we were once speaking of Schleiermacher's Monologues, which I did not like; but thou wert of another mind, telling me, "and had he said but these words: 'Man shall bring to light all that dwells in the soul within, so that he may learn to know himself,' Schleiermacher would be divine, and the first great mind." Thus away from thee I thought I could reveal the whole depth of my nature to thee and to me, in its entire undisturbed truth, as perhaps it is not even known to me; and if I want thee to love me, how can I begin but with my inner self? for I have nothing else. From that hour I followed myself like a spirit that I would cage for thee. The same evening, Franz spoke a few kindly but admonishing words to me for standing in the street chatting with Moritz; Lotte had informed my sister-in-law of it. I made no reply, for a defence did not seem proper; and I do not on the whole find a desire in my soul to wish to dispel such errors; Moritz seeming to me quite worthy of being seen hand in hand with, although he was rather darkly represented to me in that warning.

The next morning I met him in the entry, and looking round to see that I was not watched I drew him into a corner of the winding-stair that leads up into my room, and there kissed him on his mouth twice, three times; he felt my tears on his face and said, wiping them off with his hand, "What ails thee, child, what pains thee?" I broke away and jumped upon the balcony behind the beans. It was quickly done, he did not see whither I had gone; believing me in my room, he came softly up and knocked, but on receiving no answer he opened the door softly and entered the room for a moment; as he came out he looked towards the balcony, and I feared very much he might see my white dress glimmering through the bean-leaves. I do not know if he saw me and noticed my hiding-place, but I think he did, and I was pleased with him for respecting it. On returning to my room I found on my table in the cabinet a little flask, in a pretty case of brazil-wood, filled with attar of roses. On the evening of his mother's ball he did not speak to me as usual; but because

the little flask sent forth such sweet odors from behind the bouquet of cinder-wort and roses, he smiled at me, and I smiled back; but I felt my tears rising and turned away, he noticed it and went back standing among a group of others. He was called to dance with the princesses and had much on his hands, conversing for some time with the king of Prussia, but I saw how his eyes followed me the whole evening; even while he spoke to the King they glanced over, but earnestly. I was secretly pleased, though I did feel like crying every moment. As we were leaving he whispered into my ear, "Thou resemblest Sophie." What was it all that passed through my soul? I do not know. The next day when I did not as usual come to thee, Moritz had sent his gardener in the morning with a wagon full of fine, rare plants, which were placed without my knowledge behind the beans; and when I saw them I was frightened at first, not knowing how the flowers had got there, but soon I knew, he must have seen me behind the bean trellis the day before. — Ah, I have been so deeply moved during these last hours; by thee, by grievances, by pity that he had been traduced; by his delicate behavior towards me, and then by his telling me so secretly that I resembled Sophie, whom he had lost, that I at last did not know what I wanted. In the afternoon Christian Schlosser came, sent by Neville who had assisted the woman at the birth of a little girl (born that same hour), to ask if I would not go to the poor woman and the little child, who were very sick. They wanted me to stand godmother, and Christian Schlosser was to stand godfather with me. I went, and found the minister who baptized the child; the woman was very sick. When the minister had gone, the nurse took the child in her arms and said, "It will die directly." I began to be afraid, for I had never seen any one die; and while the sick woman in bed was weeping for her child, the nurse said, "it is dying," rocked it a little, and suddenly it was dead. — Ah, how sad I was when I came home! Franz said, "You have looked so pale for some time past, your health cannot be firm;" and when in the evening the conversation turned on Moritz, in which he was not spared, I wrote to grandmamma she should request Franz to send me to her. This suited every one and me too; for according to their opinion I was removed out of Moritz's way, and according to mine I shall be out of the way to hear him unkindly spoken of; I do not

wish to hear anything wrong of him, no, never do I wish it. At Offenbach I soon became calm, and the vow became clear to me which I had made that evening before thy door when thou wert so cold and sad — that, would I make thee a gift of my soul, my inmost heart would I bring to light for thy love, because thou wilt value it like Schleiermacher. So I walked these hidden paths until I reached the spot where thou didst stop and wilt not go on fearing to listen to me, for indeed I see by thy letters that thou art afraid of my by-paths. O do not fear, faithfully as an echo I gave thee what sounded in my soul.

I am happy; be thou so too! — I have beautiful dreams, which is a sign that the gods are pleased with me. — Mornings I feel as though I had been kissed by Poet's lips; yes, mark! by Poet's lips. Nay, I fear no more the future! I know how I shall win its friendship; indeed I know how. I will, like grandmamma, enclose my life in an eternal ring, and not die young as thou wilt. Know much, learn much, sayst thou, and then die young; why sayst thou so? With every step in life thou art met by one who has a demand upon thee. How wilt thou gratify them all? — Tell me, wilt thou dismiss one unfed who asks of thy bounty? O no; that thou canst not desire! Live with me, therefore, because I have daily demands to make on thee. Ah, — what would become of me if thou wert not? Then, indeed, would I cease to search for even a trace of happiness. I would live on heedlessly; it is only for thy sake that I care about myself, and I will do all thou desirest. Only for thy sake do I live, dost hear? I am so afraid — thou art great, I know — no, thou art not; I will not address thee so loudly — no, thou art not; thou art a gentle child, who, because it cannot bear its pain, denies it entirely — that I know; thou hast veiled many a loss to thyself. But near thee, in the atmosphere of thy spirit, the world seems so great to me, not thou; do not fear. Because life is so pure, and each phase so simply received by thee, thy soul must indeed gain space to expand. Forgive me to-day; there is a mirror before my eyes as though a veil had been removed from them, and I am very sad; nothing do I see but clouds and moaning winds, as though I must ever weep when I think of thee. — To-day I was out by the Maine, where the sedges were whispering so strangely, and as I am ever with thee in solitude, I asked in my soul,

"What is this? are the sedges speaking with thee?" for I must confess to thee that I did not want to be addressed so sadly, so mournfully, and I wanted to turn it off from me. Ah, Günderode, I was so sad, and was it not cowardly in me to avoid the complainings of Nature, and put them on to thee, — as though thou wert meant when she wailed so plaintively in the sedges? Yet gladly will I share everything with thee; it is an enjoyment, great enjoyment, to take thy griefs upon myself, for I am strong and obdurate, not easily affected, and then hope springs up so easily within me, that it seems as though all would again become brighter than even the soul desired. Depend on me! — when thou art seized — as if to be hurled into an abyss; I will go with thee everywhere — no path is too dark for me, though thy eye shuns the light when it is saddened. I like to be in the dark, dear Günderode; I am never alone, but full of the newly created in the soul's light, — for from darkness radiant Peace arises to me. Do not despair of me, because in my letters I wandered lonely paths, as though only seeking myself, which was not my will; for thee I sought to confide in, that we might together drink from the waters of life murmuring by our path. I feel by thy letters that thou wilt withdraw from me, but I cannot resign the pen. It seems as if thou must leap from the wall, armed like Minerva, and swear, swear to my friendship, which is nothing but as it rests in thee, that thou wouldst henceforth float in the blue ether, and like her stride proudly with thy armed head in the sunlight, no more passing sadly into shade. Adieu; I go to bed and leave thee, although I could wait all night, that thou show thyself to me, fair as thou art, and in peace breathing freedom as befits thy soul, capable of the noblest and greatest. My bosom be to thee on earth a resting-place. Good-night! — Do love me — only a little.

MONDAY.

Three days I have written at this letter, and to-day I will despatch it. I do not want to read it over; it is written, and truthfully too, if thou canst appreciate the momentary impulse of truth as I appreciate it, and it alone, although the Philistines say that nothing is truth but what after clear reasoning and due examination is received into the human mind. Ah, these impulses! they till the field as though the

soul melted with the sunset, or dissolved free from clouds, expanding in the pure ether — bringing us prosperity like fair weather. As I close my letter, it seems as if a beautiful life lay before us, if thou wouldst but accept it, and trust me enough to leave thy hand quietly in mine when I take it. — This morning I went out to order the cinder-wort wreath for the ball, as thou suggested, — but it was Moritz who told thee I should wear it, was it not? I went to the gardener, and found him standing in the gate between the bosket and the flower-garden. I think he certainly was expecting me, as I had not been there for two days. Last night, when I went to bed, I made a firm resolve not to cause unhappiness to any one, but rather to give to all as much happiness as lay in my power, — and never will I think it too trifling; for what is worthier than to give pleasure by a word or a look? — Now, listen to the charming chat with the gardener. When I came, I said, I have a request to make of Anton. (I never address him otherwise, as I do not like to call him *thou*.) I am to go to the ball to-night, and would like a wreath, but as I am not glad to go, I want a sad wreath of cinder-wort, without any flowers at all. Can you give me enough cinder-wort to make a wreath without spoiling the shrubs? — Then he went before me, breaking off one after another, while I tied them to the wire.

He had not yet spoken a word, but placed spray after spray on my lap; I was sitting on the flower-stand by the green-house, and he moved the flowers above and around me together, and brought some more from the green-house, so that I soon found myself encircled by flowers; a great purple passion-flower was drooping down by my side: this he silently cut, and silently I twined it with the rest. I tried on the wreath, and found it large enough; he took it from my hand, and rolling up his sleeve, measured the length of it on his arm, fastened it, trimmed off the superfluous stems and leaves, and returned it to me. All this had taken place in silence. The weather is so fine to-day, I said, will I find you in the garden to-morrow if I come early? “Oh, you will be too late for that, as you are going to dance all night.” Oh, no; at half-past eleven I shall come back, and you can hear me drive home past your house; I am coming in the cabriolet and one horse; so you may know if I keep my word or not, — there! I will give you my hand upon it. He grew red,

the gardener, as I held out my hand to him, dropping my handkerchief, which he caught with the other hand and returned it. I did not, however, take it, saying, The wreath is invaluable; you have cut it from the heart of each shrub; how shall I repay you? I shall have to return it. — “Yes,” he suddenly replied, “the wreath is mine.” Well, said I, depend upon it I will return it.

Yesterday, at half-past seven, I drove with Tonie to the ball. At the forester’s lodge we met Moritz’s people on horseback, with torches, who accompanied us through the woods. It was entertaining to see the torches borne in a gallop before us through the dark arch of the woods. The shrubbery was illuminated with colored lanterns. Ah, how lovely it was! — and the eternal stars smiling over it. We were received by Moritz, and I exclaimed, How beautiful everything is? “Art thou pleased? Thou art beautiful too;” and he left us. — Ah, I was so happy — I smiled to myself; I was awakened from the dream when I had to dance; it was a coaxing, self-forgetting dream in the midst of confusion, a grave of pleasure: death-shudders flew after me, waking the souls of thoughts buried in my breast, and they hover over me in the blue air, making daylight reflect night, and night compared to it is glistening radiance, — making the stars fade, and the day so shady and cool, that the sun is powerless. At supper Moritz came; we sat at little tables, — I at the farthest one with Pauline, Chameau, and Willig. Moritz sat down beside me, and asked, “Who arranged your toilet to-day so simply and originally? — the blue sash! — what do blue ribbons signify? — and the gray wreath! — who suggested that?” I said the echo of — *Gris de cendre, joyeux et tendre*. “Then the echo of a joyous tenderness must have met your ear?” — He left us. — A love-chat at table, understood by no one but by myself, so easy, so airy — how dost thou take it? Was it not like blossoms wafted into one’s face by the soft west-wind? Yes, must we not compare everything with Nature that penetrates us with joyous raptures; not otherwise can it be expressed and pictured. If I will vividly recall the emotion of my heart at those words, I must think of blossoming trees, that load their gifts on the wings of the morning for me, and I am thrilled as by forebodings of spring when I think of it. When we all left, my sisters in the carriage first, and then I in George’s high, airy

gig, Moritz sent for his cloak to throw over my feet, because it was cool, and he asked me if I had been happy. Yes, I replied, everything was beautiful and harmonious, — the grassy carpet, the gay lights, the stars in the sky, rustling trees, and the music of violins and flutes, besides sweet words. — He drew me towards him, saying, "Thou wert the queen of the feast; for thee I had the lamps lighted and the flutes called, and I feel greatly flattered that thou wert pleased, and found pleasure in it. Give me something in return, and as a recollection of this beautiful night." I have nothing; what shall I give you? "The wreath is becoming to thee; that I do not want; give me thy blue sash; I will wear it about my neck to-night." I gave it to him, — he lifted me into the gig and threw his cloak over me, four horsemen galloping before us through the wood. How did it seem to me like an enchantment — so rapidly the shadows of the trees vanished in the glow of the torches, and again appeared under the quiet sky of night! I was glad, — it went on thus for a while, the stars and torches catching me up by turns. When we came out of the wood, the moon had risen, and the horsemen turned and darted back like arrows; I looked after them, but my eyes were dazzled by the storm of flames that rushed along. Write it into thy heart, this is thy life, I said secretly; like a flying fire-dragon is thy spirit, illumining holy Nature in its sombre halls; with hot tongue he thrusts against, but does not scorch it, — the dragon is not wild and venomous, no! but tame and gentle. Hovering tenderly and restlessly in circles, he breathes his fire in gentle streams into the brooklet by the way, and his glowing breath is extinguished by the night-mists. Yes, the dragon is tender and loving too, not venomous and deathly, only no one will understand, and all fear him, excepting thou, my Günderode; thou dost not shun the dragon, but placest his flaming jaws tenderly into thy lap. — Now I awoke from dreams, and took the reins from the groom at my side, dashing across the broad plain, flooded by the moonlight. — Ah, how merry! — all sorts of joyous sensations! — With thee I read Pindar; thou caughtst the inspiration on thy lips, trickling it into my soul. When the Bard flew by us on rushing pinions! — Dost thou remember still? — "On raged the glowing storm hymns in praise, of the son of Latona!" — Dost thou remember it yet, Günderode? — The light had burned down,

thou wert lying on the bed, thy soul filled with music, repeating the verses in emphatic rhythm, where I dropped the metre, and by the night-lamp I read on :

Hört mich, ihr Söhne stolzer Helden und der Götter,
Denn ich verkünde diesem meergepeitschten Land,
Einst werde Epaphus Tochter eine Stadtwurzel pflanzen
Auf des Hammonia's Boden, den Sterblichen zur Wonne;
Die kurzbesiederten Delphine vertauschen alsdann
Mit schnellen Rossen werden sie, die Ruder mit Zügeln —
Und fahren auf sturmflüssigen Wagen dahin.

Hear me, proud sons of heroes and of gods!
For I will herald to this wave-lashed land,
Epaphus' daughter shall a city plant
On the Hammonian's soil, delighting mortal man;
The light-finned dolphin then they will exchange
For swift-footed steeds, and the oar for the rein,
On storm-footed chariots swiftly will ride.

I had these last lines on my tongue, and from time to time I uttered them in song, sending them out into the great, sleeping, solitary distance, as the moon hurried from behind light clouds. Hearst thou the ancient hymns again, Latona, sung in praise of thy sons? cried I; — thus they gradually filled my senses, and rose as though borne up, and made to vibrate by a harpist with his golden plectrum, and overflowing youth. — Happy night, where the thoughts, like blossoms in the south-wind, open full of hope, — and the feeling of a happy fate gushes like brilliant rays from the fiery flashes breathed from the dragon's mouth in the moonlit air.

Thus we arrived at Offenbach, and I turned off to the left instead of driving into the Domstrasse; the groom would have taken the reins, as he thought I was missing the way. I forbade him and drove rapidly past the bosket, where the poplars were gracefully swaying and timidly rustling as though they would greet me; I turned into the narrow road to the gardener's house. I had told him at half-past eleven; it was now three o'clock, and day was awakening; the gardener stood at his door and took off his cap when he heard me coming. "Good-morning," I said, "I shall not come to the garden to-day, I want to rest; here is your wreath," turning round, full of satisfaction that I had carried out what I intended, as I had been doubting on the way whether to do it or not. To Moritz the belt, to the gardener the wreath, I kept saying to myself; but an inner voice replied. Why

should the gardener miss the wreath ; it belonged to him, having been promised to him beforehand ; and I felt how it would pain him if I broke my promise, and that I could not come out of it without an untruth, as I must tell him that the wreath was either lost or torn, which would wound him doubly ; no, I must give it to him. My mind was really relieved when I had thrown it down, and he had caught it with his hand ; he blushed so pleased — like the dawn just breaking. To Moritz the belt, and to him the wreath ! yes, they belonged to both ; for both are kindly sent by the Poet-genius, who, in the unbroken stillness, unknown and unthought of by men, winds through the labyrinth of my breast at night. — At home in bed, how did it come over me ? Lately I saw Franz's baby at the breast of its nurse ; it had to swallow so rapidly and could not drink eagerly enough, the milk flowed to its mouth in such plenty.

Just so was it in my heart : I swallowed sweet milk, all sweet recollections flowed, as soon as my thoughts sucked at it but a moment ; and as the baby turns from one breast to the other, because they flow too plentifully, until, weary of sucking, it drops asleep, so I turned from side to side, and at last fell asleep from sheer weariness of enjoyment. Thus I slept till noon, when they brought me a bouquet sent me from the bosket. Now let me tell thee what kind of a bouquet it was, how witty the gardener is ; how it was arranged, and what it may signify. In the middle a moss-rose-bud, around it forget-me-nots and heath, forming a wreath ; then above this, Juniper sprays and nettles, again protected by briery twigs and leaves, rising still higher, so skilfully bound as to resemble a chalice, in the deepest centre of which the moss-rose glowed. This I read as follows : The moss-rose is my gift of the wreath, the heath protecting the rose the modest gardener ; a flower that spreads in myriads over the fields, the forget-me-not, is everlasting recollection ; he will never forget that I gave him the wreath. The Juniper is the unassuming incense offered to my gift, and the nettles signify that his heart burns and aches, the thorns and leaves, rising chalice-like to hide the rose, say that it shall remain secret in his heart, and that he will guard it silently from all eyes in his heart's chambers. — St. Clair has returned, Tonie tells me. Has he seen thee ? — What has he told about Hölderlin ?

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

St. Clair was with me this morning ; he came from Mayence, and does not go to Homburg till to-day, where he remains eight days or more. When he returns, which will be on Sunday, he intends to go to Offenbach, and hopes thou wilt take a few turns in the garden with him when he will tell thee about Hölderlin. Wednesday I shall go for three weeks to the estate of Mad. Mees, near Würzburg ; from there I will write thee more explicitly, because just now, disturbed by little preparations for the journey, I cannot reply to thy love, in which I confide as in the irreproachable depth of thy soul. Already I feel inclined to let thy emotions and thy actions pass without comment. Do what the Spirit prompts, because it is the sole and best, where no one's advice suffices, and because thus too, thou canst only avoid the uncalled-for interference and counsellors ; those are the dangers to be feared here, not thy courageous mind.

It is not thy nice, discriminating feeling that is to be feared, but the application of the measure that will nowhere fit thee. I often do not know with which wind to steer, and give myself up to all. As thou knowest me, have patience, and remember that it is not a single voice I must resist, but a general one, which like the Lernæan Serpent is constantly putting forth new heads. What thou sayst, dost, and writest, seems to come from, or harmonize with, my soul ; I do not incline to anything the world maintains, and if I coolly examine its laws, its demands and ends, they all appear quite as absurd to me as they do to thee ; but thy most absurd demonstrations, as thy opponents call them, I have never doubted, understanding thee like my own faith ; thou art divined and understood by me, at the same time must I commit the sin of denying thee. I am not indifferent to this weakness ; canst thou help me overcome it ? I am ready for penitence. Let this suffice for thee to feel, that the reproaches with which thou vexest thyself on my account, do but weigh upon me.

The product of the hour in which my irresistible mood was so firmly met by thy love, I enclose for thee.

In early hour of heartache I have always been refreshed anew by composing, and was no longer oppressed when my muteness found words.

DES WANDERER'S NIEDERFAHRT.

Wanderer.

Dies ist, hat mich der Meister nicht betrogen,
 Des Westes Meer, in dem der Nachtwind braust.
 Dies ist der Untergang, von Gold umzogen,
 Und dies die Grotte, wo mein Führer haust.

Bist du es nicht, den Tag und Nacht geboren,
 Dess Scheitel freundlich Abendröthe küßt;
 In dem sein Leben Huelios verloren,
 Und dessen Gürtel schon die Nacht umfließt?

Herold der Nacht! bist du's der zu ihr führet,
 Der Sohn dem sie den Sonnengott gebietet!

Führer.

Ja, du bist an dessen Grotte,
 Der dem starken Sonnengotte
 In die Zügel fiel.
 Der die Rosse westwärts lenket,
 Dass sich hin der Wagen senket,
 An des Tages Ziel.

Und es sendet mir noch Blicke
 Liebevoll der Gott zurücke,
 Scheidend küsst er mich;
 Und ich seh es, meine Thränen
 Und ein süßes stilles Sehnen
 Färben bleicher mich;
 Bleicher, bis mich hat umschlungen
 Sie, aus der ich halb entsprungen,
 Die verhüllte Nacht.
 In ihre Tiefen führt mich ein Verlangen,
 Mein Auge schauet nach der Sonne Pracht,
 Doch tief im Thale hat sie mich umfange,
 Den Dämmerchein verschlingt schon Mitternacht.

Wanderer.

O führe mich! du kennest wohl die Pfade
 Ins alte Reich der dunklen Mitternacht;
 Hinab will ich, ans finstere Gestade
 Wo nie der Morgen, nie der Mittag lacht.
 Entsagen will ich jenem Tagesschimmer
 Der ungern nur der Erde sich vermählt;
 Geblendet hat mich trüg'rich nur der Flimmer,
 Der Ird'sches nie zur Heimath sich erwählt.
 Vergebens wollt den Flüchtigen ich fassen,
 Er kann doch nie vom steten Wandel lassen.
 Drum führe mich zum Kreis der stillen Mächte
 In deren tiefem Schooss das Chaos schlief,
 Eh, aus dem Dunkel ew'ger Mitternächte,
 Der Lichtgeist es herauf zum Leben rief.

Dort, wo der Erde Schoos noch unbezwungen
 In dunkle Schleier züchtig sich verhüllt,
 Wo er, vom frechen Lichte nicht durchdrungen,
 Noch nicht erzeugt dies schwankende Gebild
 Der Dinge Ordnung, dies Geschlecht der Erde!
 Dem Schmerz und Irrsal ewig bleibt Gefährte.

Führer.

Willst du die Götter befragen,
 Die des Erdballs Stützen tragen,
 Lieben der Erde Geschlecht;
 Die in seliger Eintracht wohnen,
 Ungeblendet von irdischen Sonnen,
 Ewig streng und gerecht;
 So komm, eh ich mein Leben ganz verhauchet,
 Eh mich die Nacht in ihre Schatten tauchet.

Horch! es heulen lant die Winde,
 Und es engt sich das Gewinde
 Meines Wegs durch Klüfte hin.
 Die verschloss'nen Ströme brausen,
 Und ich seh mit kaltem Grausen
 Dass ich ohne Führer bin.
 Ich seh ihn blässer, immer blässer werden,
 Und es begrub die Nacht mir den Gefährten.

In Wasserfluthen hör ich Feuer zischen,
 Seh wie sich brausend Elemente mischen,
 Wie, was die Ordnung trennet sie vereint.
 Ich seh wie Ost und West sich hier umfängen,
 Der laue Süd spielt um Boreas Wangen,
 Das Feindliche umarmet seinen Feind
 Und reisst ihn fort in seinen starken Armen:
 Das Kalte muss in Feuersgluth erwärmen.

Tiefer führen noch die Pfade
 Mich hinab zu dem Gestade
 Wo die Ruhe wohnt,
 Wo des Lebens Farben bleichen,
 Wo die Elemente schweigen
 Und der Friede thront.

Erdeister.

Wer hiess herab dich in die Tiefe steigen
 Und unterbrechen unser ewig Schweigen?

Wanderer.

Der rege Trieb: die Wahrheit zu ergründen!

Erdeister.

So wolltest in der Nacht das Licht du finden?

Wanderer.

Nicht jenes Licht das auf der Erde gastet
 Und trügerisch dem Forscher nur entflieht,

Nein, jenes Ursein das hier unten rastet
 Und rein nur in der Lebensquelle glüht.
 Die unvermischten Schätze wollt ich heben,
 Die nicht der Schein der Oberwelt berührt,
 Die Urkraft, die, der Perle gleich, vom Leben
 Des Daseins Meer in seinen Tiefen führt.
 Das Leben in dem Schooss des Lebens schauen,
 In ihrer Werkstatt die Natur erschauen,
 Sehen wie die Schöpfung ihr am Busen liegt.

Erdgeister.

So wiss', es ruht die ew'ge Lebensfülle
 Gebunden hier noch in des Schlafes Hülle
 Und lebt und regt sich kaum,
 Sie hat nicht Lippen um sich auszusprechen,
 Noch kann sie nicht des Schweigens Siegel brechen,
 Ihr Dasein ist noch Traum, —
 Und wir, wir sorgen dass der Schlaf sie decke,
 Dass sie nicht wache, eh' die Zeit sie wecke.

Wanderer.

O ihr! die in der Erde waltet,
 Der Dinge Tiefe habt gestaltet,
 Enthüllt, enthüllt euch mir!

Erdgeister.

Opfer nicht und Zauberworte
 Dringen durch der Erde Pforte,
 Erhöhung ist nicht hier.
 Das Ungeborne ruhet hier verhüllet
 Geheimnissvoll bis seine Zeit erfüllet.

Wanderer.

So nehmt mich auf, geheimnissvolle Mächte,
 O wieget mich in tiefen Schlummer ein,
 Verhüllet mich in eure Mitternächte,
 Ich trete freudig aus des Lebensreihn.
 Lasst wieder mich zum Mutterschoosse sinken,
 Vergessenheit, und neues Dasein trinken.

Erdgeister.

Umsonst! an dir ist unsre Macht verloren,
 Zu spät! du bist dem Tage schon geboren,
 Geschieden aus dem Lebenselement.
 Dem Werden können wir, und nicht dem Sein gebieten,
 Und du bist schon vom Mutterschooss geschieden,
 Durch dein Bewusstsein schon vom Traum getrennt,
 Doch schau hinab in deiner Seele Gründen,
 Was du hier suchest wirst du dorten finden,
 Des Weltalls seh'nder Spiegel bist du nur.
 Auch dort sind Mitternächte die einst tagen,
 Auch dort sind Kräfte die vom Schlaf erwachen
 Auch dort ist eine Werkstatt der Natur.

THE WANDERER'S DESCENT.

Wanderer.

This is, if I am not deceived, confounded,
 The western ocean, where the night-wind sighs
 This is the Occident, by gold surrounded,
 And this the grotto where my leader lies.

Art thou the son of Day and Night descended,
 About whose brow the evening crimson glows!
 In whom his life fair Helios once ended,
 About whose girdle nightly shadow flows?

Herald of Night! art thou the guide to her,
 The son she gave the god of day so fair?

Guide.

Thou dost near his grotto stray,
 Who once grasped the reins of day
 Out of Helios' hand.
 Who the white steeds westward guided,
 That the chariot downward glided
 To the twilight strand.

Lovingly that God in parting,
 Beauteous rays at me is darting,
 Kissing me he goes;
 While I gaze thro' tear-drops burning,
 Wrapt in sweet and silent yearning,
 Paler now I grow.
 Paler, till I am enshrouded
 By my parent, dark and clouded,
 Sable mantled Night.
 To her depth I'm drawn by strong desire,
 Gazing still on yonder sun-rays bright
 In the vale, she folds me from Day's fire,
 Midnight now engulfs the fading light.

Wanderer.

O lead me on! thou knowest well the way
 To ancient realms of darkness many miles;
 Down to the shores untinged by sunny ray,
 Where neither morning, neither evening smiles.
 I must forbear to view those glittering beams,
 In which reluctantly the earth is clad;
 I'm dazzled and deceived by those bright streams
 That here on earth were wont to make men glad.
 The fleeting one I strove to hold in vain,
 Doomed an eternal outcast to remain.
 Then lead me to the realms of Silent Powers,
 In whose unfathomed depth the Chaos slept,
 Ere from the darkness of those midnight bowers
 From out its shadows into light was swept.
 There, where Earth's bosom lieth unrevealed,
 In virgin mantle modestly adorned,
 Not by bold Daylight yet embraced, unveiled
 That wavering Phantom, yet she had not borne

The way of things on earth, the race of man,
Anon accompanied by misery and pain.

Guide.

Wilt ask the Gods on high,
Bearers of the earth and sky,
The lovers of mankind?
They who dwell in peace so blessed
Ne'er by earthly suns are dazzled,
Ever just of mind.
Come, then, before my flickering life has faded,
Ere 'neath that sable mantle I am shaded.

Hark! I hear the howling winds,
Narrowing my pathway twines
On through cliffs in dismal night.
Hearing pent-up torrents mutter,
I perceive with icy shudder
That I am without a guide.
I saw him paler, ever paler grow,
Buried in night saw my companion go.

Behold how hissing floods in floods are blighted,
And roaring Elements with Elements united;
Things in their order severed, and combined,
The East and distant West are blended now;
The balmy south-wind fans rough Boreas' brow,
And enemy to enemy is joined,
And bears him on in strong triumphant arm,
All that is cold, in torrid heat grows warm.

Ever downward tends the way,
Downward, ever down I stray,
There where silence reigns.
Where no living color blusheth,
Where the Elements are hushed,
And calm Peace remains.

Earth Spirits.

By whose will didst thou enter this sphere,
To disturb our ancient quiet here?

Wanderer.

My restless will: What Truth is, to discover.

Earth Spirits.

Then wouldst thou in this night the day uncover?

Wanderer.

Not the same light, which on the earth abounds,
That on the searching eye deceptive glows;
I seek the origin of things that Death surrounds,
This realm, where life's true well-spring flows.
For unpolluted treasures do I strive,
By lustre of the upper world unstained;
That pearl I seek, the origin of life,
Whose deep, primordial depths I now would gain;

Life, in the womb of life I will behold,
That tenderly within its mother lies;
Nature's economy I will unfold
Where young creation on her bosom sighs.

Earth Spirits.

Know then! here sleepeth life's eternal blossom,
Yet bound in sleep —
To move it scarcely seems.
Still without lips or tongue wherewith to speak,
It cannot yet the seal of silence break;
Its being is but dream.
And overcome it is, so naught that sleep may break,
That 'tis not roused ere it be time to wake.

Wanderer.

Ye Spirits in the depth of Earth,
To whom all things owe their birth,
Disclose yourselves! draw near!

Earth Spirits.

Neither charms nor magic spell
Are of power where we dwell;
We dare not, dare not hear.
Unborn Creation lieth here well hidden,
Until by time to see the light 'tis bidden.

Wanderer.

Mysterious powers, I embrace ye all,
O, cradle me in deep and tranquil sleep;
Enshrouded in your darkest midnight pall.
Rejoicing from the ranks of men I leap;
Let me upon the mother bosom sink,
Oblivion and new draughts of life to drink!

Earth Spirits.

In vain, in vain! we feel our power gone;
It is too late, thou dost to Day belong,
Divided art thou from life's element.
'Tis growth, not being, that we may command.
And thou complete, a thing that's born dost stand
Through consciousness thou from that dream art rent.
But know thyself, look into thine own mind:
What here thou seekest, in thyself thou'lt find;
The seeing, mirror of the world thou art,
There too are midnights that will once grow bright;
There too are powers working in the light;
There too thou seest unfolded Nature's heart.

Clemens wrote to Tonie that he would be here in a few days, and hoped to find me. I am sorry to go just as he comes, but cannot alter it, and would have liked to see him so much. Do tell him that in three weeks I shall return, and beg him to stay so long; I certainly shall not delay a single day being very desirous to see him. Give him the

enclosed ; it is a poem composed some time ago, for which he asked me. Clemens will come over to see thee ; I think thou wilt do well to remain at Offenbach until I return ; thou art happy there, and no one will put anything in thy way. Here fault-finders and moralists would only vex thee, and Clemens put many a question thou mightst find displeasing, and I do not like to have him take thee in hand. Thou wilt write to me, wilt thou not ? — Send thy letters to the Convent, from where Thursdays and Saturdays there will be an opportunity for them to reach me. I would like yet to see thee ; dost thou think George would send the cabriolet for me ? Wilt thou ask him about it ? What grandmamma tells thee of her life remember well, and were it ever so little, as in future it will be interesting to us. Continue to love me ; I will try to repay thee.

CAROLINE.

Ist alles stumm und leer,
Nichts macht mir Freude mehr;
Düfte sie düften nicht,
Lüfte sie lüften nicht;
Mein Herz so schwer.

Ist alles öd und hin,
Bange mein Geist und Sinn,
Wollte, nicht weiss ich was
Jagt mich ohn' Unterlass
Wüsst ich wohin ?

Ein Bild von Meisterhand
Hat mir den Sinn gebannt.
Seit ich das Holde sah
Ist's fern und ewig nah,
Mir anverwandt.

Ein Klang im Herzen ruht,
Der noch erfüllt den Muth
Wie Flötenhauch ein Wort,
Tönet noch leise fort,
Stillt Thränenfluth.

Frühlings Blumen tren,
Kommen zurück aus Neu,
Nicht so der Liebe Glück ;
Ach ! es kommt nicht zurück,
Schön, doch nicht tren.

Kann Lieb so unlieb sein,
Von mir so fern was mein ?
Kann Lust so schmerzlich sein,
Untreu so herzlich sein,
O Wonn ! O Pein !

Phoenix der Lieblichkeit,
Dich trägt dein Fittig weit

Hin zu der Sonne Strahl.
Ach, was ist dir zumal —
Mein einsam Leid?

When all is dead and still,
And naught can please the will,
Odors are odors not,
Breezes are wafted not,
Pains my heart fill.

When all is drear and done,
Fearful my soul, and lone,
I would, I know not what,
Hurried, where? I know not
Where to be gone.

That form, by master-hands,
Before my vision stands;
Since I that bliss beheld,
Far and yet near 'tis held
By mighty bands.

One tone my bosom fills
Me with new courage thrills;
Like the flute's sound, a word
I softly spoken heard
Gushing tears stills.

Flowers of spring so true,
All will return anew;
Howe'er true love may burn,
Ah! it will ne'er return;
Fair but not true.

Can Love so faithless be
To dwell so far from me?
Can Joy so painful be,
Heartlessly, tenderly?
O pain! O glee!

Phoenix of loveliness
Soarest on the wings of bliss,
Far to the sun's bright glow;
Ah! how much mayst thou know
Of my distress?

TO GÜNDERODE.

Why thou wilt go to that country-seat just as we are in the midst of our correspondence, I do not understand; I thought already to have taken root in this delightful life of letters, and like the ripening strawberry I felt an aromatic fragrance pervading me as I warmed over my writing. Thou art always on the move, I do not see where thou findest time for everything! — When didst thou write it? It circles in a

dance to its own music—so easily as though it were but breathed without hindrance from thy bosom. Thy *poem*, written in that toneless hour, is still melodious; it draws the tones from the bosom, arranging them to melodies. I like better, however, to linger over the first, which was composed later, was it not? Thou feelst like myself that the pains of the soul are mostly caused by the torture of *ennui*. For, take it as thou wilt, if life would but once break for itself a new path, however uneven and rough, despair would have an end. Indeed, all pain and longing arises only because the straight road through life is obstructed. Do but recollect the travelling adventures passed through by us last winter,—neither of us having a single sad moment all winter long. Thy desire to see the interior of Asia, threw us constantly among wild beasts; tigers, lions, and elephants beset us. How much heat we endured in the midst of ice, not observing how absorbed we were in this life until most people had coughed through the winter as one of the coldest. Dost thou remember when I came to thee on New-Year's Day! The wheels of the state carriages were whizzing along, driven by powdered coachmen with red, frozen faces; but I stepped into thy room, saying: Heavens! it is so hot here in Asia that we fairly languish, while out before the door in Frankfort the icicles are hanging from the coachmen's beards. How much we laughed, Günderode;—drinking our chocolate, made on thy stove, heated with fragrant sandal-wood, under a cinnamon-tree, when a salamander slipped into the fire changing to the brightest hues, and finally upsetting our chocolate pot. Then we milked the elephant that was sucking her calf near us, and made elephant-butter. I was very desirous of making lion-butter, but thou, being cautious, wouldst not suffer it, as there was danger of the lioness becoming fierce while I milked her. Then our adventures by the Ganges and Indus. The beautiful boys we met, and saw from our hiding-places how they washed in the holy waters and prayed; thou saidst they must be boys from the temple, which we must seek near that spot. An avenue of tulip-trees led to it; I discovered it, and we spent an hour admiring the flowers. There were gold-fruit trees, grapes and melons growing in lovely profusion round about the pillars of the temple to which we saw strange tribes of people moving, and thou saidst a hymn, which they were singing. Ocean of ether!—thus began thy

hymn, to which I made the melody, and thou madst me sing it to the guitar, listening as silently as though it were the song of Hindoo temples. Evenings by moonlight was the best time for our fancies; we held each other by the hand as we mounted the hills, resting under date-trees; thou, having the knowledge of the country, didst mark our travelling-route. We climbed a mountain called Bogdo, from whose top thou saidst one could overlook all the other ranges of mountains. I hurried before, in order to be at the top first, and called to thee that I saw the red Coral Sea, and the Gate of Death. But I was mistaken, as thou couldst prove that they were not to be seen, being on the coast of Africa, and the Bogdo in the centre of Asia.

We were very happy; how my head swam with the burning colors of a world of flowers, enchanted by the odors floating about us! — This lasted all winter, no one knowing that we lived in a tropical world, when one day as we were walking in the gardens of Damascus, enraptured by the paradise of flowers, and intoxicated by their fragrance, we were met by old Herr von Hoenfeld, who brought thee the first violet, which he had found in his walk by the old moat outside of the gates. Ah, how quickly we left Damascus, and asked von Hoenfeld to take us to the spot where he found them, that we might look for more. From that time the charm was broken, and we laughed heartily that a violet had transported us so rapidly from Asia to the old fortifications of Frankfort, and after that we went out there on the afternoon of every spring-day to make wreaths, which were so becoming, and made thee look lovely. Thus did the least reality offer us a Paradise anew. Seven of these walks we took, Günderode; I counted them, they seemed to me like delights of life. Thou wouldst sit under the great oak, regretting thy Arabian steed, that thou didst not bring from Asia with thee, while I climbed about the cliff, always causing thee great fear lest I should fall. On New-Year's Day I really did roll down. It was icy and very smooth, I was walking with George and slipped; without considering a moment he darted down and seized me, holding himself by a root with the other hand; he was very pale and reeled, for it was with difficulty that he could keep his footing. When we reached the top he said: "We would both have been dashed to pieces, for I should have been precipitated after thee, had not God inter-

posed." Till then I was not frightened at all, for I am so heedless that I never perceive danger; but when I found how my brother's life had hung by mine on a thread, which it pleased God not to break, I was much agitated. How brothers and sisters cling to one another like members of one body, one rushing after the other into an abyss; one saving the other! May I never forget to be thankful for my brother! What was it I would tell thee! — that the thought first came to me then, how we but used up life as best we might. I found that we think so rapidly that time lags after without fulfilling; and that melancholy flows from this source alone, which can find no other vent. The world must be full of that which develops our life; if deeds came and outstripped our longing, that we need not always wring our hands at the slow pace of life — dost thou not feel it too — that would be true health, and we would learn to part from that which we love, and learn to rear worlds to rejoice the depths of the soul. Thus it should be, for there is much work in the world, and to me at least nothing seems in the right place. And I tell no one but thee: it seems ever as though I must subvert the world; indeed, so do I take it to heart that in my dreams I often look where God can have placed the sceptre for me, with which I would lighten confusion. Only one thing taken hold of at the right end draws many more after it, that would of their own accord fall into the proper order, if they have only for a while been obliged to do right. I conclude thus: if they take root so strongly in the unmatured, how much more firmly and vigorously would they stand in the soil that feeds their higher nature! Should I be wrong?

The human soul listens to the mandates of God in its own voice — listens to the sacred primordial philosophy that without teaching becomes revelation to every one who worships truth with unerring will. Thou hast said this thyself, they are thy own words. How often in solitude have I prayed for truth, — and how unattainably beyond the stars is perfection, and the time may not be when we feel it present. O better days, where are ye? Oh, come to meet us, and let us not tarry for ye, that in the end we pass by but as shadows! Let us serve ye, ye days who are to bear over the spirit of love, let us help ye silently and secretly to land, and receive the genius who alone must sway! So do I speak to the dawn that awakens me, and think meanwhile of thee

and me. What are the bonds of friendship, what coexistence and the exchange of thoughts, if a third divine one does not descend to revive life? Ah, distinctly it is written in my breast, — calm and collected the spirit must be, — that I know, — the sick heart is often impatient, but the spirit ministers to it, and there must be a point where, by the medium of this very spirit, it becomes reconciled to all suffering. Think of this when thou art sorely oppressed, and remember that by inspiration we fulfil the highest missions on earth, and that it springs from joy as well as pain. Come what may, we are to mould ourselves to heroes, and buy our freedom by pain as well as joy. The field of fate seems to me like a flower-garden of God, in which each bud expands in its peculiar color; the wise gardener giving shade, moisture, and a hard soil to the one, sunlight and soft rich mould to the other, according as each one requires to perfect its blossom. And the blossoming, is not that the fulfilment of all our longing? Then let us love life because it brings us this blossom, and think that the cloud above only empties itself over us to wash away the dust, and that the sun will smile on us anew. I am sad; thou art ever in my mind, thy song grieves me. Ah, it awakens melodies, but such painful ones, that in their music I feel the echo of thy woe and am ashamed of having been so gay all this time, plucking flowers by every path, throwing them at thee in jest and wilfulness. That was not learning to love well, when I moved out here to dedicate myself to this school. What shall I tell Clemens when he begins to speak of my education? I anticipate much pleasure from his visit, it will make up for thy running away; I dislike to think that thou hast intercourse with so many persons, with whom I cannot speak an unwise word. How my sight and hearing are curtailed since thy departure! It was only last night that my antiquated cousin put out my lamp, saying I must not write all night, else she will tell grandmamma how I ruin my health; I had placed a box-cover before the light, that she might not perceive it, but she got at it some way. I said to her: thou old centenarian, what wilt thou with me in this world, thou canst not possibly live another century, else we would go together. — “No, if thou goest on thus, we can take quarters together, but I shall outlive thee a hundred times.”

I had to submit, the lamp was out; but I took her in my

arms and carried her and her little lantern down-stairs into her great leather-covered arm-chair. At first she screamed, for fear I would throw her down-stairs, but in the midst of the danger fear made her silent; when she was safely landed in her chair she began to scold, but I took her feather-bed and throwing it on her head, ran off, and she certainly will not come again. Although it was late, I would have liked to go on writing about things I have now forgotten, and to-day the thought haunts me that thou wilt not find my letter in the accustomed place.

Grandmamma had an attack of vertigo yesterday. I have not asked to be taken back to Frankfort, and do not want to go; what shall I do there as long as thou art confiscated by thy Haidens, Holzhausens, and Nees. I believed, yes truly I believed, that I was dearer to thee than all the others, and that thou wert as earnest about our religious revolution as I am. It seemed as though God had ordained we should not be together, and yet so near that we could receive each other's letters each day, thus much was brought to paper that would only have been chatted over.

Who can help it! — day after to-morrow thou goest to Würzburg, which lies outside of the world, leaving me behind to languish on the dove-cot. If thou art good, then, come to the Tanner's mill at seven to-morrow morning. Do not come here, because grandmamma is ill, and I am mostly in her anteroom; but as I do not go to her until ten o'clock, to-morrow I can be with thee until then; I shall go to the mill at six, George will send the carriage for thee, I wrote to him about it. Behind the mill, in the long hedge-path on the stone by the cross, we will sit down together a little while. Thou canst return to town, or send the cabriolet back and return by water, which I would rather have thee do, so thou wilt not feel uneasy to keep the carriage waiting as long as I want thee. Oh, last Sunday I went on a water-excursion with Jeannot and Darville in Bernard's boat, behind the ship with the music. All were engaged in jest and love-chat between the pauses of the music, but I took no part; the gardener sat at the helm, and I did not care to pain him; he sported fine white shirt-sleeves and my handkerchief tied round his neck.

BETTINE.

TO GÜNDERODE AT WÜRZBURG.

As I know that thou art living out of the world now, I have begun a different life, and my mind has changed very much.

I want to go out into the world too; yes, I have a great desire to get away. I have never been on the top of a high mountain, from which one can overlook the world, in my life, and yet I overlook the world in my soul. — Thou art dissatisfied with me that I will always know better, and yet I do know better, and am not to blame that better things come into my mind. My consciousness seems to me like a song of my soul, to which I listen with pleasure, and sometimes, when I do not know a thing, it seems as though I had only forgotten it, having already once known it. Only at little things my wits are sometimes at a stand-still; for instance, yesterday over a horse-chestnut, which I took from its green shell; there were three chestnuts inside closely laid together, not yet ripe and perfectly white, and it seemed to me as if I must learn by force what all these shapes signify; for certain it is that all creation was produced by the Holy Ghost. It is impossible that a shape exist, that did not come forth from the word of God, "Let there be." I think that which issues from the eternal power of creation must have a language of its own, namely, it must express and answer itself. Must not thy life find an expression, else it is nothing? Thus God converses with whom he loves, — only in love's words. — What, indeed, is this language but love, and all form and shape in nature but an expression of this love? The language of love, then, is the language of God. God is the loving one. Is God individual? — has he features? — can I give him my hand? — and where can I find him to speak with him in love's language? My love for mankind is pity, because I mourn for them that they are not different from what they are. — Love I believe to be only the language of God. I am conscious of knowing everything, but I cannot always find it, and seek everything in myself, and this is a conversation with God. That is love's language, too, when I lie down on my face in the grass and listen to the brook as it flows on beside me: how much that speaks, to which it must give answer! I stretch my arms above my head into the cool grass and ask of my soul all I would know. Then

answer is made, but I cannot directly frame it into words ; but is there not a language without words ? And love is but the language of the Deity. What else shall it be ? Question, and sweet answer, could I ever cease longing for ye, I would be dead to myself. The soul that sympathizes most deeply with mine, that longingly answers, and asks again to be answered, that must I love. To desire to know is already knowledge ; it is contemplation, and by contemplating I receive a distinct impression, which is knowledge. How can a human being desire to be anything but a lover ? How was this suggested ? By our conversation at the Tanner's mill this morning. If I was silent, I assure thee it was only because words did not seem tuneful enough ; I look into my soul for sound, and when I wish to say anything, I do not find a tone that harmonizes ; thou canst believe I leave much unsaid, because I cannot find expression sufficiently noble for it. Through music I learnt to feel that man is filled by the spirit, but that he cannot find the melody in which to express it. The transfiguration of each thought is music, that must be language ; all language must be music ; by this the spirit becomes manifest, not by the sense, that becomes mere love-words, by this music of language. Spirit is greater than man, who constantly strives to attain its height. Can he express it, then he is himself translated into spirit. Spirit is music ; then too must the language, by means of which we are united with it, be music. How can we in an unworthy form at the same time comprehend it through our senses ? — Spirit is wedded to beauty, and only as beauty it is spirit. All noble deeds, all greatness is but a poem of the spirit. Ah, I stretch my hands to heaven and desire something else than the deeds of men, for well I know that my idleness is sin. What shall I do to arouse myself ? Devotion to art, says Clemens ! — that is only because he does not know me within, and with how much I have to struggle. I take that to be my most prominent talent which is most easily roused and most absorbing. — Now, although I do not like to study Universal History, and can scarcely contain my impatience while reading the papers, yet it is the world I would rule, and irresistibly I am impelled to think of it. When thou writest to Clemens, thou canst tell him that it seems to be my most decided talent to rule the world ; and if he knows an opportunity to practise me in it, I will apply myself day

and night. Thoughts of government already rob me of sleep, and look at the world as I may, I would like to overturn it. For a long time all I experienced in life affected me in a wooden, mechanical way. Thus my religious instruction stupefied me completely. For instance, the doctrine : With what weapons to combat heresy, with what principles to oppose it? — there the heretic, weapon, and faith, all seemed like nonsense ; and had I not taken refuge in not thinking at all, I should have become a fool. Men really are nothing but fools, and I believe that my conviction of this, and without much ado treating them accordingly, has emancipated me from folly. How indeed shall we free ourselves from the slough of Philistinedom but by placing ourselves anew into the hands of God, who has not in vain created man from clay, so that he need but breathe upon and moisten him, in order to knead him over anew, returning to him his pure, pristine form ?

By what do we recognize a Catholic Christian? — by the sign of the Holy Cross ! This aroused the first refractory spark in my mind ; for why need natural man be a Catholic Christian, and cross himself? is that the nearest way to become like God? is God a Catholic Christian? or is he like thee and me a heretic? — and why do we cross ourselves but to show our teeth to the heretic, like curs? When we were called home from the convent to our paternal house, the Prioress sent for us to her presence, and enjoined us not to leave the Catholic Faith on returning to our grandmother, who was a Lutheran lady, but rather to try all in our power to convert her. She said this with so much warmth of heart that I would readily have promised, but did not know what the Catholic Faith was. So I helped myself thus : All that is not Lutheran is Catholic ; everything we must learn is to wrap the mind in a mantle of mist, so that we cannot be illumined by truth, and all we do in consequence is folly. Listening to the opinions of intellectual men, which is grandmamma's passion, seems like thrashing chaff — dear grandmamma ! "Thou canst not deny, dear child, that they understand the world, and are called to direct it," she said yesterday. Oh, no, dear grandmamma ; it rather strikes me that I am called to do it. "Go to thy bed and sleep ! thou art a queer little thing !" All sorts of politics are being discussed at grandmamma's every evening among the Emigrants,

and an overthrow of the great world-pumpkin is essayed on all sides: they seem to think it is rotting. Besides Choiseil, Ducailla, and D'Allaris, who always take the lead, two others came yesterday, a Mons. de Marcelange, and Varicourt, the latter particularly handsome and of noble bearing, so that I could not for a moment believe he could ever harbor incongruous ideas. He addressed himself constantly to me, as though desirous of my approbation, "*ai-je-raison?*" and his remarks made quite an impression on me. He had come to Frankfort as escort to a Duchess of Bouillon, (Hesse-Bothenburg) and a Princess of Biron, who both visited grandmamma this afternoon; and Count Catälan introduced him to her. Grandmamma did not permit politics to be discussed as usual, because most of the Emigrants are of separate opinions; and later she told me that this Varicourt was the brother of the one who was murdered as *garde du roi* on the 6th of October, 1790, in Versailles, before the door of the Queen's chamber, while calling out to her to save herself, as this was the last service he could render her. Shortly after, grandmamma met his mother in Switzerland, where she lived near Nyon in a ruined manor, inhabiting one of the sombre halls, that served in the capacity of kitchen at the same time, being carefully covered with old woollen hangings, and furnished with an old couch, upon which lay the hat of her son, with its white cockade, a few straw chairs, a huge hearth with a very small fire of vine fagots, over which a small kettle of water was boiling for the old lady's tea, and a great cat sleeping at her feet; high, narrow windows, lighting up the ruined dwelling of a decayed family. The old lady showed her the hat, saying, "There was a time when this white ribbon called all France to allegiance to its king," &c. I liked to listen to grandmamma as long as she told me this; but she brought in so many other things that seemed to have no connection with it; for instance, she spoke of a herd of cattle which was driven together to be shot, on account of a disease that had broken out among them. They wailed and plunged violently at the first shots, but after the bull was killed, not one of the cows resisted, all awaiting death quietly; composed: the Emigrants and their king. Then grandma expatiated largely on invaluable people; on silk manufacture; how three hundred and sixty cocoons went to one ounce of silk, two thousand eight hundred and ninety-three to one

pound, so many simmers (quarts) to spin five pounds; they eat too many mulberry-leaves, were fed on lettuce, spinage, and currant leaves; liked to eat it; spun very well, only that the silk was slightly greenish-yellow. Then she told me something about the life of St. Jutta, who had studied natural history and psychology. This brought her to Mirabeau; and when I went to bed, my head was so confused that I could think of nothing pleasant, and went directly to sleep. How it must look in grandmamma's head!—so much strung together, to which no one can find a key. I wonder if I am so too? The house now is never empty of remarkable people; all the French journals are read and discussed, and against my will I must take part in their jests about the court, court-state, dress, livery, uniforms, ornaments and laces of the female suite; everything is talked over, and then the general amnesty of thirty days, to free the French from the devil's claws. I stand among the disputants as in a hail-storm; Protestant, Philosopher, Encyclopædist, Enlightener, Democrat, Jacobin, Terrorist, Homme de sang,—all are pouring down upon me, and all can be understood in the same way. —“Down from above they have mistaken views, and below it is all malice and untruth from those who climb after,” said Varicourt, remarking on the enormous flatteries swallowed by Bonaparte: “Ce n'est pas du bon style que d'avaler de si gros mensonges, la vérité est le seul moyen de cultiver la nature humaine; pour la grandeur il y fait faute, il n'a point le sens celeste pour l'avenir pour lequel seul s'immolera un grand cœur; il est le grand monstre de la médiocrité encombrant un monde qui s'ignore soi-même.”

The emigrants listened to him as solemnly as though he were speaking from the pulpit. “Nous n'avons que trop bien pu comprendre ce que c'est que l'esprit régénérateur, ce n'est que lacheté que de nous soumettre à une tyrannie, qui a recours aux moyens puerils dont se sert Buonaparte pour captiver une nation qui a sacrifié son meilleur sang pour la liberté, c'est une juste punition pour avoir attenté au sang inviolablement sacré des rois, que de n'avoir pas reconnu ce que le grand génie de Mirabeau nous avait prophétisé. La révolution fait la première des lois était d'honorer la loi, mais point cet expédient des têtes bornées, qui pour maintenir leur pouvoir, ne font que faire trembler; il faut gagner les cœurs, et puis c'est si facile! le peuple et déjà reconnais-

sant si ses supérieurs ne lui font pas tout le mal qui est en leur pouvoir ; ce n'est que la bêtise qui punit, la véritable grandeur prévient les fautes ; c'est abuser du pouvoir que d'agir autrement, il est maladroit de ne point se servir des hommes tels qu'ils sont, c'est la sagesse qui est souveraine, elle exploite le bien du mal, mais non pas en tranchant les têtes ! Les lois doivent être tracées par le génie de l'humanité, ce que Buonaparte ne fera jamais."

I too would gladly step over the trash of human armament, tear the apple of dissension from their hands, and give them self-contemplation instead. Is it not indeed the only aim of human nature that it learn to develop itself ? and is truth not the secret from whence this self-development issues ? Thus, if a sovereign could emerge from within himself to the pure light of truth, would he not regenerate humanity ?

I ask thee ! consider if I am not right ; I have a dim idea as if from the spirit of one the regeneration of all must come forth. Now I should not be at all embarrassed to undertake this boldly, as no harm can be done, because everything that seems to thrive and grow is yet sunk in the slough of stupidity, and it is so great a privilege to be wiser. How is it possible that we should not come to reason, when we see that all around us is folly ? Lies not the impulse in a healthy human mind to develop the idea of a divine humanity within itself, and does thought take any other but this ideal direction ? Has the man been born whose task it was not to produce his own ideal ? And if this is so, why shall not every innocent human being be sufficiently important to communicate my thoughts to him ? None need accuse me of confusing and jumbling everything together ; there is something which no one comprehends, from which I do not deviate, and my mind forms its own transitions. — As soon as the pure will is within us to seek the divine, we have the religion of which I alone believe that it can develop man ; for independently of himself, it is the fulfilling God that speaks from within him, and this alone it is that seems to me religion. As from a perfect seed everything is formed as it must be, according to organic law, I am also certain that in a spirit only receiving the divine for its own sake, the development will logically follow, and nothing in human action will give me offence. Action compared to thought is nothing, for the thought itself is God, while action is only conforming

to God. If, then, in my thoughts I seek, perceive, and experience God, how can I be at a loss about acting, about ruling? For why should he who inhales, not also exhale? The mind of man must not deviate in its ends; it must have one sacred aim. Man is ever to himself a principal by end; therefore he must entirely deny, in order to attain himself: this sounds very contrary, but still it is true. The true ideal of man is the most rigid denial of self, and from this alone wisdom will spring in all actions demanded by fate. To this same self-denial we are entitled to summon all men, for, be the result of such action what it may, they act in conformity with God, and that is religion, over which to make the cross, be it heretic, heathen, or Jew. . . . A divine mind, for the invisible, infinite, from which alone all true religion comes, for by this alone is it led to the Deity. All this occurs to me as I am carrying out my conversation with the Frenchman in my mind. I need only happen on a nature that seems fascinating to me, when directly I am full of instructive thoughts, as though they were awakened by the contact. This Frenchman, with his noble deportment, rouses one transport after another within me, and I believe there is not a question I could not answer as soon as I am convinced he listens. No deed I do not feel bravery enough within me to accomplish, if he but looked on; but be the incentive what it may, it certainly is something great, something divine, that man, when approached by the godlike, perceives the beautiful and great, harmonizes with it so that the fire of his enthusiasm bursts into flames. Ah, I see myself already in battle riding beside him on a white steed, amid the thunder and smoke of cannon; and in the confusion of great, decisive moments relying on his unerring eye, I successfully achieve the utmost. Still more I think: everything glowing ambition dare undertake flashes through my soul; I experience it, I am happy, joyous, jubilant in success; the people crowd about rejoicing with me, awaiting that I sprinkle over them the balsam of freedom. All this I experience with the Frenchman, who develops himself a hero before my eyes. I would like to know, if, taking all experiences together, those of the imagination would not be allowed to pass, for they heat and damasken the soul by this fine steel of inspiration, so that it is forged and moulded together with it, being finer than any other polish, better for use, more tenacious

firmer, yielding to and following the force of the will. Firm, courageous deeds, power of action — must not that have its seed implanted in the soul? is it not seed itself? Methinks, to have thought a thing is to plant seed in the soil of the soul, that will penetrate to the light and expand, sooner or later.

Here the door opened, and Clemens entered. What joy — it strengthens and flashes inwardly. When I have lost reason, and seek it on the white, barren walls, without finding it, I need but look into Clemens' beautiful large eyes, and there I find it. Thou sayest thou canst not look into his eye, because he has a consuming glance; not so I. I draw joy from it, and something I cannot define, of untranslatable living nutriment. Above all things, I would like to become master of my own thoughts, in order to fill out my time with living (life-giving) thoughts. There is a thinking that we pass over, and one we experience. How collect myself, that my mind is ever bent on experiencing? This alone, and my ascension to heaven is certain.

Sleep can be brought into relation with thought; sleep that arises from thought is again capable of producing thinking powers. Thus can the thoughtful mind create itself. Penetrate everywhere with the mind, and evil is dispelled, for it is too weak and narrow to comprehend mind. I am astonished at my own thoughts! Things I have never experienced, that I have never learnt, or perhaps rather the contrary of them, stand forth clearly and distinctly in my mind. Can I know but what I am possessed of a spirit? Is not, perhaps, being possessed a giving up of our individuality, and are the refractory ones who resist the spirit not stronger than those penetrated by it? Does strength consist in yielding? Are not many things in the spirit and mind the influence of other worlds? Love, passion, are they not power of attraction of the Sun?

Clemens and I sat upon the garden-steps and chatted of many things. "What you argue is all very pretty," he said, "but do not become erratic, it frightens me sometimes to think what will become of you; you divide your soul, with which you could gain such glorious freedom. Can you not turn your five senses to one thing and comprehend that entirely. When you speak, you are intelligent and give the solution to much of which the philosophers know nothing.

Do write something, — have you not promised me some children's stories? — Write down your life in the Convent, you can tell it so well. What are you carrying on with Günderrode, are you studying with her? I feel great anxiety about you, and it sometimes makes me wring my hands to think that the grace of your mind is left a prey to the winds."

Dear Clemens, I had to kiss him in the still twilight upon his fair white brow shining beneath the dark curls, for his love to me. It grew windy, and we both sat wrapt in his cloak, watching the clouds as they swept by, and Clemens said so much about thee, with which I know thou wilt be pleased. He says thou art clear as the moon, and thy flighty, unsettled manner at times is but as clouds passing over and obscuring the moon, but thou thyself wert pure, poetic light, penetrating the senses: the sound of thy poems was like music of the soul; and this was but the prelude of the soul's concert, because ever and on all sides melodies were unfolding. It was so noble he said to devote one's self thus to an inward life, and I could and should collect myself too, so as not to throw away my mind and live my life unworthily. What dost thou think I said to all this? — nothing! — I felt afraid for a moment to be so forsaken by myself, and that my spirit will not take heed of me, roving out into the distance, seeking obscure blossoms like a bee, of which it sips, but honey it will not make, it wastes everything itself. But as the bee makes honey by instinct and my spirit does not, I do not think it will want to winter where it has laid up no store; it belongs into the land of eternal spring. Clemens has just gone back to town, and the skies are darkly overcast, — now it rains violently already, — I wonder if he has got home? In a few days he goes to Mayence and Coblenz by water; he travels on the Rhine for three weeks, so thou wilt see him too. BETTINE.

I had to promise him that on his return I would have something written, ready for him. I shall never discover more plainly how the world is nailed up with boards than in an attempt to write a book, especially when Clemens speaks of an open future, and tells me that I shall never enjoy it, if I do not write a book! A book is thick and has many empty pages, and I cannot grasp wherewithal to fill it from the air, and it strikes me that this very thing is putting a fetter upon my freedom.

When I sit down at my pine writing-table, and nothing extraordinary comes into my mind, I cut one grimace after the other into the table, so that all laugh at me, because I can think of nothing; then I throw aside my book containing nothing but the beginnings of verses, without a rhyme. It is really an impossibility. I would do anything in my power, for Clemens' sake, but once for all, thoughts I have none; there were other people before me, I came last, so that say what I would, they have all experienced it before me. Once this spring I went to walk with Clemens, and found a variety of newly sprouted herbs, that I did not know and wanted to gather, but he said: "If you sit down by every catkin and forget-me-not, we cannot go far." I always think of this when I experience anything new in myself, and that others probably know it already, and will find nothing new in it, as in those violets and daisies I wanted to gather by the way-side. Therefore I did not write them down, and because, too, my thoughts cling to me only as butterflies do to flowers, who will catch them? They perceive it directly and fly away; if I do catch one, its beautiful color is soon marred by the ink, or its wings droop. Thoughts flutter so merrily in the air, but on paper they cannot rock as on a flower, and cannot flit from rose to rose, but sit fast, as though pinned down. I can see this by the few I have caught and written. I happened to be just at the end of the garden and ran quickly into the house to write down a thought before I forgot it, and now, as often as I open the book, the thought laughs at me and tells me how stupid I am. I will tear the leaf out for thee where thou canst read the thoughts I have caught like hares on my scanty chase, running home with each one separately from my little thought-forest to write it down, and always up three flights of stairs. Do not think that the three flights were too high for me, but I was ashamed before those stairs, and really shut my eyes because I was afraid they might remark what a beggarly mind I had to bring home those poor naked thought-*Pfeilmuther*, for so they call butterflies in the Tyrol. I learnt that from the Tyrolese at the Fair, who sells gloves at Braunfels; you know, the one with the handsome black beard, of whom thou saidst he has a countenance and not a face. What is a countenance? thou informedst me that it was by the hand of God, created after his own image; but that faces were only imitations at which nature did not

wish to be present, allowing the Philistines to create themselves. Then I asked thee, Have I a countenance? and thou laughest, saying, "It is yet wrapt so closely in the bud that I cannot recognize it." That same evening I stood before my glass and prayed to God that he might let me out of the bud with a countenance, and not with a face, for if I have no countenance, how can I please a countenance? On that evening, too, I inquired of Frau Hoch, because nurses often know a good deal about cosmetics. She told me that if I committed no sin I would never be plain, and I thought if that depended upon it, I would surely beware of sin; but when Frau Hoch went down to make some gruel for the baby, I climbed out upon the flower-stand before the window, and crouched down as low as I could; when she returned she found the room empty; it was dark too, for lights had not been brought. Hoch thought she was alone and was about to say her prayers because the little one still slept. "Now I enter into everlasting life, spake he, bowed his head and expired." This is what I heard of Hoch's prayer in my hiding-place, for I was just thinking if it were not wrong thus to watch her, when it occurred to me that my countenance-bud might be attacked by the mildew of evil; I was wise enough, to be sure, to know that I was committing no capital sin, yet as I desired to be perfectly beautiful without a blemish, I held my ears with both hands, but in doing so was obliged to let go the bar of the stand and nearly fell into the yard below. As I could not hold my ears without falling; I still heard her sing:

Wenn der güldene Morgen blinkt,
Der zu dieser Hochzeit winkt,
Wo die reinen Seraphinen
Bei der hohen Tafel dienen.

When the golden morning calls,
Beckoning to those nuptial halls,
Where the Seraphs, spotless crowd,
Serve us at the kingly board.

I joined singing also. Hoch looked about her into the corners, got a lamp, looked behind the stove, the curtains, everywhere, and could not find me. I stood erect in the window, which I opened and handed her a carnation I had plucked. There she stood with her little wax taper shining upon me,

taking me for an apparition. I threw my arms about her neck, for I am very fond of Hoch, and asked if it were a sin to have listened. She said, "No, it's not exactly a sin; but you might have fallen down into the yard, and we had better sing a song of thanks that you were not hurt."

Der du das Land mit Dunkel pflegst zu decken,
Ach reine mich von jedem leisen Flecken,
Reich mir der Schönheit Kleid,
Dass ich an jedem Morgen meiner Blüthe
Erkennen mag wie deine Gnad sie hüte.

Obschon die Sonne entzogen ihre Wangen,
Obschon ihr Gold der Erde ist entgangen,
Das kränket mich nicht mehr.
Erleucht in mir nur deines Geistes Licht,
Dadurch der Schönheit Geist wird aufgerichtet.

Kann ich des Nachts gleich nicht zum Schlafen kommen,
So mag dies meiner Schönheit dennoch frommen,
Das endet wenn man stirbt.
Gieb nur, O Gott, dass ich so Nacht wie Tag
Der Schönheit Ruhe mir erhalten mag.

Wenn du mich willst, O Schöpfer, einst genießen,
Muss über mich der Born der Schönheit fliessen,—
Wie wollt ich fröhlich sein!
Sonst acht ich Nichts was Muth und Blut beliebt,
Noch was die Welt, noch was der Himmel giebt.

Thou who in night art wont to clothe the Earth,
Make pure my heart from stain of sinful mirth,
Clothe me in beauteous garb.
That I each morning of my budding days
May learn to see the mercy of thy ways.

Although the sun obscures its radiant face,
Although the gold hath vanished with its rays,
The darkness grieves me not.
Yet flasheth in my soul Thy Spirit's light,
Wherein my inward beauty groweth bright.

If sleep will not enfold me in his arms,
May yet my inward beauty not be harmed,
Death endeth worldly pangs.
Grant me, O God! throughout this night and day,
Serenest beauty while on earth I stay.

That when I end, I may to thee aspire,
Light up my beauty in Thy holy fire,
In blissful happiness!
Naught else I heed for which man strives and lives,
Naught that the Earth or even Heaven gives.

Hoch said, "You have made a fine heresy of that song; no one will take it for a hymn." — But I sung it with real de-

votion ; yet if it is sinful, we will sing a hymn of penance, for fear I might in the end have a beard. — “ For my part, I think you would be very well pleased to have a beard.”

Next morning Tonie went to the Tyrolese, and I accompanied her in order to impress myself with his countenance. For, thought I, if we write a thing deeply into our heart, it will bloom there in the end. While Tonie was selecting her gloves, a butterfly came fluttering across the Maine, and alighted on the nosegay on his hat. Ah, see ! the butterfly on your hat ; he was allured by the flowers ! “ What sort of a thing is a butterfly ? ” asked the Tyrolese, and exclaimed as he saw it fly, “ Ei ! that is a *Pfeilmuher*, and no butterfly. Thou art a butterfly,” he added, putting his arm round my neck and kissing me on the mouth. Tonie made an angry face, and left her gloves. “ Na,” he called after her, “ don’t take offence, Miss ; you see the little girl don’t mind it.” This made Tonie laugh, and she turned to purchase her gloves. I’ve always wanted to write down this story, but for a book it is too short and will not do, because there is nothing else to happen. Clemens says I shall write down whatever enters my head ; he thinks that’s like a market-place. I am to write all about the Convent ; but do read the foolish thoughts that I put down in my book, and say yourself if it is possible to add anything more to them. Besides, I have written everything on the inside of the cover, because I thought I should want all the room. I need not have done so, as I’ve got no further than the cover these four weeks. Thus it begins : “ Could not Virtue also be called Genius, and do we climb to the sublime so slowly and heavily, but because we have no genius ? ”

This was thought on the poplar which I can climb so easily. I saw how the birds flew up, and thought within me : Thou hast no Genius, but must slowly and wearily climb to everything, and must come down after all, not being able to hold thyself. Then I distinctly felt how unsteady and unattainable everything is within me ; how a fire burns within, and every art lies so near that I could grasp it, and my cheeks glow and burn when I think of the distance with its golden mountains. I stand as though I carried the magic wand in my hand ; all within me is spirit ; but when it is to manifest itself, I stick to the book-cover and wearily carry in grain for grain of sand. When I had got down from the

poplar and up the stairs, to put down my first paper-thought that is grinning at me yet, I still feel like rocking myself awhile in the sunset, for rocking gives me thoughts. But hardly had I got up the poplar half way when I thought of something else, so I quickly clambered down and ran upstairs to write: Man must be in harmony with himself; one with head, heart, hand, and tongue.

I stood still awhile before my production, and thought I might as well have kept my seat in the tree for all it was worth, and regretted that I had blotted my book with it. But because Clemens tells me to write everything down that passes through my head, I meant to carry it out. How I am pleased with this thought, and can make something great of it if I give it a sublime interpretation, thus verifying everything I write by force without knowing why! Yes, I feel that this one is connected with the first thought; indeed it is the genius of virtue if man be in harmony with himself; and certain it is that most men are not.

Ah, there, I do not want a moral to cross my way; I'd rather go on writing down my thoughts; then I shall paste something over the cover not to see them any more. By and by, perhaps, I may think of something else that is not so hard to get at. Well, I mounted my poplar once more, for it seemed to me that only up there I could think. But hardly was I up when I had to come down again, really feeling inspired. I ran up my three flights of stairs with joy: "To feed the mind, that is religion." Ha, if I could only do that, I thought, as I was again seated on my poplar, not intending to come down again, because it was very beautiful to see the sky red with the sunset, and the myriad air-crystals shooting purple rays.

How much have I seen of colors and waving tree-tops, of blended tints and brightness in the distance, and how kind Nature was to me, just as though I never denied her by my nonsense on paper!

All independent thought seems to me like sin, when I am surrounded by nature; had one not better listen to her? I know thou thinkest that thought is derived by listening to it, but no, that is very different. When I watch Nature, for listening I will not call it, as it is more than the ear can compass; but the soul can watch. Seest thou, I feel everything as it passes within her; I feel the sap that rises up into the

top of the trees, rising in my blood. I stand thus and listen, and then I perceive, — not exactly think, at least not that I am aware, — but wait and hear how it goes on. All that I look upon, I suddenly perceive, — just as though I were Nature itself, or rather everything she produces; blades of grass as they shoot up out of the earth, this I feel to the very root; all flowers and all buds I feel differently. If I look at the great rose-bush on the Inselberg, the flowers all faded, yet putting forth new shoots; all this reaches my heart by something, shall I call it language? With what then does one touch the soul? is that language not the love that touches the soul as man is touched by a kiss? Perhaps it is; then that which I experience of Nature is certainly language, for it kisses my soul; what else should it be if it were not this! now pay attention:

“To kiss is the form, and to receive within us what we touch is the form, is the kiss; form indeed is born within us.” Therefore language is kissing, we are kissed by each word in a poem; but all that is not poetry, is not spoken, it is only growled, as by dogs. What indeed wilt thou do with language but touch the soul; and what is the object of a kiss but to receive the forms and touch the soul, which is all the same. I have learnt it of Nature, she is constantly kissing me; may I go or stand where I will, she kisses me, and I am already so accustomed to it that I run to meet her with my eyes, for they are the mouth Nature kisses. Thou mayst believe it, I feel that a bud kisses me differently from a flower, and why? they are different in form, but this kissing is speaking, and I could say: Nature, thy kiss speaks to my very soul. That is a thought too, which I wrote in my book, and I shall let it stand, because I can carry it out. Ah, when I look around and see the branches stretching towards me and speaking to, that is, kissing my soul, all things eaking, and all look at clinging with its lips to the lips of my soul, when color, form, fragrance, all will manifest themselves in language, — is not then color the tone, form the word, and fragrance the spirit, and can I not say all Nature speaks to me, that is, kisses my soul; on this the soul must thrive, it is its element, for each living thing in Nature has its element. The element of the soul, then, is to see, to watch, to impress itself with form, which is the language of Nature. Nature has a soul of its own besides, and this soul will also be kissed and nourished, just as my soul is nourished by Na-

ture's language, when I am penetrated by it, (for there are moments when the soul is burning with the fire of life, when it is entirely and wholly that which it has received within itself, namely the manifestation of Nature, when in its turn it recognizes Nature as in want of nourishment;) so I stood before her imparting my spirit, and kissing her with the lips of my soul.

See, this is Spirit; it was not contemplation, but primeval Spirit of Life, without earthly form; thought is the earthly form of Spirit. But my spirit did not take this form in speaking to it; it was not thought, neither was it feeling nor perception, for those seem different to me again; it was Will — yes, Will, that made the soul look at Nature so clearly and firmly, as though it would return to her all it had given, namely, Life. This it is; it is reciprocal action, all that lives gives life and must receive life. Do not believe that all' people live; they are alive, to be sure, but they do not live; I feel that in myself I only live when I stand in mutual reciprocation with Nature. Thus I have learnt, too, that tears need not be a necessary consequence of pain or joy — they can be a natural consequence, as sleep is the consequence of an excited mind. I must often suddenly weep without having first been moved, this must certainly be because nature so fills my soul and secretly causes emotions that make it weep. Often too I lay myself down on the ground, into the velvety black mould of the newly ploughed earth, that sends up its warm steam, warming me, for I am cold. Yes, my spirit chills within me, but when I lie down on the ground, directly I feel how the warmth thrills through my head and breast, and involuntarily I fold my hands as if in prayer. Mark now, all this has not been thought, and still it is spirit — spirit in reciprocate action with Nature. I am really glad to have found the word to-day; I would sooner have spoken of it to thee, but that I could not find the words. I could tell thee quite other things yet, because I am not at all afraid of thee and thy scolding; thou wilt agree with me, that as high as the soul can take its flight, so high it may soar, for why has God given it wings; soul is really flight. I must laugh at Lotte, who speaks of consistency; that is not spirit, inconsistency is spirit; to hover hither and thither on the wing, to unite with everything it comes in contact with, that is Spirit, — to change directly into that with which it unites;

thus true Spirit changes to Nature, because it is met by her everywhere, because its contact with her alone is Spirit; it would not be, were it not Nature that stood deeply in need of it; it is that which calls it into life each moment. Spirit is a continuous giving birth to life that it may kiss Nature and receive its forms. Nature absorbs all the forms of the Spirit and on those it lives, and as Spirit flows down through all forms and unites with it, so Nature can compass herself in own forms, in which consists her divine charm; charm is enchantment, — but whence can charm arise but from self-comprehension? There, that is something new again, which we will discuss to-morrow. My shoulders ache from writing this evening. This I would only say: My spirit, or through me my spirit speaks with Nature, while I remain perfectly passive. I do not recollect, I think nothing, and have no contemplation; but afterwards I can tell thee about it as thou seest. To-day, then, for the first time, by the union of the Spirit with Nature thoughts were begotten, that have afterwards been produced. But what kind of thoughts are they? one could call them lies, follies, or fables, and consequently no thoughts, for how can I prove them? of what use are they, and to what do these thoughts tend? Yes, that is just the thing. Spirit-thoughts effect nothing that already is, they are ever producing anew. Dost thou see again that I am right; because Spirit and Nature meet, they are constantly alive, and constantly producing anew; if we are to enter a new life after this life, how shall we do it, if the Spirit does not reproduce itself over into the other world? It must then bear itself like a babe in its mother; it must be pregnant with itself and nourish itself, until it is a ripened fruit within, then it will bring itself forth, — how and when, that is all the same; a ripe fruit always comes into the world; the world was before the fruit, and it cannot fall down from the world to which its life aspires, it can only be born into it. The Spirit then, that always kisses Nature, that is, drinks in her language, nourishes itself from it, in order to bring itself forth; Nature does the same, she ripens fruit of the Spirit for the future by her contact with it, and thus will the new-born fruit of the Spirit enter into a higher and more perfect state, for God never deviates from Nature, and it is always that by which the new-born soul is met, again to be kissed by its forms, that is, to receive its language, which speaks to the soul; by which the soul is

fed ; it certainly must be so with all living beings who have advanced so far that their spirit is free, and they can think independently. All men suffer the same contact with Nature, only they do not know it. I am just as they are, with only this difference, that I am conscious, for I have had the heart, urgently, and with passionate love to ask. Some indeed read it as a poetic fable, that Nature begs for release ; others are filled with awe when they stand alone in the unbroken silence of Nature, their hearts are oppressed and they know neither to awaken the spirit within themselves nor to subdue, but unfeelingly avoid it, although an inner voice tells them that something is taking place to which they should yield themselves up ; but then they are overcome with fear and withdraw again into the habits of daily life, where one meal dismisses another until sleep comes over them and a day and night are spent ; and is this what one should live for ? No, that can never be !

The thought has long haunted me, " Why dost thou live ? " particularly when I sometimes go to walk at sunset in the woods by the Homburg chaussée, I would stand still and ask myself this. There I heard, felt that sad stillness of Nature, and it stood like a wall of separation between me and her, for I felt distinctly that I did not reach her. Then thought I, if there were not a nearer living relation between us, I could not so plainly feel the separation. Does not my soul plainly perceive how sad it is ? It does then approach thee livingly, and thou art aware that she has a spirit belonging to herself alone which she would communicate. So I took heart, intending to speak with her, but did not know if I should do it aloud as with men, for to kiss its form, and thus communicate with it, was not plain to me, although I have no doubt done it unconsciously in the Convent, for about the Convent I can tell the most remarkable things. I thought one Sunday morning, as we returned from church at Brugel, that in the afternoon I would seek a solitary place, and there speak loudly with her as one speaks with men. I fairly shuddered as I slipped from the garden where we were assembled with others, going along the road by the woods ; then following the brook that rushed towards me. I came to a rocky place where the brook divides, and winds on, rushing and foaming. There I stood for a while, and the rushing seemed to me like sighs breathed by a child, so I spoke as I would

have done to a child. Dear one, what troubles thee?— and when I had said it, I shuddered and felt ashamed, as though I had spoken to one far above me. I threw myself suddenly down, and hid my face in the grass, and at first I was so overcome, that I did not know where I was; but by and by I came to myself, and as I lay there, with my face deeply hidden, I was so tender,— ah, I tell thee, a thousand sweet things gushed from the lips of my soul,— a desire to love Nature, and I do not know what else passed. I could hardly rise from the place where I lay, but felt my head growing very hot; on raising it I found the sun shining vigorously upon it, and nothing around me was sombre and sad; all was alive, and it seemed as if my soul had received new life; the waves of the brook curling round the stones seemed to come fuller and louder. I had to look at them deeply, and learnt to retain their forms, the more earnestly I gazed. I lay beneath two great pines, the branches of which touched the ground, looking at the fine-painted leaves so regularly placed, with the little sticky buds between, which they protect in their midst. Then, thought I, there is no thought as vigorous and true as this tree, and never have I heard men's speech, of which the thought bore the bud of the future within it; therefore, everything is so flat and lifeless, for all that lives must bear the bud of the future within it, else is it nothing. So too must it be with the actions of men, else are they sinful. Then I considered how it would be possible for each action to contain the germ of the future. I soon found it thus: Each deed must have the highest aim, and this high aim is the bud of the future. Oh, I would rule the world, and people should wonder! I learnt how it was to be done in Nature, in that first moment, and you may believe that I would never go wrong. At first, when the old walls will come down, there may be a great deal of dust, but, when the dust has settled, a brighter, fairer sky. And, as I lay on the ground, my tears mingled with the mould. My shoulders ache; I can write no more, although I have yet so much to tell thee! It is morning; the sun is coming already. Good-night.

MONDAY.

I thought in my sleep to-day that I was very happy ; all that I wrote to thee yesterday was only indicated by the following dry words in my book : " All forms are letters ; know how to combine the forms, and thou hast the word, (kiss,) and by this the sense, (thought,) the food of love of the soul." No one will become wise by this, and probably no one will care to ; such thoughts, when we keep them, are like dried prunes, all wrinkled and hard. No, it is impossible to make a book out of what passes through my head ; it is rude stuff, and refractory when I would put it into thoughts. No one can make use of them ; even Clemens would think my wits were wandering. By thee I expect to be patiently listened to, as it cannot be altered. Thou takest pains to concentrate my thoughts, (which means to fix them on one thing, I believe) ; but that thou wilt never be able to do, for I cannot force myself to do it, although I often say to myself : Only half an hour's patience every day and you will soon become master of all you desire to learn ; — and when I think this, I shudder as though I had sinned in my thoughts.

Yesterday grandmamma called me to her, and talked to me about my *probable* capabilities, saying : Who cannot fill the wine into vessels, cannot keep it. She held me by both hands, looking at me so earnestly that I promised her everything ; but when she said, Do study Latin, and I had promised, a wicked fear befell me, and my heart beat with impatience that she might let me go, but, out of reverence, I stood still before her ; so, seeing how my cheeks burned, she said : " Go out into the fresh air, dear child ; to-morrow we will speak further." Directly I climbed upon the roof of the laundry, and, catching a branch of the acacia, I climbed into the tree, and embracing it, begged its pardon for having promised to learn Latin.

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

I have received thy letters, written since my departure, and must remain cold not to be scorched by thy flames ; yet I seek to feel with thee, and my efforts are not in vain. I am astonished to see how powerfully thou art affected by all this, and that thy health does not suffer ; for I am convinced

that thou dost not sleep much ; and then this restless life, each moment of which offers thee a new stimulus I believe myself thou hast a demon to strengthen thee, else how couldst thou bear it all ? And thy heart, is it not filled to overflowing ? The gardener, Moritz, the Frenchman, Clemens, and I too ; thy early wanderings in the bosket ; thou dost not take sleep enough, and canst not endure it long ; I myself do not feel here as usual. The future does not seem bright, and I take less delight in the living, in the world of fancy that our imagination formerly conjured up so luxuriantly, that it quite absorbed reality ; but this will change when we meet, and I think this winter earnestly to overcome it. I am at present studying the distinguished Spartan women, having laid down the outlines of a tragedy. If I cannot be heroic, and am always ill from hesitation and timidity, I will at least fill my soul with that heroism, and feed it with that vital power in which I am so sadly deficient, and to the want of which I can no doubt attribute the melancholy that so often befalls me.

But do not fear for me ; there are only moments when I am seized as by an icy frost, but it never withstands the glow of thy spring-like letters. Yesterday and to-day there is a blooming and budding within me, — re-reading them always makes me happier, and thankful to thee. About Clemens, too, thou writest what pleases me. Farewell — thy letter on Nature gave me especial pleasure ; it was like the twittering of young birds, still unfledged nurselings in the nest, watched by their tender mother ; but perhaps when they are fledged, they will take their flight, as laws given by Nature for the mind capable of receiving them as divine, though in letters they may not be compassed, at least not in our century. — Are those all the thoughts thou hast set down in thy book ? Oh, do not lose any of them ! I send thee a few songs ; read them as one would a poem, without too much effect, and think, too, that the metre sometimes influences the mood, and fear not that I am too sad. Poetry is balm on the wounds of non-fulfilment in our lives. In time they heal, and from the blood that moistened the soil of the soul, the mind has cultivated beautiful red flowers, that blossom a day, when it is sweet to draw the fragrance of recollection from them. The "Pilgrims" was written about eight

days ago; the "River of Lethe" was influenced by thy intercourse with the Emigrants, I do not know how.

Has St. Clair returned? was he with thee?

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

Ten days already thou art absent, and every day the Jew comes with his empty bag, which I made him turn inside out to-day, because I surely thought to find the long-expected letter; nothing but bread-crumbs however fell out, and not a crumb of thy words for me. I do not crave them when I know that all is as it was, and thou art well. If thou canst find nothing to say to me, then collect my religious doctrines from my letters; I have yet many after-thoughts streaming from the intoxicating springs of Nature, from which I think I ought to dip.

There is an eternal round of visiting at grandmamma's; to-day we promenaded with no less than seventeen Principalities in the garden, grandmamma most astonishingly outshining them all in grace and dignity. Isenburg, Reus-Erbahc, and several Hessian Highnesses, besides the Duke of Gotha, who has been as regular in the house as our daily bread for some time past. Every afternoon he drives over, makes me read despatches and journals to him, after which he goes into the garden, where he has planted some beans that I must help him water. Grandmamma speaks of his genius, but I am pleased to be treated by him like a child; he calls me thou! never asks me anything but what I can answer with yes or no, and more than that I have not said to him as yet. In the garden he makes me carry the umbrella in the sun, and he takes the watering-pot; but the last time he was so weak that he had to put it down, so I suggested to him to carry the umbrella and let me take the watering-pot; he believed it would be too heavy, but since he has seen me carry it with outstretched arm, to keep my dress from getting wet, he calls me the strong maiden. His red hair has a desperate cut, like a field of grain struck by a hail-storm, and his face is so pale that he has the appearance of a ghost at twilight; and I was always afraid of him when he accompanied me through the bosket at dusk. Grandmamma had received all the Highnesses as they left their carriages, protesting

against their coming into the summer-house; but into the summer-house they would go, so that soon it could hardly contain them. In the garden the Duke made peach-lemonade, for he is fond of mixing and brewing; I had to get everything, and bring it to the honeysuckle arbor, he calling me *strong maiden* all the while, so that I passed with the whole assembly as so rare a phenomenon. At last he told me to go to the bean plantation and see that the broadfooted, bandylegged promenaders did not trample it down, so I got Shawell and sat down in the middle of it, passing unnoticed for the rest of the time. It really was refreshing, for I was confused and tired; I can endure everything but the impetuous language of men without fire or aim, brandishing in the air, never interrogating and giving no impulse; silence would be far better. But before that is custom, however many advantages it may offer, much water will flow down the Maine. In the evening we all went to the bosket to hear the music, it was illuminated by colored lamps, and the orange-trees on the terrace by the river were in full bloom. Ah, how tired and overcome I was! what I dreamt I do not know, but it was beautiful, for I awakened in a maze of pleasurable sensations, but so dizzy that the strong maiden was led home by the hand of the Duke, who returned to town, and called to me as he drove off, "Go to bed strong maiden, thou art quite pale."

The 17th.

St. Clair was here to-day between ten and one o'clock; I was not yet up, having asked grandmamma's permission to sleep as long as I liked, the orange fragrance of the night before having quite overcome me. He was expecting me behind the poplar hedge.

There is a woe before which one grows mute; the soul too would be buried, no more to feel that so much grief can gather over one heart; and how could it? I ask, and here is the answer, — because there is no more healing love to grant release. Shall we ever understand that all sad fate is our own fate, — that all must be healed by love, in order ourselves to be healed. But we are no longer conscious of our own disease, not of our ossified senses. That this is disease we do not feel, nor that we are insane, and more so than he whose genius should illumine his native land, but was

extinguished in the turbid pool of commonplaces that slowly collect. Has not Nature given us an inborn healing spirit? But we are so unreasonable that the hard stones will easier develop it within themselves than we. No, we cannot heal; we do not let the spirit of healing be born in us, and therein lies our insanity. It certainly seems to me with Hölderlin as though a divine power had overwhelmed him with its floods. It was Language sweeping along in its overpowering rapid stream that flooded his senses, drowning them in its waves; and when the currents had subsided, the senses were left weak, and the power of the mind broken — dead. St. Clair too says that it is so, and adds, "Listening to him is like listening to the raging wind; for he rushes ever onward in hymns that cease often, as when the wind is shifting, and then he is seized as with a keener knowledge, making one lose the idea of his insanity entirely, and with that which he says of Poetry and Language he seems near unveiling their divine mystery; and then again all becomes dark to him; he wearies in the confusion, fearing not to make himself understood. Language, he says, forms thought; for it is greater than the human mind, which is only a slave to Language, and so long will the mind of man not be most perfect, as it is not alone called forth by it. The laws of the mind, however, are metric, which is perceptible in Language, that throws its net over the mind, caught in which it must utter the Divine. As long as the Poet must seek the accent, and is not carried away by the rhythm, his poetry will contain no truth; for Poesy is not silly, senseless rhyme, in which no deep mind can find pleasure, but Poesy is — that the mind only can express itself rhythmically; that only in rhythm its language lies, while that which is not poetical, is neither intellectual, consequently unrhythmical, and it were not worth while to force feelings into rhyme, where the spirit of language is so poor that nothing remains but the carefully studied art of rhyming, which throttles the utterance of the mind. Only that mind was poetical which bore the secret of an inborn rhythm within it, and only with this rhythm could it become living and visible, for this is its soul; but verses were only shadows, no minds with souls. There were higher laws for Poesy; all emotions of the feelings developed according to new laws not applicable to others; for all truth was prophetic, and threw the flood of its radiance on the

times to come, and to Poesy alone it was reserved to spread this light; therefore mind must and could only issue from it. Mind was alone produced by inspiration. Only to him will rhythm yield, in whom the mind becomes vitalized!" And again, "He who recognizes Poesy in the divine sense, must acknowledge the mind of the Most High as beyond his intellectual law, subjecting all law to Him. 'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt!' Therefore must he build himself no laws, because Poesy will never allow itself to be confined, and versification will ever be an empty dwelling, haunted only by goblins. Law in Poesy is the form of the idea in which the mind must move, but not retard its steps. Law, to which man would reduce the Divine, deadens the form of the idea, and thus the Divine cannot be received into the human mind. The body was Poesy, form of the idea; and this, when seized by the tragic, became *fatally positive*, for murder flows from the words of the Divine, and the form of the idea, which is the body of Poesy, commits murder; thus it is a tragic element, pouring life into the idea-form (Poesy), as everything is tragic. The life in the word (in the body) was resurrection (vitality positive) emanating from the murdered. Death was the origin of Life. To confine Poesy to laws was like the mind clinging to cords, and swaying between them to give it the appearance of flying. But an eagle, not measuring its flight — although the jealous sun would hold it down — with secretly active soul in elevated consciousness, yet avoiding this consciousness, thus retaining the possible vitality of the mind, — in him will the mind brood itself, taking flight, often borne on in the rush of sacred rhythm, then floating and soaring back and forth in holy intoxication, yielding to the Divine, and only conscious that rhythm is perpetual flight towards the sun."

The next day he said further, "There were two figures of art, or two laws of calculation; the one showing itself on equal elevation with the godlike, in the beginning of a work of art inclining towards the end; the other, darting from the Divine light like a free sunbeam, seeking a resting-place in the human mind, inclines its equilibrium from the end to the beginning. Then did the mind rise from despair to holy frenzy, in so far as this were the highest human manifestation in which the soul surpassed all utterance of words, leading it into the light of the poetic god, where it becomes dazzled and

so penetrated by light that it withers, losing its original luxuriance in the strong sunlight. But a soil thus thoroughly scorched were on the point of resurrection; it were a preparation for the superhuman, and only free Poesy it was which could thus be translated from one life to another. It was the fate of the innocent intellectual nature to conform to the organic in the actively heroic as well as in a state of passive suffering. Each work of art was a rhythm in which the *cæsura* afforded a moment's recollection of the resistance of the mind, and then, rapidly borne on by the Divine, flew towards the end. Thus did the poetic god reveal himself. The *cæsura* was just that vital equipoise of the human mind upon which that divine ray found rest. This inspiration, created by contact with the ray, puts it in motion, makes it sway, and this is Poesy, drawing from the primordial light, powerfully pouring down all its rhythm over the Spirit of the Times and of Nature, bringing the sensuous, the object to meet it, when by this contact inspiration mightily arises in the human mind, which moment must be seized by the Poet, who openly and without reserve of his character must yield himself up to it. Thus were the great rays of divine Poesy ever yet accompanied by the individual human nature of the Poet, sometimes as tragical lassitude, sometimes relentlessly darting through the flames ignited by divine heroism, or the yet unwritten world of the Dead, which by the inner law of the mind receives its rotation; then again as a dreamy naïve devotion to the poetic spirit, or as amiable resignation in misfortune, — thus bringing the primal nature of the Poet into objectivity with the heroic perfection of the Divine."

I would yet fill pages for thee of Hölderlin's remarks written down by St. Clair during those eight days, for I have taken all this from them, together with that verbally communicated by St. Clair. Once Hölderlin said, that all rhythm, the entire fate of man was nothing but a heavenly rhythm, and each work of art was a single rhythm, all rising from the Poet lips of God, and where the human mind yielded to that, it became a glorified fate, in which Genius showed itself; composing was a conflict for truth, and often it was in plastic, often in athletic spirit that the word seizes the body (*metre*), often too in the hesperian, which is the spirit of observation, producing poetic ecstasies, when the feet move joyously to Poets' tones, while necessarily the

senses are lost in framing the ideas of the dominant spiritual influence of the time. This last form of metre is a solemn, hymnical inspiration, sometimes plunging into night, where it becomes prophetic in darkness, sometimes flowing over all that daylight illumines. Opposed to this, as the humane period, stands the terrible Muse of the tragic period; she thinks, that he who cannot comprehend this, will never arrive at an understanding of the sublime works of Greek art, the construction of which is a divinely organic one, which has not proceeded from human reason, but from a dedication to the incomprehensible. The God thus used the Poet as an arrow with which to hurl rhythm from his bow; and he who neither feels, nor yields to this, will never have either the skill or athletic virtue that constitute the Poet, and such an one would be too weak, not being capable of comprehending himself in matter, nor in the world-view of an earlier, nor the later conceptions of the tendency of our times, and no poetic form would be revealed to him. Poets who adapt themselves to given forms, can only repeat the spirit they give; seating themselves like birds on a bough on the tree of language, they sway according to the primal rhythm lying at its root, but never will they soar as eagles of intellect, brooded by the living spirit of Language. I understand everything in this, although much is strange to me concerning the poetic art, of which I have either not a clear conception or none at all, but I understand the spirit better from Hölderlin's views than from St. Clair's instruction. All this must be sacred and important to thee. Ah, such an one as Hölderlin, passionately carried away in labyrinthine search, we too must meet somewhere, if we follow the Divine with as pure a heroism as he. His words are to me as oracles which, as priest of the god, he utters in his frenzy, and certainly all ways of the world must seem insane to him, for he comprehends them not. And yet, how is the intellect of those constituted who do not consider themselves insane? — is it not insanity too, but such that no deity has part therein? I perceive that that is called insanity which finds no echo in the mind of others; but within me all this finds an echo, and I feel the answer rising from yet profounder depths than those of mere comprehension. My soul is like the Donnergebirge (thunder-mountain), one echo wakes another, and so the words of the insane one will ever reverberate in my soul.

Günderode, because thou writest me that my doing, thinking, and writing fills thy soul, I will not cease ; in future all will be revealed to thee, and I myself, as Hölderlin has it, "will change into the form of the Poet-god," if I have only power of comprehension !—fire I certainly have, — but it seems that I feel a fate in my soul, that is wholly rhythm, which the God hurls from his bow, and I too will not rest on the cæsura where, against my own conflicting judgment, he ordains my divine being, but will tear myself away and in his rhythm rise to heaven. How else could I attain it ? O, never ! I would fall to the ground like everything not pre-ordained to fly. And thou, Günderode, noble as thou art in thy poetic flights, is not that the vibrating sinew of the Poet-god's bow ? letting us also feel its aim, in these soft dream-borne songs : —

Drum lass mich wie mich der Moment geboren
In ewigen Kreisen drehen sich die Horen
Die Sterne wandlen ohne festen Stand.

Then leave me all unchanged as I was born :
In endless rounds the Hours ever turn,
The speeding Stars will never find a goal.

Dost thou not say the same thing here ? sounds not so the echo from the ode in Hölderlin's soul.

Ah, I do not know why we should not stand in awe of this sublimity, this greatness, even if no echo brings it to our comprehension, for still we know that the unfettered mind will rise in triumph above sufferings imposed upon it by a Divine hand, to the halls of light. But we ! do we untried ones know if we shall ever see the dawn ? I know now that I must follow him much more ; but enough of this between us. He is an apparition to my senses, and into my thought he infuses light.

BETTINE.

PART II.

If thou art penetrated by a higher conception of any human mind, then do not doubt but it is the true one, as all are born to the Ideal ; where thou art aware of it, thou canst also make it apparent from the spirit within.

He who denies the Ideal in himself, can never understand it in others, even if it were perfectly expressed. In him who recognizes the Ideal in others it will even unfold unconsciously.

PART II.

FRANKFORT.

TO GÜNDERODE.

Clemens sends thee a thousand greetings ; I must write this first because he stands behind me, compelling me to do so. He speaks of a bullfinch that is in love with thee, and so charmingly stupid that he prophesies thou wilt not resist him, as he knows thy weakness for stupidity, pouncing upon it like a bird of prey on a new-fledged gosling ; he says he has seen thee several times watching and hovering with greedy eyes over some phenomenon of stupidity, and that thou wouldst never have permitted an attempt at rescue, that in the Rheingau thou wert certainly making chase after them, while here the rarest specimens would run into thy hands, besides several to be seen for very little money.

He has just taken his hat to go and engage seats for the puppet-show, where he intends to take Pauline to demonstrate the inside of her stomach to her. He says she has a puppet-show in her body, and, whenever she speaks, he answers either to Pantalon, Scaramutch, Clown, or Columbine, &c. Thus, as often as she speaks, he answers to a different person of the show, and so drolly, that the theatre, namely, Pauline's stomach, is most shaken by the laughter. His wit is inexhaustible, and every one runs after him. Thy absence has visibly affected him, and he wishes he could induce thee to return ; but thou wilt not leave the Gardens of Dionysius, where thou canst every morning taste the ripe fruit God hangs before thy window, to see the bears dance at our dusty fair.

Had not Clemens expected me here, I would gladly have remained on the Rhine with thee. I thought of it often, and think Franz would not have objected. How pleasant it would have been ; we would have roamed everywhere, where other people do not go ; often a little hidden spot, unknown

to any one, is the loveliest in the world. I tell thee, we would have discovered little springs, deep in among the high grass and stones, solitary huts in the woods, and perhaps caves. How I like to pry out Nature step for step. Besides, I think we had better look about us for a spot on which to build our huts. Thou on a mountain overlooking the land, and I in the valley, where the herbage is luxuriant and all is hidden, or in the woods; but we must live within call of one another. Thou callest through a speaking-trumpet, "Bet-time, come up!" and I will come, the canary-bird flying before, because he knows already whither we are bound, and the spaniel barking behind, for down in the valley one must have a dog. Listen!—In spring we would take our sticks and wander as though we were hermits, and not say that we are girls. Thou must wear a false beard, because thou art tall, else no one will believe it; but only a small, becoming one; and I will pass for thy little brother, because I am small, but I shall have to cut my hair off. Such a journey we will make in May-flower time; but will we not miss the strawberries? for in the valley everything will be covered, first with violets, and then with strawberries, on which we will live six weeks; cabbage we will not plant, but return in fall to eat the grapes. Oh, could it only be true of one summer! It seems to me that one could wish to live so ever and ever. Truly, all my wisdom beams to me from thy countenance. There is more than enough that reaches me, if I only look at thee; thou speakest even if thou art silent, for thou art a great but a revealed secret. Thy spirit puts me asleep, so that I dream I am awake, feeling everything as in a dream, which is well, else it would confuse me.

As soon as Clemens came home, he asked for my letter, as he wished to add something too; but I drew his attention from it by telling him all sorts of things about thee, for I did not want him to read my plan of living with thee as a hermit, because he certainly would have come out with it in his puppet-play. I gave him an account of our sail on the Rhine by moonlight, with the deck of the boat converted into an orangery. He seemed much pleased, inquiring about all that had happened, the conversation, the shores, the moon. I told him, for I remembered everything, each breeze that arose, and how the moon gleamed through the windows and arches of the old castles. He asked too what we had spoken

of; I told him nothing, or very little, for Nature had been so very silent. When he had finished questioning me, he left, locking the door after him, and telling me that I must make a poem of what I had just told him; that I needed only write it down in little sentences, whether they rhymed or not, he could easily teach me to rhyme. So off he went, locking the door, and called to me from outside: "You will not come out until you have made a poem." There I stood, quite bewildered; I had not thought of writing it down. But it did make me think of verse-making, and how strange that is! how in feeling itself there is an impulse, which the verse breaks, and how, like a degrading fetter, rhyme often is to the tender emotions of the soul! Correct me if I mistake; but is it not probable that rhyme and metre so influence the original thought, that they adulterate it? On the whole, it is music that most moves the soul. I have long since experienced that, because nothing can move the senses, and through these the soul, as music. That by which thou art moved is sound, striking its responsive tones, that awaken the echoes within thee, until all harmony is roused. Between this thought wanders, choosing the melody by which to reveal itself to the soul.

This seems to me the way in which thought is wedded to spirit. Now I can better understand that rhythm has an organic connection with thought, and that the limited conception of the human mind, guided by rhythm, learns to comprehend thought in its glorified state, and sees the deeper meanings it reveals, and that as inspiration will yield to rhythm, it gradually becomes purified, leaving philosophy to appear as the highest intellectual poesy, as revelation, as constant development of the mind. consequently as religion; for what shall I do with a stagnant religion? I do not think as thou dost, that philosophy will become poesy in the end. No; but it strikes me that it will become, or is the blossom, surprising us in each thought with the purest, most untrammelled poesy, being ever anew — God's language in the soul. God is poesy, and nothing else, which men translate into a dead language, not understood by the unlearned, but to the learned only a gratification of their conceit. Thus, then, the doings of men everywhere hinder the vital spirit in everything, in every art, so that the inspiration through which they could perceive the divine is separated from them. I must be brief, else I would express myself better.

The medium between God and the soul is Music; thought is the blossom of omnipresent Spirit, as melody is the blossom of harmony.

All that is revealed to the human mind is melody, borne by the omnipresence of Spirit; it is God's poesy. In it feeling unveils to its perception and enjoyment, budding in the sun of the Spirit, — I call it Love; the mind forms itself in it, and becomes the blossom of the poesy of God, — I call it Philosophy. I do not think that we can comprehend philosophy; the blossom must first ripen in us. God alone is the omnipresence of Spirit, the harmony of Wisdom. But I did not want to say all this; my head burns, and my heart throbs too loudly, to let me see clearly when I want to think. I intended to speak about rhyming.

Rhymes, when I am forming them, seem so trifling to me, and I always think: Ah, thought does not want to be rhymed, or would take another direction, in which I hinder it. Why shall I bend the boughs, so freely swaying out into the air, absorbing so many streams of delicate life? What do I care to have it symmetrically clipped? I like to rove amid luxuriantly wild foliage, in which here and there a fluttering bird startles me, or a bough brushes against my forehead, awakening me, when old habit would lull me to sleep. And is not perhaps the soul of Thought itself that which guides the senses, and shall we not follow it?

In fine then, my poem was not produced; how could I have bungled over our orange-blossom night, and our rapturous solitude, in each moment of which that feeling was expressed that before I called God's-poesy, Wisdom. Oh, no, such sweet dreaminess I did not want to roll into single thought-shadows. Let the dream go on, or let it dissolve, but do not confine in narrow verse that which spreads such delicate boughs into the air, let it blossom on till it fades. You see, these little poetic monsters of remarks are only made in regard to myself. I love Poesy, it fills me with inspiration in thee and in others, but not for myself.

When Clemens released me from my imprisonment, I had rhymed Frau Hoch's tale of the Jester who taught his King to catch fish, by casting the net over the King and dipping him into the water, saying: thus fools catch fish, but a king in a net will catch none.

At the puppet-show, Clemens was in an overflowing humor, wit escaped him like the sparks of a firework ignited in

his pocket. Every moment a rocket rose, till at last the fun of the show overcame him, and laughter checked his wit.

Yesterday we strolled through the Judengasse (Jew-street), many strange figures came and vanished, so that one might have taken them for ghosts. It was twilight already and I begged to go home; but Clemens would call, see here! and, see there how he looks! till I thought they were all running after me, and I was glad enough to get home.

Farewell, I do not feel secure here now that thou art away, and I cannot go to thee and rest and come to myself. I feel quite strange.

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

As thy letter begins with a thousand greetings from Clemens, do answer them in my name. I am sorry that I cannot be with thee, but the air and the grapes are doing my eyes good, and I feel generally better. Your doings would highly delight me, especially the puppet-show; — I pass over all the rest, and thy remarks on rhyming I understand as follows: thou art aware of a higher rhythmical law, a rhythm which is the spirit of the Spirit, exciting the Spirit, and leading it to new revelations. It is thy belief that rhyme is the lowest, indeed often even a lowering step, of this metrical spirit of language, often breaking the foreboding or the power of a thought, so that it cannot develop to that elevation for which it was originally intended. This I will not contradict, thou mayst be right, namely, in so far that there is a higher musical law, the existence of which is manifest in every free thought, but more or less suppressed by the construction of the verse. Now thou must admit, that in the Poet an inspiration reigns, indicating a higher power, as by the very means of these childlike laws to which he descends, that show in themselves a higher instinct, he is led to art. Thou sayst, in regard to Art, that the doings of men everywhere checked its vital power; but pray do not believe that those who do not develop great genius in poetry, cannot be elevated to higher aims by it; firstly they receive a preparation for an art, in being reached by thoughts and feelings, conveyed in an artistic form, thereby gaining or maintaining greater moral dignity.

Certainly in every feeling, trifling, or even simple as it may be held, the impulse morally to glorify it should not be

rejected, and in many a poem of no reputation I have often found the perception of an undoubtedly higher truth, or the desire to attain it expressed; truly it is often so. Artists and Poets wearily seek and learn their way, but how they can be understood and comprehended, they do not learn; then take it thus, that all aspiration, if unchecked or hesitating, has the precedence over no aspiration at all.

Good-night, I cannot write more at present, as not everything in thy letter is quite clear to me; thou hast either discussed other things, or repeated the same ones over. The emphasis of language facilitates the understanding of it so much; and were we together, how much easier and more thoroughly that which we mean to express could be arrived at, and I have sufficient faith in the spirit of language to believe that it will not forsake us.

Splendid nights, with roaring winds, I enjoy here, and storms that tear summer and autumn asunder.

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

Thou speakest a holy language; thou thyself art holy when thou speakest. I feel within thee the rhythm bearing thy spirit to higher knowledge. I feel, too, that Goodness, Gentleness, is the mother of Truth within thee, whose prototype thou art. Did I not want to say everything at once, I would be more intelligible. Thou art calm, therefore all thou sayst is so convincing. If I could only remember what I have written to thee; it is but to listen to thee that I like to think, only to have thee unite the tones of my soul to melodies. Each tone exists for itself; but by its harmony with other tones, it creates melodies, thoughts. In all melodies, all thoughts, consists the omnipresent Spirit, the poesy of God — Philosophy. The poesy of God is harmony, creating melody for the thoughts; it rises from it like the blossom from the elements of spring, and the blooming soul stands amid the eternal gardens of Poesy.

Music is the sensuous nature of the omnipresent Spirit, that so perceptibly, yet so incomprehensibly touches the ear, reaching the heart, and then the mind giving it deeper thoughts. It is the sensuous part of our intellectual nature. All mind is spirit moved by sensuous influences, and therefore music. Thus it is that the thoughts in music are involuntary, created

within this sensuous emotion of the soul. Ah, words are wanting; there is a gush upon me from all sides. I am eager for the expression of that which flashes in my soul, yet am afraid it may not convey the meaning I wish, and — “Oh, lend, upon thy downy cushions dreaming a listening ear!” I hear muttering in the stupid background of my mind, on which I disinter myself partways from my laziness, hearkening dreamily to the dream that sings on, “To tuneful thoughts sleep on, what wilt thou more?” If a latent foreboding awakens in music, then mightily the feelings spread their wings, each tone expressing new sensations and a higher impulse for the sublime, for the mastery over powerful faculties accompanies the rhythmical motion; indeed, I have even experienced that it is guided by it. “When to my sounding lyre, bless countless stars the heart’s eternal fire.” It is true then that all mind is sensuous music; that, as in harmony the movement of each tone opens new paths for it, or if for moments I but anticipate more distant feelings, then harmony pours in through the new opening; that in the mind each anticipation stands in an inward connection with the more distant, an eternal movement of harmony, from which the melody of thought escapes from its narrower confines to a sublimer contemplation. “Feeling’s eternal life lifts me but high and higher above all earthly strife.” Thus all undeniable truth is eternally changing, *active* vitality. I am afraid to think alone. Were we only together, we would share it, and thy understanding would convey comprehension to my mind, which would follow accordingly. Then, too, would I gain calmness and confidence, that I can learn to express myself. “By thee am I too much a stranger made, from earthly strife drawn into cooling shade.”

If we could only always speak together, from that lovely confusion all would finally emerge; indeed I feel how Spirit arose from Chaos. Do not be too exacting. “Lend but in dreams thy ear, when on thy downy cushions sleeping; what wilt thou more?”

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

Whatever may be the contact of the Omnific Power, Truth will be born from it, as the earth arose a melody from the waves of Chaos.

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

Yes, and all stars are melodies floating in the stream of harmony — souls of the universe, blossoming forth from the spirit of God — tones sounding to corresponding tones ; and when we lift ourselves up to the stars, our thoughts harmoniously unite with them, for we belong to one strain of accordant vibration with them. As each thought, each soul is melody, so shall the mind, by encompassing all things, become one harmony — the poesy of God. Do not take it too strictly, and return to me clearly what I want to say.

TO BETTINE.

Then were the human mind by its comprehension, its understanding, qualified to become entirely spiritualized, philosophic, indeed Deity itself? Were God infinite, if he were not Oneness in every germ of life? Then each spiritual impulse bearing the oneness of God within it, would express it.

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

Indeed, it is proved by music; each tone expresses its chord, each chord its relationships, and through all these relationships streams the ever-changing strain of harmony, the ever-creating spirit of God. Thinking is the expression of God ; it is the shaping one's self in harmony. I dare not cast a look aside, but I feel that in comprehending, the spirit of God is created into the human mind ; for what would this germ of the godlike be in the human mind, did it not develop itself by constant aspiration? The sole object of life is learning to comprehend God ; that, too, is our inner judge. What God does not develop better remains undone, for it is not melody. That which is unharmonious is sin, for it disturbs the harmony of God within us, the response is discordant. All great actions awaken a harmony in which the stars join ; therefore great deeds are so gratifying to us ; they dissolve the chords into sublimer harmonies, intensifying the musical tendencies by a unanimous chiming of all the responsive chords. But I cannot think any more about it ; I only dream, the melody of my thoughts lulling me into deeper sleep, and ideas slip from my mind untold.

Thou art living and hovering in the free air ; all Nature

bears thy spirit on its hands, while I crowd through between sense and nonsense, while here and there folly takes possession of me. But evenings, when I sit down and must think the Impossible, which it is impossible to express, I am dreamily intoxicated and giddy when I open my eyes; the walls seem to turn about me, and the doings of men with them. Could there yet be hidden powers in language of which we know nothing, which we do not understand how to control? Write to me about that, if thou believest it too, and if we can penetrate far enough to express the unsaid; for, certainly, if language yields, the Spirit must stream over it; because all Spirit is nothing but a translation of the spirit of God into us. Good-night.

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

If thou art unsteady and a little giddy, thinkst thou it is inexpressible spirit? how easily thou art intoxicated, — because wine does not agree with thee, and thou thinkst new sources of language will be opened to illumine thy understanding. Do become a little stronger, or don't drink so much at once; if thou wouldst only keep thyself firmly in view, language would not forsake thee. I do indeed believe that it requires the space of a human life entirely to understand the power of language, and that its yet undiscovered sources which thou art in search of will be found in its increased simplicity. This advice I would give thee, that, while expressing thy thoughts thou wilt cease to prove them, which will facilitate thy clearness very much. A connected train of thoughts involves its own logic, or, what is the same: truth itself is conviction. To think without proof, is to think freely; thou demonstratest only to assist thyself. Such free thinking simplifies language, and intensifies its spirit. One must not hesitate to express that which would find utterance even in the simplest form; the more deep and incontrovertible it will be. We must not assert, for that is placing mistrust in our own promptings; nor confirm, because it infringes on the free direction of thought, which according to Socrates may become counter-direction; neither must we bring testimonies or proofs while speaking, as the proof is a hindrance to the mind, until we are beyond it. We must avoid this because these three things are ignoble, in life and action, as well as in spirit.

The relation of free Spirit to Language is passive, just as

that of Language is to Spirit; yielding to each other without reserve, they do not neutralize one another, but unite in expression deeply and wholly. The more confidence, the more fervor, just as it is in Love. What then should language lose by Spirit. Love equalizes everything. Do not interrupt their endearments, they will produce eternal inspirations by their raptures. Thus thy foreboding of the power of rhythm would be also touched upon, proofs we agree not to give. More than this we must not do for others, because it only separates them from the original childlike idea. We must not introduce the mind of another as guest into our ideas, for as guest it will not readily feel at home with them; he must be led even by that which is wanting in expression to trace the idea, as only in unqualified confidence, complete abandonment, even in the apparently negligent, (which is only the trusting, sacred awe of Love,) the mind will find its way; at least it will do so more easily.

May not often the deeper trace of truth have vanished, when, in seeking its confirmation, its original germ was wounded.

Did not the mind-forging Cyclops, with their one eye in the middle of their brows, look at the world askance, instead of looking healthily at it with two eyes? This question I put to the philosophers in thy own sense, in order to end here all further investigation; recollecting at the same time thy extreme irritability.

Farewell; there is so much that is inviting at my window to-day that I cannot resist the Muse when she calls me there. Farewell, I love thee dearly.

CAROLINE.

I can speak thus with thee, thou wilt understand me, no one else probably will. — Or who would it be.

TO GÜNDERODE.

I was at grandmamma's to-day; she was alone all the afternoon, and we spoke first of thee. When grandmamma was occupied for a moment, I ran into the garden to see it again for the first time after a long absence; but when I came to the garden-stairs, how shocked I was. I did not recognize the garden again; think! the high, swaying row of poplars, the heaven-aspiring stairs I had mounted so often to look after the departing sun, or to greet a thunder-storm, — two

thirds of them cut down in a straight line! I hardly knew what had befallen me, yet would I gladly learn to comprehend, for what harm can it do me. But ah, these poplars, witnesses of my earliest childish plays, that rained their blossoms on to the child of three, staring up at them, as though they reached the skies!

Ah, what shall I say now, that they stand but as stumps with a few boughs left, together bearing their humiliation and sorrow. Ah, ye tree-souls! who could have been so cruel? All the mornings of my early childhood float past in memory, and I see the tree-tops shining in distant clouds of gold, beckoning to me to come to them. How often have I looked at their tender leaves without ever breaking off a single one. Ah, it cuts me to the heart, for it seems as if they could not speak any more. Their tongue being taken from them, their sweet murmurings must cease. In their silence lies their bitter complaint to me, which I must ever hear, confiding it to no one but thee.

Dost thou remember how often, as we walked beneath them, thou saidst their murmuring voices took part in our talk, and how they separated us from the rest of the world, building a dome above us. The high hedge of roses opposite, rising above the wall of the bosket, stands now without protection too; and the nightingales, accustomed to the sacred silence and darkness — what will they do on their return in Spring? I am so sad about it. Then the childish days when I played with the cleanly pebbles, putting rows of pink, black, and yellow stones about their trunks, and under cover of their shadows climbing secretly over into the bosket. How the paradise from which the soul drew all its magic can be so cruelly destroyed! But do not pity me; only listen. When I returned to grandmamma I looked pale and excited, and she noticed the traces of my tears. She looked at me a little while, then said, "Thou wert in the garden?" Then gave me her hand. What could I answer? She was silent, and I too. At last she began, "I shall probably not live much longer." I dared not reply, and shortly after she opened the door into the next room, from which we can overlook the garden, and continued, "Their murmuring in the night-wind was my delight; now I shall never hear it again" — ^{the} — should have been to have fallen asleep by voices on my last evening; they would

this last solemn service, the dear friends that I visited every day and saw with so much joy above me. Thou lovest them too; they were also thy favorite resort. Often have I seen thee climb to their leafy tops when thou thoughtst thyself unobserved. Take my blessing, dear child; I thought of thee when they were suffering mutilation, in spite of the wound it gave my feelings." I dared not ask whose fault it was, it would have pained grandmamma too deeply; besides, I saw directly that only from an intensely Philistine mind such a misdeed could come, because such an one has no idea of a wounded spirit, and takes everything for sentimentality, that is connected with our deepest spiritual requirements. How can such people understand an affection for a *lifeless thing*, as the Philistines call plants, trees, all Nature? How can they understand in what a sublime relation we can stand with its beautiful and faultless productions? — a mutual exchange of feeling nourishing and gladdening the pure passion for it. How can they ever be made to comprehend that we impart our own being to them, and that while the worldly vainly seek among their fellows, searching for and fabling about friendship and love, the happy possessor of a tree before his door finds in it a friend.

Even my old centenarian cousin met me at the door, asking if it were not barbarous, and that grandmamma said nothing about it. "Had you been here, it never would have been done." At dusk I went into the garden once more; to go there by day seemed an insult to the noble trees. I took leave of the garden; I do not want to go there again. To the gardener in the bosket I also paid a visit, and he told me how much he regretted to have those trees cut down; that they had always given him thoughts, and now he could not see anything more of them, and had lost pleasure in tending the rose-hedge. Still, I replied, in thought we can always see what we love, which he admitted. Then do not give up the rose-hedge; the higher it grows the more you will feel that in memory all that was beautiful will bloom on. He acknowledged this, and promised I should never have to complain of its neglect when I came again. I find in the gardener real genius for such intercourse with Nature.

Shortly before my acquaintance with thee, I sometimes mounted those tree-tops and wrote down my emotions, produced by natural objects. Childish and imperfect as they are

in expression, I kept them in a portfolio, and will copy one for thee now, "*in memoriam*."

WRITTEN ON EASTER MONDAY, TWO YEARS AGO.

O heavenly green! hidden on the brown earth 'neath ice and snow, now crowning thy bright head by the light of the sun.

Beloved tree! could I but change into thy soft murmuring leaves, those whispering sprays, of heavenly glory full, broken by the Muse with shining finger to grace the brow of her favorite, who, with helmet and lance, or armed with his bow, sending many a golden arrow, driving his steeds, or with winged foot twelve times circling the goal, or bursting into flames of song, he woos her.

O tree! to-day thou art sought by swarms of bees that follow the fragrance of thy honey-filled blossoms, gathering their fruitful pollen, and buzzing pass the heat of the day in the cool fanning of thy leaves.

But then will rest in thy shadows he, who is king at the feast of souls, and thy roots be nourished by the same floods that inspire the god in his bosom to all-conquering triumph.

May nothing befall to pain thee, O tree! whom no Immortals are watching. In Spring, indeed, I dream beneath thy shadows, and think I hear the echoes of the Unspeakable ringing from woods and valleys.

TO GÜNDERODE.

I read thy letter, and stand abashed before thee, to see how nobly and simply thou hast unwound the confusion of my thoughts, and cannot think of answering thee, I am so filled with restlessness. Those trees grieve me; I cannot understand why grandmamma did not defend herself better; that was being over sensitive, while they were cutting off the heads of her favorites. We must defend our own, and check the arm of the villain who attacks it. All the sublime and beautiful is property of the soul that recognizes it, and by this recognition it is in duty bound to protect it. Everything is "of evil;" it were then pure, free, and glorious truthfulness, and I know no higher precept than to say "Ask thyself!" and if one cannot there find it, he is an ass. All terrors that oppose

combated and despised; it is the knight dipping the water of life between fiery dragons and iron giants, that become powerless by the courage of his disdain.

In fairy-tales we find the most heavenly and the most powerful politics. I would become the greatest living statesman, and bring the whole world under my foot, if I had the blue library for my privy councillor; how people would wonder at the wisdom I possess! I would like to tell grandmamma, she will take it well enough, and I need not spare her; why should I? grandmamma has a profound mind, some people call it sentimentality. Depth is always power, and power knows not how easily it can throw off its shackles. Have I not sometimes nearly exhausted my breath,—when we tried to make a fire in the woods for our pleasure, and it would constantly go out,—to light it again and again by the least spark. I will also blow into grandmamma's judgment; why is she sad but to learn what was due those trees from her; we owe all our strength to the world, but first to those nearest us. All impulse is a harrowing up of the heart's inmost depths, the weeds must be ploughed down, and truth enrich it,—I don't remember what I was going to say. I am too restless, and thou must forgive that I cannot answer thy letter. I would so gladly have returned to Offenbach to-day, but every one set out for Rödelheim, where covered by the great azure mantle of heaven we amused ourselves till night. I returned with Franz on foot, the others drove. Franz told me much that was kind and pleasant on the way, while I hopped along, clinging to his arm with both hands; when we came to the Bockenheim toll-house, he asked me to lean on his left arm as I had stretched the right one a quarter of a yard, and he wanted them both alike.

MONDAY.

Meline goes to Marburg with Savigny, and declares I must go too, I have not consented, but Meline urges, "Who will care for thee if I do not; here thou wilt waste, forget, tear, and give away everything,—thou must go."

Shouldst thou return before they go, I will remain, for then I shall have a Sanctuary to fly to; if thou dost not come, I know I shall glide on the ice of circumstance as I feel it under my feet, yet will it lead me back to thee just as rapidly;

but Savigny writes he wishes me to tell thee he has read in the stars that thou wilt come to Marburg. I enclose another leaf from my poplar-tree correspondence for thee ; I have spent every Pentecost as far back as I can remember under these trees ; this I wrote last Pentecost ; it is the loveliest day in the year, on which crowned Spring triumphantly celebrates its victory. How completely happy I was on those days ; every one went out into the gardens, or into the country, finely dressed. I too was clad in white, my hair well curled and tied with a fluttering ribbon, and in yellow slippers I visited the tree at early morning. On that day I could not climb up, as I would have spoiled my shoes and dress, so I pitied the tree, and rather than go to walk I kept it company ; knowest thou what attaches me so to Nature ?—because sometimes she is sad. Others call that weariness which falls upon the heart sometimes like a stone in the midst of sunshine, but I interpret it in this way : Suddenly we stand without wishing it, face to face with the goddess ; a secret consciousness of the infinitely tenderer care she devotes to us than to all other creatures, fills us with awe ; each thing about us thrives, every shrub, every little bug shows deep forethought in its formation ; but where in the mind is the least bud, not gnawed by the worm ? are we not tainted with dust, and does one leaflet of our soul show in its glistening green ? When I meet a tree sickening from mildew or canker-worm, or a blighted shrub, then I feel as if nature were thus giving us the picture of an ungenerous soul. Were all the failings of the soul conquered, and its powers in their prime, who knows if there would be distorted growth, or poisoned weeds, if the blight would kill the crops, and venomous shrubs put forth their fruit ; who knows if there would be such sad moments in nature that wring the heart, and make us turn away because the heart shuns to feel the wail that responds within.

No, she finds no hearing, although her motherly reproaches are tender, and she would wrap us in her veil, and draw the poison from us with her own lips, and mix the balsam of her blood to heal us. “To think without proof is to think freely !” let me but assert this with a proof, to show that I understand thee. — Thinking itself, is to feed on truth, else it is fancy and not thought. Thinking is to drink the balm the mother mixes from her blood to heal our weaknesses ; it

is lending an ear to her tender reproaches, so that by proof to demonstrate this love to one's own heart, which yields itself to us without reserve, is proof sufficient that it has not touched the heart. Truth touches the heart; it is the spirit that becomes immediately elevated by the conception of truth striving still higher. Thou hast risen higher in this recognition of the purer spirit-form, and thrown away thy crutches. One asks, How will the mind progress without crutches, having no feet? Then also it throws aside the close fitting garb of convention. See I have wings, and thy defence, how wilt thou undertake it without weapons? — ask the Philistines. I am a god-athlete, and he who would wrestle with me must feel the triumph I achieve without weapons, all the more deeply. Then am I, and they who wrestle with me are no more, and he whom I do not conquer is not worthy to give me battle. Indeed I feel distinctly and convincingly how right thou art; to advance truths without proof is the sole and pure source of language. Language and Spirit must love each other, and they will need no mutual demonstration; their reciprocal understanding is Love, lifted to the stars by its eternal impulses. Thou art conquered, thou art a prisoner of the Spirit, it possesses thee, steps forward and expresses thee. Good-night; how late it is!

WRITTEN TWO YEARS AGO ON THE MONDAY OF PENTECOST.

Ye trees that hide me, your shadowy green is mirrored in my soul, and from your high branches I longingly gaze into the distance.

Yonder flows the stream, not heaving upon the shore its waves, nor does the wind chase its merry ships, the clouds.

The bright day wanes, and my thoughts hearken if perhaps a messenger on rushing wing will bring an answer from thee, O Nature!

O thou to whom I call! — why answerest thou not? Eternally splendid, life-giving One!

With awe, deep awe, does thy creation fill me, Lord God!

Now the chariot of the Thunderer descends, there is a rushing, then a fragrant breathing; where to, ye mists, ye smoke-clouds, whither do ye wander? Wherefore am I? — Why am I upon thy bosom, O Nature, if from thy depths it gushes not up to me, as from the mountains gush the bubbling springs?

On quiet days I hear thee slowly rolling over the hills, O Thunderer ! and the chords of my soul vibrate, and tremble, but it cannot sigh.

Joy and Hope, often have ye rocked me like these swaying tree-tops, endless ye seemed, as now the dreary day.

Then break the clouds, and stream beneath thee, O Liberator ! and the thirsty earth drinks, — and thy peals of thunder, where roll they ? — Breathing again, cradle-songs whisper in your leaves that surround me.

Gladly will I live with ye, all ye trees that drink the blessed streams from heaven, and joyously move in the wind !

TO GÜNDERODE.

This morning I was awakened by the call of the Italian umbrella-men, which had an irresistible attraction for me ; I thought of course the Italians must scent the rain, else they would not go about so early. I made Liesbeth call up the man, and ran myself to Meline who was still in bed. — Would we not buy an umbrella to take to Marburg with us ? — Meline was frightened and thought I was in a high fever to be inquiring for an umbrella ; meanwhile il signore Pagliaruggi was brought to the door and a green silk umbrella purchased, which, having an immediate desire to try, I forthwith sallied to the Fair before the gate by the Maine. I stopped at a marble-vender's, purchasing at least thirty marbles, one finer than the other, of agate, marble, and crystal ; with these I went down to the Maine where the pottery people stand, and visited them in their straw huts, their donkeys greeting me with hearty screams, and also the little shirtless ones, running and climbing about, among whom I divided my marbles, and as they are naked and have no pockets, I was obliged to give them my gloves to keep the marbles in, which they tied about their bodies with a cord. Hardly was this accomplished, when a ferryman called to me if I did not wish to be taken over ? I asked, Will it rain ? " What harm if it does, you have an umbrella with you." After I had crossed over, I thought I would go to Oberrath, to grandmamma's milk-woman, and get some milk ; but when I reached the house, the people there told me that Anne-Marie had just set out with her milk for the Tanner's-Mill, and when I got to the mill, Anne-Marie was just setting out for Offenbach with her milk. I told her I was going too ; she had at least twenty bas-

kets of vegetables piled upon her head, and, with her can on her arm, the great vegetable tower marched along, and I behind her, through hedges and ditches. Presently Anne-Marie says, "It's beginning to sprinkle, we shall have a regular deluge directly; wait a moment and I'll give you one of these little baskets to put upon your head and the rain won't come near you." Here I bethought myself of my protecting roof, of my umbrella — where had I left that? — either with those shirtless urchins, or in the boat, — both very possible, so that I could not test its excellence; instead of it, then, I put the milk-woman's little round basket of cauliflower upon my head, whereupon she informed me that I looked as handsome under it as the finest Paris lady. It was very amusing; we met many people who probably thought I was learning to balance. The rain soon ceased, and I had, without thinking, run on to Offenbach, where at the foot of the Chestnut Avenue I took off my basket. There was real Sunday weather in the town, the sun shone brightly down, and in the Domstrasse a Jolie lay before every door, with a blue silk ribbon about his neck. All the Jolies are my friends and came barking up to me, so did the spaniels and poodles, and at last I was joined by Anton Andrée's English hound with seventeen puppies, all old enough to bark quite vigorously. The milk-woman stopped a few times to watch the capers and eagerness of the dogs, as well as from fear they might throw her vegetable tower out of balance. "Ei," said she, "the Turkish emperor could not meet with a grander reception; there is no end to the clamor." With this escort we rang the door-bell, and cousin informed us that grandmamma was still asleep. I did not want to go to the garden, so I remained before the door with the dogs, when good Herr Arenswald came by; he took off his hat to me, and I did not tell him to put it on again, having observed a hole in it, and being desirous of hiding this knowledge from him. He told me he had made a journey to Switzerland in the course of the summer, not having been able to suppress his desire to see that country. He did not regret it at all, he said, although it cost him a great deal, indeed he believed he had spent his last penny on it. I was slightly abashed and did not care to look directly into his face at this confidential communication, when my eyes fell upon his boot, from which, the rogue! his big toe presented itself quite uncalled for.

Arenswald would absolutely not endure it at the conference, so he tried to hold it down with the heel of his other boot, which, alas! was blown open, like an ill-fastened shutter by the wind; so where should I turn my eyes? I looked at his body, but there all the buttons were wanting, his waistcoat being fastened by hair-pins; where can he have fished up those? he wears a Caligula, which is the greatest artistic confusion known to the capillary system, for which neither pomade, comb, nor hair-pins are requisite, only dust and straw, so that the sparrows and swallows can always find building-material there. Meanwhile he told me that something very remarkable had occurred to him in Switzerland; namely, he had been told that in a certain wooded mountain-region a kind of snail was to be found which tasted strongly (*welche sehr schmecken*), and that on the way to Luzern, somewhere on a mountain-path, they were to be found in plenty. On coming to the place he really found them in quantities, eat several of them, and became quite satisfied. When he returned to his inn, he ordered dinner not to be served for him, as he had found so many of those well-flavored snails, and eaten them with so great an appetite, that it were impossible for him to take anything more. "How," said the Landlord, "you have eaten of those snails?"—Yes, and why not, did you not tell me yourself that they had a good taste, and were eagerly sought after by people?—"Yes! 'taste strong' I did indeed say, but not 'good!' *To taste*, in our dialect, means to smell bad, and people here collect the snails for the tanners who use them for their leather." Thus had I partaken of this tanning ingredient, which seemed to agree very well with me, recounted Herr Arenswald, while I gazed about in the air, very much flushed, as there was no other place to look without happening on a gross exposure of utter destitution. The snail-story may be truth or fiction, at any rate it was told to give me to understand what hunger had compelled him to do. My cousin called me in, and Arenswald took leave of me as he would of a high potentate, stepping backward as he saluted, which led me to conclude that he might not be presentable from behind either. Well, then, first the reception on my entry, the manifestation of which was in the Turkish imperial style, according to the milk-woman; the basket with the cauliflower being my crown, and my canopy the umbrella I had left in the boat; my first audience, too, was conducted with

all the marks of imperial dignity ; on the way I had distributed liberal gifts to the naked urchins, and Arenswald's audience amounted only to an humble commendation of human misery to my gracious consideration. What more can I desire? I always had a forboding that I should rise to high honors.

I shall condescend to reward the unusual efforts at self-sustenance of the snail-eater to-morrow, when Jew Hirsch goes to Offenbach, if it does not escape my memory like the umbrella ; this is a weakness I have in common with all crowned heads. Grandmamma was very kind ; we spoke of thee, and she is desirous of having a visit from thee on thy return. I told her if she permitted it, I would accompany Meline to Marburg. She seemed much flattered by this little demonstration of respect in asking her consent, which she gave with her blessing, calling me " daughter of her Maxie," " little one," and " dear girl," curling my hair as she spoke in her Suabian dialect, which she only does in a cheerful, soft-hearted mood, inspiring one with reverence for her amiability. I was struck with her manner, as four days ago I found her so deeply pained, almost bitter, at the disregard shown to her tender heart. She showed me a coat of arms in a splendid frame of silver oak-leaves, with a motto to this effect, in Greek, " Love must govern all, else the world will perish." It was given to grandpapa by the city of Trier (Treves) for having, when Chancellor under the government of Trier, refused the decree of the Elector to impose a tax that he found too heavy upon the rural population ; and when his remonstrances proved of no avail, he preferred to resign rather than affix his name to an unjust decree. In all the places he passed through, the peasantry came to meet him, presenting him with the civic crown, and in Speier his house had been decorated and illuminated inside and out for his reception.

Grandmamma told me a great deal about the Stadion mansion, in which she lived so long with grandpapa, if I could only remember it all. One thing I shall not forget, and that is her boat-excursion on the Pond of Lilies, where they were obliged to have a skiff go before them in order to mow a path with a scythe through that forest of water-plants ; how from both sides the sedges and flowers fell over the boat, and the butterflies swarmed about them. All this she remembered as though it had happened yesterday.

I avoided thinking of the poplars ; the pitiful figure of

Arenswald rising so briskly and courageously above his misery into freedom, lifted me from the sphere of sentiment, and I will lay any wager, now that he can eat wood-snails he will venture upon much more, and as soon as he has enough to fit out his feet for a journey, all the rest must follow, and he will learn to eat a variety of other things besides. Grandmamma took occasion herself to begin about the trees when she showed me the coat of arms, and said the motto had really proved a recompense to grandpapa ; and often, in later years, when he was obliged to live with the greatest economy, he would say, "What can I desire better than this?" The coat of arms hung over his writing-desk, and as he stood in high esteem with peasant and citizen, his counsel was often sought by men in difficult affairs ; and in accordance with the motto, he moved many to justice or forbearance. Thus he rose so high in the public esteem, that his decision was more effective than legal proceedings, and many a one who could have fought his way through by the letter of the law, came to peaceable terms, in order not to have grandpapa's judgment against him. A complete reconciliation also took place between him and the Elector, who acknowledged him to be perfectly in the right. Grandpapa refused the appointment offered him by the Elector, saying, "If God has taken away my covering, and it pleases him to let me go naked in this world already, I will not hold a livery of state before me as a fig-leaf covering for human ambition. I am at the service of the Lord Elector in all just causes, as God has made me, who never is ashamed of his creations. I have no desire to leave my paradise, not wishing to be incommoded by the fig-leaf raiment. I am the most shameless fellow under the sun, and my Lord Elector the most modest virgin to be met with among the dignitaries of the church, who will permit none of his friends to go nude, much less let them appear so before him. For my part, I am better pleased to show myself in my natural state among your masqueraders, as it will give me the advantage of their not knowing themselves, for they know so little what it is to be men, that one who unveils to them the nature of a man, as it can stand before God, naturally shows them that they themselves are monsters." In this way grandpapa answered the proposals of the Elector. Grandmamma has still in her possession a correspondence containing several autograph letters from the Elector, besides the copies of grandfather's answers.

Grandfather published a book, written against the Monastic institutions, that created a great sensation in those days, and was translated into French. Grandmamma gave me a copy of it. This was the first cause of dissatisfaction between him and the Elector, as so many of the abuses of the monks were exposed by it. Finally it proved the first step to their reconciliation, as the Elector acquiesces in a letter, saying, "We shall probably owe a religious revolution to this vermin that plagues me more than Lazarus, to whom I compare myself, was plagued by his boils; hardly a week passes which does not bring disagreeable reports about these unwieldy monks, and the mantle of the Christian Church, under which they are packed like a bale of codfish, hardly suffices to cover their filth." Upon this grandfather wrote a splendid letter upon religion and politics, which I cannot entirely remember; but each word of it seemed to weigh like gold; he says, "In a great heart, politics must issue from its religion, or rather they must be identical; and an active man who employs his time for the purpose it was given him, has none left to devote to different objects, and his religion must manifest itself in him in an entirely cosmopolitan light." This letter is so splendid, so disinterested, and so elevated above all the trifling aspirations of ordinary men, and yet so vigorous, that I must believe from the living heart springs all philosophy, but with flesh and blood, and a heart throbbing for all good, ever active, purifying this earthly life, making it wholesome like a stream of fresh and spicy air; this, the philosophy based upon the triangle, and leading a dangerous dance between attraction, repulsion, and highest potency, threatening to knock sound common sense in the head, so that it must withdraw, a disabled cripple, from the combat, does not effect. Yet the history of our natural lives is the task appointed us to learn; and I think if subtlety would separate from the conceit of vague speculation, and turn upon the actual condition of our sensuous daily life, then there would be no thought so deep, or so elevated, but it would find a place in the transactions of our daily life, growing and strengthening in moral significance. I should like to resemble grandfather, before whom princes and peasants were equal, meeting them all on the footing of reason, and agreeing with them accordingly, and to whom nothing was ever indifferent; as though it lay beyond his range, he would say, "That which I can judge of with my reason is within my power, in my jurisdiction, and

I must loudly and publicly decide, if I would be answerable to God for the reason wherewith to do it. He who uses his pound well will have it increased, and be appointed master over all." Of this I am convinced; but do not believe that the philosophers will reach this point. I believe, according to grandfather's principles we can attain the deepest philosophy, namely, peace, and the union of the profoundest spiritual knowledge with active life.

Grandfather wrote yet another letter to the Elector on the abuse of the many holidays, and worship of the saints. He wished an improved religion on a purer basis, instead of so many legends, miracles, and relics to reverence the great deeds of men, their noble aims, their sacrifices, errors, discussing them from the pulpit, and expounding them in their true sense, and not falsely; in short, to make the history and wants of humanity a necessary topic of contemplation to the people, were better than to let them spend their Sunday afternoons with brotherhoods in senseless repetition of hymns and prayers. He proposes to the Elector, instead of protecting these weak-minded forms unworthy of the times, to found a brotherhood to awaken the human mind instead of bringing up idiots by these senseless, mechanical practices; we could then promise absolution from sin with a better conscience, as God wanted stupidity neither in this world nor that; God were a better steward than the Elector, as he allowed the sound mind of no one to go to ruin; because in the other world the soul only could live, the rest belonged and remained a petrification on earth.

It is a noble correspondence full of simplicity, in which grandfather does not once deny his character; the Elector too writes nobly, and it is a merit in him to find pleasure in such wholesome truths, especially as he was not considered a mentally active man, on account of his extreme corpulence. I asked grandmamma if grandfather had had this influence over him? She said, "My dear child, has not the slightest breath of air an influence on the human soul? why then should not the pure, disinterested spirit of thy grandfather have influenced the Elector? Was he not elevated to his high position by the confidence placed in him by the whole country, so that the Elector himself was forced to acknowledge the injustice of his own demands. This alone shows that the Elector had at bottom noble sentiments, and the sac-

rifice thy grandfather made was not trifling. He occupied a high position, had five children still very young, but he exchanged all this for a small cottage in Speier, and cultivated a small garden near the water, enjoying perfect content in his occupation." Grandfather had a particular fancy for crimson carnations, and I am glad to inherit this peculiarity from him. I was two years old when he died. He used to carry a gold-headed cane with which I played, and I well remember how he smiled at me, and how I let it fall in astonishment at his great black eyes, and stared at him. It was the first and last time I remember seeing him. That same night he had an apoplectic shock. By grandmother's account my memory was so awakened, that it seemed to me I could recall all his features plainly. He wore a cinnamon-colored velvet coat; even the little three-cornered hat, with its gold border, I recollect, as he took it off and, putting it upon my head, carried me before the glass; I never thought of it before, but now I recall the circumstance plainly. Is this not like an apparition? — cannot Love conjure up ghosts. In that moment, I was so inspired and so full of love for him, that I thought I could make a communion of our spirits possible by the power of my imagination, when grandpapa would whisper all the good to me that came into my head; and I believe it was so, for why should the influence of such truthful sentiments cease for us with death? I said so to grandmamma, and she answered, "The spirit of thy grandfather rules me yet, else how could I have overcome the grief at my dear trees so soon, had I not recalled his teachings; it was for this that I took out the coat of arms of Trier and these letters of the Elector, especially this one in which the Elector asks forgiveness, to which thy grandfather answers so generously, yet so cheerfully. He wrote to the Elector that he would never forget him as the founder of his fortunes, that he had thereby given him an opportunity to test his own principles, and now that he had fought his way through, he felt himself easy and in a peculiarly happy state of mind. This moves me to forbearance towards those who have injured me. — It depended very much how an injury were received, one should not thereby throw greater blame on others; forgiveness were absolution from blame, and God would be propitiated by human generosity. Grandfather further said, 'Count that as nothing which is done to you.' No chastise-

ment is beneficial except it be for the benefit of him whom we punish, else it is useless revenge, only to make the offender more miserable, and that this revenge were a much greater sin against the offender, who must have a sacredness in the eyes of men; because he were placed at their mercy as well as at God's; therefore as God was forgiving from human generosity, we must forgive, and not let the world perish for want of love, according to the motto on the escutcheon, and it was for the sake of her Laroche that she now bore it without bitterness. The trees had been cut down this year, and she herself would certainly miss them only a little while longer; that she did not wish to cause any regret in future by manifesting any vexation about them now, because she wished every one to be happy, especially her family for whom she had already made so many sacrifices." About grandfather she yet told me, that support was offered him by the whole country, and he might have lived on a grand scale if he had desired to; but all these marks of esteem, connected with so much nobleness of soul, emanating from the purest motives, he had refused to accept from the rich, but from his peasants, whom he continued to help, he took what he needed, saying, "One should not refuse the widow's mite." She has promised to tell me more about him as I was so eager for it, and I shall soon visit her again. The coat of arms she will keep for me, and give it to me before her death. I had rather have the correspondence, I believe; for something of this kind I have skill to preface and enrich for publication; I should find enough to add to it, as I only have ideas when influenced by others; alone I can think of nothing, but when I see something great and real in others, I directly am full of corresponding thoughts that wake me as from a dream; perhaps I could also gratify Clemens by this who induced me to many an undertaking that left me quite cold. Invention I have none, but I know if I were to read through grandpapa's letters, I would soon think of all I required to add to them, I know so much about him, and grandmamma could tell me still more. I have never questioned her exhaustingly; I have especially avoided speaking of her religious views, for fear of displeasing her, but during this conversation she began of her own accord: "Seest thou, my child, that the golden field of the past bears grain, without which many a one would die for want of

spiritual nourishment ; round about us where the course of the sun begins, and where it closes, where with burning ray it scorches the plains, and where long it hides its cheerful countenance, everywhere flowers sprout, which collected serve as mementos of the childhood of our race. Thus the past belongs to the day of life. It is the root of my own. Thy grandfather was a good man, and a good citizen, influencing as such both prince and subjects, and his wife, to the present day. One past deed, then, is not for its own good, it works on without end ; thy grandfather said it came from the spirit, and all that was perishable was not spiritual."

It was noon, I would like to have spent the day with grandmamma, had they known in Frankfort where I was. At the Tanner's-mill I met Clemens with my lost umbrella ; he had crossed the Maine directly after me, and taken it from the ferryman, but had stopped at Wilmer's. We now floated down the Maine together in the sunshine, with outspread canopy. Clemens goes to Mayence to-morrow, he will visit thee after all. There was great parade at the Primate's yesterday, all the old-nobility colors were flying. The gentlemen had to climb with uplifted feet over trains five ells long. The Primate led me into the cabinet where the flowers are, and had two bouquets cut, one for me and the other for Meline, and this was noticed as a high mark of distinction, and we were treated with increased consideration, which culminated when on taking leave the Primate handed me a package neatly sealed in white paper. Every one believed it to be a princely gift, perhaps a snuff-box memorial. No one considered that the Primate had too much good taste to inflict such a folly upon me, yet all were amazed that without great thanks I tucked my gift under my arm. I was infinitely amused to hear the many remarks, and finally danced for pleasure in the anteroom at the curiosity it created, while all crowded about me with requests to open it, which however did not move me, else the joke would have been at an end. Especially Moritz was tormented by curiosity ; he wore a green velvet coat, and made the round of all the mirrors during the evening, absorbed in admiration of his own person. As soon as he discovered the transmission of this mysterious package, he pursued me, but he was the last person I would have told. The parcel contained nothing but what thou hast probably already imagined :

a few old Jewish annals, and the Drusen family for grand-mamma ; I am to read it, and it will be a hard nut to crack. If I told of it, the Pimate would sooner be held a fool to attach any importance to my opinion, than I intelligent enough to do credit to the distinction of having him ask it. It may keep people in awe of me ; did they know it was only paper, instead of a snuff-box, they would take it for a quiz on me by the Pimate. Last night it occurred to me to give my canary-bird to Bernhard's gardener ; he will take good care of it ; and it will give him pleasure ; then he will know that I still remember him ; for they were pleasant days in which he taught me to graft. Thou dost not know how much I learned about propagating orange-trees by a leaf, and about carnations. I will send him my orange and pomegranate trees and the great myrtle, I know he will take pains to make them blossom ; I have always feared to lose them in winter. I am sorry that I must leave grandmamma, as she has taken it into her head that she will not live long, since the affair of the trees ; she says she does not want to live, to hear the trees she has tended during so many years crackle in the stove next winter. How much more I would now like to know about her ! I am ashamed to have been so careless. She might have told me so much about mamma, about whom I know so little, excepting that she was worshipped. Grandmamma says : " Be assured that had Venus-Urania had another child beside Cupid, it must have been the image of thy mother."

Sometimes I doubt if I shall go to Marburg or not ; dost thou not think it were better I remained here,—it would be so pleasant to spend the last year of grandmamma's life cheerfully with her. I thirst for the blessing of old people since I know what death is. There seems to me something sacred in the last years of man, and just as when a child I liked to bury toys, and things I loved, in the earth, so would I like to lay down my longings, thoughts, and forebodings, in the breast of those whose demands on earthly things have ceased, and who will soon be under the ground ; do write me about it. On the other hand, Christian's letters tempt me very much, he looks forward to our spending half a year together just as we did in our childhood, promising himself much pleasure from my stay, and how he will teach me so much. Read his two letters to me, and write what thou thinkest I ought to do. Farewell ; write soon.

BETTINE.

All the world here is occupied with the reception of Bonaparte; they are building a triumphal arch on the Rabenstein where the gallows used to stand.

TO BETTINE.

What thou writest me about Arenswald's remarkable craving for Nature, so strong that he forgets to nourish himself, troubles me; do not neglect to help him, and let me know if thou hast done it. The affair of the trees is very sad; was it thy description, or did those voices blending with ours in peaceful murmurs really touch my heart; I cannot be comforted. Yesterday we were on the Ostein, and the oaks rustled right royally. Thy grandmamma, and her accounts of thy grandfather pleased and touched me; had I not so much personal interest in these things as I have, I should still look upon the occupation of collecting those narrations from the mouth of thy grandmother as beautiful and desirable. All that gives an impulse to the heart, refreshing and filling it, is sacred to me, even if no trace of it remain in the memory; but here where thou canst discipline thy mind in treating a subject, systematically developing it in framing its own views, it would be of more value still. I always read biographies with peculiar pleasure, since it seems to me that fiction cannot reproduce a complete human being, because the conception of it must naturally be one-sided, and in its complication remain unattainable, consequently untrue, as one feature must decide or make evident another. Thy relation to grandmamma would be a beautiful one, and the collection of thy mother's early traits a work of filial affection, which at a later period may be of the greatest interest to thee, especially if thou succeed in writing them down with that spirit of direct sympathy peculiar to thee — all this suggests itself, but I have not decided to counsel thee. When I consider the great distraction to which thou art exposed in your house, which thou canst not possibly avoid; all the strangers that come, the Primate who prefers thee, and whose assemblies thou canst not avoid — how all this divides thy time, even if thou devote ever so little to thy toilette, still in that circle of beautiful women thou wilt every moment be drawn into consultations; thus with thy liveliness and talent for the picturesque I see the entire winter passed in the combination of colors and the choice of dress, so that grandmamma will not be able to im-

part much of her treasure to thee. Marburg on the contrary is a spot where thou canst live like a recluse, at least thou art exposed to no dissipation there; Christian's letters promise so much that is beneficial to thee, besides thou hast not lived with him for a long time; and will it not be pleasant to live with one again who has so much genius, such high, pure conceptions of science, and who speaks so deeply, so appreciatingly to thee; a brother too may be torn from a sister by all manner of circumstances, they may perhaps not meet a second time, therefore one should not heedlessly overlook a fortunate chance. On the whole, which position seems most elevating to thee; the one in Marburg, moving in a limited circle but with dear Savigny, standing so high above others? having him near thee, he will count thy presence among his happy moments, defending thee against thy own humors, that often verge on the indolent and melancholy. Besides I think there must be much enjoyment in having the broad landscape before thee in its winter dress, for the country around Marburg is very beautiful, and invitingly smiles before the windows. Or dost thou prefer that dissipation, beginning first this, then that, and at last despairing of thyself in deep vexation? I think thou couldst come to the aid of thy good resolutions very much, and achieve thy ultimate aim, by carrying on a detailed correspondence with thy grandmother; thy letters would no doubt please her, and she would not neglect to answer thy questions concerning the youth and mind of thy mother, as well as what thou desirest to know about thy grandfather. Thou needst then only add thy own remarks, taking the precaution to have the whole re-written by some harmless copyist. In this way thou wilt have a pleasant occupation for spare moments, acquiring more completely and successfully that for which in Frankfort thou wouldst in vain make preparations. This is my opinion, but I do not intend to have thereby laid down the law. Good-by.

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

Bonaparte passed through here without seeing his temple. The gallows were taken down and a temple raised on its foundation, I believe it contained his statue; the whole was illuminated on the holiday, when all sorts of entertainments took place. That the Galgenfeld (Gallows-field) was se-

lected for this purpose, afforded particular amusement to the inhabitants of Sachsenhausen.

Clottie is lying sick upon the sofa, I spend nearly every day with her, and watch at night if she is worse. Everything goes on in its old course here, and thy letter came just in time to convince me that on the whole thou art right.

The Englishmen are the chief persons here just at present. Evenings Moritz reads aloud Mad. de Staël's "Delphine" in the supper-room, which for me is the most absurd thing I could listen to, so I sit down and amuse the children meanwhile, which vexed the reader not a little; indeed I must go. Leonhardi gave a ball last Monday, to show his newly furnished house; he has had his walls painted all over with Egyptian monsters. Yesterday, again, there was a reception at the Primate's; I am tired of them, so I hid myself as the others were ready to drive off; they searched for me everywhere; I was hidden in my bed, and Franz was angry, so in order to pacify him I bethought myself of a very good expedient. In Tonie's kitchen I found a large basket of turnips, these with the assistance of the servants I peeled very nicely, scooped them out inside and placed a candle in each, illuminating the stairs and the hall. It kept me busy till midnight and was very silly. I would have done better to go to the Primate's, especially as he sent me word that I was to dine with him and the Bishop next Friday and spend Fast-Day, because I did not come.

Yes, I shall go, I am on the way in my thoughts already, and Meline has made all the necessary preparations, indeed I'll go! The only regret I have is to leave just as thou art coming back, that I am away while thou remainst, but I will do it because thou thinkest it best, and because I recognize thee, as my good genius; no, not thee, but he takes thy voice. I am glad that my feelings are to be frozen hard this winter; I look forward with pleasure to everything.

To Arenswald I sent some money without impoverishing myself in the least, for in looking over my papers I found a quantity of stray money which I did not remember possessing; I put it all into a little purse and sent it to him, and the canary-bird to the gardener. Before leaving I shall go to see grandmamma with Meline, and ask her, as thou wishest, to correspond with me. Adieu; perhaps I shall write no more to thee from here. I am so glad to go, and long for the

beautiful winter landscape, I am, according to thy description, to have from my windows. I know beforehand I shall be in ecstasies. I cannot keep still to write, the excitement of the journey pervades all my limbs, and I run up and down stairs. Poor Claudine, who will tend her? She has promised not to be sick during my absence, for I am jealous of my care of her; how many nights I have watched and mused, or read interesting books; should she be ill, I hope thou wilt visit her often. I was out on the old Fortifications too, to take leave of our favorite walk. A great many leaves have fallen already, and I stepped through with a great rustling, while the trees still rained down leaves over me. Moritz will stand faithfully by his "Delphine;" I'm glad not to be obliged to hear that any more.

BETTINE.

MARBURG.

Canst thou think who was the first acquaintance I made here? A Jew! but what a Jew, the handsomest man! — a white beard half an ell long, great brown eyes, a fine, unassuming presence, calm brow, and splendid, majestic nose; the lips of an orator, from which wisdom must flow. Our host, Professor Weiss, called me, saying, "If you would see a handsome Jew, then come to my wife's room, she is just making a bargain for her wedding-dress." Meline would not go, and was astonished that Weiss should ask us to pay compliments to an old-clothes Jew, but I did not find cause to regret it.

It was a picture for an artist. There he sat at the table, in a very cleanly Rabbi's or Elder's robe, his hand, appearing from the dark flowing sleeve, rested upon it, and the red sunset beamed in at the windows. Frau Weiss stood before him, displaying her wedding raiment, or rather that of her mother, for it was of very antiquated material; her children stood on either side of her, unfolding the train. It was orange-colored brocade interwoven with silver bouquets, and garnet-colored flowers. The colors contrasted beautifully with the brilliant tints of the sunset; it was a most beautiful picture, and I would gladly have called Meline; had not a diffidence, not to say reverence, held me back, for I could not treat this man as a subject of vulgar curiosity. Then too there was something mysterious in seeing the people stand around him, quietly awaiting his decision on the bargain. They spoke of a sum, including some more old-fashioned

articles upon the table. I pretended to be busy examining them, to have a decent excuse for staying, because the more I looked at him the greater became the attraction, shy as I felt, and Weiss would not have got me from the room as long as the man remained. The Jew ordered his grandson, who was standing behind his chair, to spread the articles out for me, and I pretended to be highly pleased at a dress of vert de pomme, with apple-blossoms, observing meanwhile that the old gentleman looked at me askance, which secretly pleased me. Professor Weiss said, "Now, Ephraim, we must first take a glass of wine together. You will take some too, will you not?" he said to me. He filled the Jew's glass first, who handed it to me; I said I did not take wine. "But will you not taste it," he asked. I took it and sipped a little, he thanked me and emptied the glass, then looked at me with a smile as if he would say, "Art pleased with the homage I do thee?" I returned the smile, but colored deeply for pleasure. Weiss conversed with him about all sorts of things, from which I saw that he held him in high esteem. Weiss said, in reference to me, "What do you think of my pretty students, Ephraim? They are going through their first course here, I will recommend you to my students and have no doubt it will give you pleasure to instruct them." There was so much agreeable refinement in all he said, and in the manner with which he turned off Weiss's good-natured jests, that I might not be offended, which prepossessed me entirely, and I really was very careful not to give him any answers that might awaken an interest in him for me; thus I chatted with him for two hours, and was already thinking how I could manage to see him oftener, when, on leaving, as he passed our door, I told him I had a sister there, and was desirous of having her make his acquaintance too, whereupon he promised to stop there when he came again. I look forward to it with pleasure.

From Frankfort I took leave like a hare running across a snow-field, hardly leaving the prints of its little paws in the snow, nor was there a huntsman who would gladly have shot me. I was very merry at the Primate's Fast-Day dinner, and when I took leave he said, "I look forward with pleasure to your return," and taking me by the hand he led me through the entire anteroom. At Offenbach I discussed everything with grandmamma, but into the garden, where the trees rustle no more, I could not go to bid farewell, much as

I wished to, for I felt more at home there than with all the rest. The gardener I visited too, to inquire if he would take my trees into winter-quarters, and to say that as soon as thou returnedst from the Rhinegau thou wouldst come for the bird. He wished to know if I would not leave it with him, and I promised to do so, shouldst thou consent that he may keep it. I was guilty too of an amusing bit of coquetry; I took the bird from its cage, and kissing its little bill, I said, "Adieu, good gardener."

When I returned to grandmamma's it was nearly night; both Meline and Tonie wanted to drive home, but I begged them to remain a quarter of an hour longer, and when night had entirely set in, I stole down to the garden and closed my eyes until I came to the poplars. I comforted them with words, because I thought, Who knows how thou mayst fare, and if at some future day thou dost not stand so helpless too, that thy friends shun thee because thou art sad. My heart was much relieved, and I should go oftener if I remained, because how could I repay them if I did not now stay with them as formerly, and what would become of the beautiful mystery of my intercourse with them, were I to deny them now? It were just like the *everlasting* love for a hero, that scatters like chaff when he is shot a cripple.

It has become clearer and more comprehensible to me, that to idealize is Genius, — a soul arising from my soul, dwelling in the impulse it receives; so tenderly, so nobly I can feel. The rustling trees moved me; at this my soul awoke, arising to give life to them; and should this soul turn from them now that they are in earthly misery? Were it not giving death to me through them. No, indeed, we should live doubly for every unfortunate one.

Before we left I still had many a conflict with the others, who had not quite concluded if I were not a burden to Savigny, as one believes, knows in fact, that he thinks nothing of me. Now I have not a particularly high opinion of myself, but as I am just as fond of him as ever, I have no hesitation in being near him, although he seems to entertain a dislike against my temperament, and on this account I feel all the more triumphant in thy indulgence towards me. He insists that I am conceited, — sometimes I half believe it, because he is wiser than all the rest of us, and judges character better in consequence. At the same time I assure thee I rejoice extremely in this conceit, thinking there may be something in

it, else he would not allude to it. I wonder what he thinks makes me conceited. Ha, ha, ha! — this means, I laugh; but at what? Why that Savigny knows nothing of my tender passion for the Jew, that I dislike all fine people as being far too vulgar, and because no one in the house knows that I am so overbearing to-day on account of a particularly agreeable adventure. I was in the garden which lies on the slope of a hill, looking over the wall, when I saw Ephraim coming along the road. I leaned over the wall as far as I could, and let my handkerchief flutter in the wind that he might notice me: when he came up we spoke together for some time, but not as ordinary people speak. I told him that I was glad to see him, and that his presence produced a sympathetic moment in which my perception and feeling seemed nearer related than at any other. I told him it seemed like evening twilight; thus his eye and his whole manner impressed me, like twilight spread over a grand mind. At such a time my penetration is greater and my mind unbends confidentially. Thou canst think that it is well worth while to speak to him, else I would not have told him such things. He replied, "The outward world is dim, but with a quick eye one need not search long to find by a rapid glance that which is related to one's own mind." — "But," I asked, "how do you acquire so keen a penetration?" — "One must look at nature alone, and admit of no prejudice; that makes one clear-sighted." I asked, "Do you hold me capable of looking at nature with a clear, unprejudiced eye?" — "Yes," said he, "and I know I do not err in attributing penetration to you." — "Then I am not mistaken in recognizing an inspired man in you." — "You are at least nearer than others who take the Jew for an oppressed man. Freedom bubbles within, and one drop is enough to lift us far beyond contempt." I heard steps approaching in the unfrequented path and broke off, because I am fond of this mystery with him. I said, "Good-by, Jew, do not forget our conversation, and come to me when thou returnest from thy journey."

Who now has the most penetration, — Savigny for my conceit, or the Jew for my trusting, unprejudiced eye? I do not deny that Savigny is right, for what is my joyous overbearing but conceit at my deception of him in regard to the Jew. Other people have told me so too; only when I took leave of Moritz he said I was conceited, because I told him I left Frankfort in order that he might read his five volumes

of "Delphine," and that when he had finished I should return.

The whole tea-table crew pounced upon me, declaring me to be the most conceited thing under the sun, believing myself above everything, considering nothing as instructive, and that "Delphine," written by the best authoress in Europe, wearied me; if any one spoke upon a serious subject, I lay down upon the floor, kicked a little while with my feet, and afterwards dropped asleep, but that any insipid jest would please me. I ask, Is that conceit? It rather seems like ignorance that cannot appreciate your enjoyments. "Yes, but conceit is ignorance." There, thou seest it is the unanimous opinion. I think in the end it has proved contagious to Savigny. I shall soon write to thee particularly about the country, the people, and our dwelling. Meline and I live at the top of the hill, Savigny below; the whole place is terrace-like. Adieu, I must go to help Meline upholster a divan for us.

BETTINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

The third week already, and I have not written to thee, nor thou to me; what is the cause? I have meanwhiles pried out the country round about, marking the different points from the skylights in the garret; I made a pilgrimage through the woods in the thickest rain of leaves, from one tall stem to the other. Trees are trees, but they do look down upon men contemptuously, as they run hastily beneath them for health's sake, without once casting a single look upward. In company with Savigny I met there the entire Faculty taking its airing; in moth-eaten furs, hoods, great felt shoes, and antiquated gaiters, they infest the paths. Hilly ground, dense moss, glazed by the frost, pure cold air to make one hearty, everything new and surprising; the Muse led me over stock and stone, giving me the whole woods for thee; before every king of the forest I stood still to examine it from head to foot, and in taking of possession I struck each one with a stick. The old Palatine of Hesse-Cassel may say what he pleases, the forest belongs to thee, and when I roam about in it, I am pleased to consider myself in thy territory. Spring-time here must be like the inmost soul, spring without, spring within, one will, one deed; if the apple-tree blooms then, my cheeks grow red; if the self-willed brook rushes

headlong down its stony stairs, I follow it, leaping back and forth; when the nightingale calls, I run out, and when the mill-wheels waltz with the Lahn down into the valley, I whistle to them from the hill and watch them out, beyond the smoking huts and the protecting trees as they mirthfully caper; the miller and his sweetheart too, when they think themselves unwatched. Morning sentiment and evening melancholy are not permitted; in the blossoming hedges there is spring jubilee enough, humming, buzzing, and breezy sighs. But because it is winter and not spring, I only wanted to say how cheery and wholesome all things in nature are, — such unrestrained love of life, one would have to be ashamed of dreamings and longings instead of a joyous blooming, rustling, and bubbling. I do not think that it is possible, in the very heart of the hardy Hessenland, to be different from the homelike spot of earth itself rolling beneath one's feet; stumbling and clambering, it entices thee up hill and down, then invites thee heartily to sit and repose on the hill-side lawn, and in thyself. Early winter-days have set in, and Meline is sick of a sore throat, from which every one suffers; Gunda too is not well and goes to bed every day before sunset. Savigny and she live in a part of the house under our lodgings, divided from it by terraces and a yard, so that I am left quite alone with Meline, who lies quietly in the next room. I am refreshed and rejoiced by this solitude. Our imaginative physician is also a Poet, he brings poems which he reads to us at twilight; beams and dreams, sighing and dying, glide gently by my ear. One rises to give one's hand to the Doctor, which he presses silently and earnestly, with spiritual mien, further praise is not bestowed. Thus swells the bud of mirthfulness softly, softly in the breast, and soon it will burst into a merry *blow*, (*Blust*) as the Hessian peasants call a blossom. Nothing of sentiment, of the sublime, the united, the ecstatic and inspired, nor the rest of the high-flown spiritual household. What I am in myself, I impart to thee, without exerting myself with the beautifying principles of morality. I will now wait and see what tone my soul will strike, perhaps it is as hardy as the dear Hessenland.

I begin to think that I was not at all born for society, could I ever give up to my imagination without becoming heated at the senseless contradiction of others? — did I not go to sleep at the Primate's in the buzz of all those fine people, and did

I not fancy that all those dearest to me had become insane ; with their jabots of Point d'Alençon projecting half a yard, and their diamond buttons, and with a queue stuck to the back of their heads. I nearly died of shame to see them running about with their queues as though they bore a mark of merit. And is it not degrading for the free soul to force outward signs of insanity upon it, at the mere order, to do honor to Napoleon ? George pulled off his queue and threw it upon the floor among the people, and the Queen of Holland slurred it through all the rooms with her train ; I saw it done, and secretly amused myself. To avoid all the folly which is the order of the day, I shall not go there this winter. One cannot be amused long with the insipidities emanating from a circle of persons, who without any foundation call themselves the educated world. One person close beside me bit into the necklace of her neighbor in order to see if the pearls were real, and I saw her vexation that they did not break. In this way everybody is vexed at everything that is real, and could I then do any better than go to sleep. I said to the Primate when he quizzed me about it, that I did it to avoid giving offence, as I was made of *real stuff*, and truly I felt lowered in my own eyes to be among them. My freedom here makes me happy, roving about in nature in the midst of which I live. The hut of the recluse in the wilderness cannot be more buried in its lap than I indeed ; I may even feel myself a part of it, which does not give the feeling of shame that comes over me in society, when I feel that I am not as they are, but makes me joyous and self-confident in its goodness, and preference of me over others. When I can step directly from the window of my sleeping-room upon the wintry hill, then on the old dangerous wall that here has crumbled away and there ascends to the skies, climb to the ramparts of the old ruined Fastness on the top of the hill, over hedges and ditches, where only reckless courage ventures, with not a single human being to be seen in the far distance, all alone with Nature, I speak to her loudly, ringingly. and no one hears it ; now that I am acquainted, each bush nods kindly to me with the few brown leaves the winter-wind has left it, when I can sit down beside it on the wall, without growing giddy. Ah, what a pleasure to climb, how rapturous is daring youth ! Even if I do come home sometimes with a raw knee, as to-day for instance, or with a scratched arm, I

do not feel it at all; indeed, if I mistake not, I am rather glad of it. "Harden!" said the smith in the forest as he hammered the glowing iron; this the Landgrave of Thuringia heard, and forthwith became hard as iron. "Harden!" I said to-day as I slid down the wall from which there was no other mode of descent, and in consequence I was not hurt. "Harden!" I said to Meline who prepared to be terrified, when she saw traces of blood on my dress as I entered the room, and I had to suffer her to heal me with *beaume de Chiron*. "Thou wilt yet break thy neck," she prophesied, "now that there are so many slippery places on the hill from the melting snow." I write it down, so that if it comes to pass, thou wilt know she has prophesied truly. But certainly these exercises taught us by nature are preparations for the soul; everything becomes instinct even in the mind, and it does not consider, shall I or shall I not; it teaches it to keep its balance, in climbing and leaping; it attaches or detaches, that is, the longing for a pillar against which one can lean in this world, or for a staff to journey on with, becomes ridiculous; we soon discover that we can go alone on tolerably rough roads, and acquire great confidence in mounting steep paths, by practice. Not even timidity and inexperience tempt one to seize the first shrub in one's way, that by bending and breaking turns traitor, and breaks the neck of Confidence. I would like to know if the whole inner man cannot be expressed by the exterior, and if "rope-dancing" would not develop a higher diplomatic talent than the compounded confusion of empty correspondence, spirit of intrigue, and observance of trifles? Or if to skate gracefully, would not teach us to glide with easy grace between all contrarieties? Would coolly and calmly managing a restive horse not awaken the power in us of overcoming our own passions, teaching us gradually to develop the good from the evil in others, and self-command in danger? We are a quick flame of presence of mind, with which we form a resolve and greet the sublime, even if it springs from a childlike spirit, not ever and ever worshipping the serpent-skin that the god-youth, the Genius hovering over the Times, has thrust from him long since. Indeed, if on the whole this unrestrained exercise among the allurements of nature, this exercise of our powers in so far as it develops and strengthens our limbs, does not also strengthen our inmost soul, that it comes too elevated, too noble for this little world-school,

outgrowing the shears with which it cannot be reached and trimmed any more, not enduring but overthrowing the unworthy. Just as little as I ask any one out of doors : Shall I jump over this or that, depending on my own impulse, should not an inner power be answerable for the mind too? Do we perhaps only seek advice because we are timid? Does it seem too fabulous for the Spirit to rise in our midst, that reveals the wisdom of Heaven to us? What can more easily help us subdue the power of antiquated prejudice foreign to our nature, than to leave the young germ of that instinct so much light and air that it can bloom? A more elevated spirit can only be produced out of itself, as it is only the mighty impulse for development in us that creates the necessity for this development; consequently each spontaneous impulse of the mind is a progress of the germ. Therefore, to let the inner spirit rule and no strange one is the origin of it. Is it not a thousand times better to fail out of our own misconceptions than according to the advice of others, if one will return home, and crosses the borders to inquire the entrance to his own house? How is it? Are not then the sacred powers, whose alliance we call Conscience, choked in the bud? Will not the impulse of foreboding cease, and the penetration of the spirit die? If I command silence to my own voice, and follow a strange one, then am I no more in my own power and must submit to repudiate my better self, out of regard for others. Listen! had I a difficult task to solve in life, I would not go to the experienced worldly-wise for advice; not to those who know how to make a bargain with their earthly life, nor to those who wield the law. I would ask the childlike, because children have the divine wisdom to which we must return if we would do right, and which is our only share of the kingdom of heaven, for we ourselves build heaven by our free and noble deeds, else will it never be known on earth; but there is confusion in every language, each one desires something different, no one will understand the other, therefore our inner voice alone can teach us the right language again. Oh, he who lets it speak does great deeds, and yet retains the simplicity of nature, for nature is grand, and man shall become great. If he thrive in body and increase in generations, then too shall he thrive in spirit and increase there also. And as from our sensuous nature, care, nurture, growth, and security, develop from its

organism, why not in the soul? What is spiritual life but its existence, by its own creation? What do we restrict more than its free growth? and this has been from age to age that it shakes its unworthy chains at our unheeding ears; and we fear these chains; an independent assertion of the mind might overturn the world! Indeed, but how sublimely would it arise from its own ruins! Is not fear an evil demon? Fear of error is fear of man; if we but listened to the child's voice in our breast, it would pass away. Is erring Error? May it not also be the independent course we take? an attempt to move in a sphere transcending all opinions? Is opinion not the knife with which we slay the new-born, spiritual fruit, in the lap of Error? has any one ever reached this point in his mind, that he, like the bold chamois-hunter, can cross chasms and clefts with unerring leap, in passionate pursuit of his game? But what is Passion? is it not that unexercised power of the mind, that sensuously breaks forth to exercise itself! Be it the track of the chamois which the hunter pursues, or that of the white hind with golden antlers, enticing him by a thousand turns and windings into the thicket, to the entrance of labyrinths where mysterious powers await him, touching his eyes and ears, that he may understand what only the pure, daring, self-controlling mind can conceive and understand. Could I only travel into the Tyrol to free my spirit by the chamois-hunt, I should be so much better satisfied with myself, and the power to attain the great would not be lost in me, but vigorously put forth its arms on all sides.

Molitor has sent me Herr Engelmann's "System of Education;" he probably thinks because I was so fond of going to the model school with him, that I take an interest in education generally. This however was only on account of the poor Jewish children, who there enjoyed their mite of humane treatment in common with other children, and, to tell the truth, the only object of importance in that system seemed to me this: Early to accustom children of the same age and the same faculties to feel that they have equal human rights, be they Christians or Jews. Be kind enough to inform Molitor what I think of my own education. That, by climbing high, I seek to avoid the evil snares that would seize my mind, afterwards to fetter and bind it, and that "Thoughts on the Education of Girls," by Engelmann does

not seem practical to me at all, as the best education one can give them is to leave them to God, therefore 90 Carolins are too much.

I enclose a sheet for Molitor, and you may tell him, as supplement, that I count it among the tortures of the Philistines to be troubled by such things. People who hatch such "Systems of Education," may set their own wits to work to criticise them too; they will not submit to be set right by me, and only exclaim that I empty the child with the bath, which is true enough, as the child is an ugly fright, and shall not sit in the bath like a human being.

I was really sorry to be obliged to write to him about it, because I do not like to sully my pen with Philistine notions; it is a real sin, and committed from sheer good-nature, but I shall not write again. Do me the favor to tell him, to leave me in peace with "what is, and what will be," but to send me the "Sulamith" as often as it appears; nonsense as it is, I must yet know all about the Jews when I return to Frankfurt; the Primate reads it too. I will give thee a message for the Primate; do not fail to deliver it. I wrote to grand-mamma to send the Drusen-Weihe (Ordination of the Druses) to thee; wrap up the enclosed letter with them, and send the package to the Vicar-General at the Taxis-Mansion; write a double address, the first one to the Vicar, who will forward it if the Primate is in Aschaffenburg. Do not put off doing it.

BETTINE.

I have involuntarily closed my letter with a message, although I wanted to tell thee so much about some plants and mosses I found in the woods; purely architectural figures. A word in itself is always beautiful, not so a thought, if not uttered in beautiful words and conclusive order. There is a certain romantic disorder, or, rather, accidental order in Nature, which is very enticing, even fascinating, and so penetrates one with love and joy, that it far outweighs all luxury and sublimity in its relations to the soul. I have always thought, when in the fairy tales a splendid palace rose opposite the hut of the two beggar-children, how sad it was for them to leave their moss-hut and move to the palace, which I was afraid might hide the view, as nothing seems lovelier to me than for Nature tenderly to interweave its caprices where man invents. Should it not be the same in thoughts and

feelings? Should Poesy not be as intimate with Nature as with a sister, leaving part of its cares to her? sometimes giving up its sacred laws for love of Nature, breaking the fetters of custom to rush with eager desire into her arms, freely to breathe on her bosom. I am well aware that Form is the fair and faultless body of Poesy, as produced by the human mind; but should there not be a direct revelation of Poesy, without the defined limits of Form, penetrating our inmost more deeply, awfully? one that more quickly and naturally identifies with the mind, perhaps more unconsciously too; but again from out of itself creating and producing a spiritual existence? Are there not moments in Poesy when the mind forgets itself, flowing onward like a spring that gushes from the rock? flowing in the bed of sensibilities, of youthful raptures, penetrated by light, breathing joy and ardent requited love and all through the vitality infused into it by Nature!

In thy poems I feel what seems a silent array of pillars across a distant plain; against the far horizon the outlines of mountains swell softly like the waves of the summer-sea, rising and falling like the breath in the bosom of the gazer; all is lost in silent worship of this sacred symmetry. Passions, poured like libations upon the hearth of the gods by the pure priestesses, gently flame upwards. Like a silent prayer in thy poesy, are resignation and happy love; a soft gleaming of dewy buds, opening in the wide plain to the starlight, and tremulous breezes, scarce rising against the slender pillar of language, scarce reflecting the purple of the rose in the shining marble form around which it twines; veiling to the world the secret meaning and the power bubbling up to thee from its depth; a dreaming spirit wanders through those plains, which in the realm of Poesy thou hast appropriated to thyself. And ever, when I dare look up to thee from my childish pursuits, I think I see a bride, whose priestly robes do not betray, nor her face express, if she is sad or joyous in her ecstasy. I carry a pang in my bosom, that with difficulty I suppress in thy presence; a secret desire to draw thee from thyself, to make thee forget thyself, and leave but once those pillared aisles before which the myrtle modestly blooms, to go to my forest-hut with me, and sit down before its door, a thousand bees buzzing about us, drinking their fill from the flower-cups in my garden, and the tender doves winging their way back to my roof in the evening, where

they are more at home, and make more ado than the love and friendship of men, for they maintain their prerogative to drown all thinking by their cooing. Thus did I see my mind before thee, my dearest one! I see thee wandering past the grove where I am at home, just as a sparrow hidden by dense foliage watches a solitary swan swimming on the quiet waters, and, hidden, sees how it bends its neck to dip into the flood, drawing circles around it, sacred signs of its isolation from the impure, the unrestrained, the unspiritual!—and these silent hieroglyphics are thy poems, that soon will blend with the waves of time, idealized by a spirit of peace, and the dew will yet fall that rose from thy soul. Yes, I see thee, swan! holding converse with the whispering sedges by the shore, and the soft wind, thou gazest after, as it bears onward thy sighs, far, far over the waters, no messenger returning to say if they were ever landed. But no, soul is borne by its pinions so high, that it can compass space with a fiery glance, kindling the holy fire of creation with its breath. Thus will flames arise, swayed by the law of the breath from thy soul, to kindle the hearts of youthful races believing themselves manly in boyish conceit, not knowing that the breath of youth that fires their breast never arose from the bosom of manhood. What do I think? I think the spirit breathes; it is nourished by the elements, and drinks the air, living in its delicately vibrating life. Also within the earth Nature's moral and social laws are busy. The air weds itself to the earth, as the spirit to the word; the roaring of the wind, the rushing of waters uttering melodies of life, and every being bears within it its own love, longing, and gratification, that their flames may force the portal of eternal youth; so think I. To thee, more than to any one, belongs golden peace, and that thou be separated from all that might disturb the powers which form thee; I feel as if I must lock thee up and stand sentinel before thy doors, steal to thy couch at night to drop dew upon thy brows. I know not what thou art, I am undecided; but where I wander in solitude I am ever seeking, and where I repose I think of thee.

There is an old tower here at the end of the hilly garden, with a broken ladder inside, that no one dares to mount; but I can get up with a few scientific leaps, and find myself quite alone, looking over the land, who knows how far? But I do not see. I carry myself out into the distance where it

is lost in mist, not drawing my eye to account for its impressions, glad to be alone, and that all is mine as far as I can feel. Up there I am with thee, and bless the earth in thy name.

Farewell. I shall soon write again and more distinctly. Through this letter I feel an electric vibration, as when a storm begins to lift the waves, to which Jupiter Tonans has not decided to give his consent.

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

I was absent from Frankfort until the beginning of this week, and hoped surely to find letters from thee, as I feel somewhat anxious, although I have a secret foreboding that thou wilt soon rush upon me in torrents, and carry me away.

My visit at Heidelberg was both agreeable and instructive, which latter thou of course wilt not allow; but when I tell thee that the old walls infused their spirit into me, and not the people, it will find credit. On leaving thou didst send Oster-tag's miserable translation of "Suetonius" to my lodgings, probably to be returned to the Library, and in no book have I ever found so many traces of thy diligent study as in this; four or five pages of written extracts, in which thou hast put all the misdeeds of the twelve emperors to one account. What moved thee to a study usually so repugnant? I try to find an explanation for it. Thinkst thou that because they, as great men were not free from the sin of tyranny, to absolve *thy* great man? I jest, yet would I like to see thy face, if it is quite free from the enthusiasm that naturally arises in a mind excited by that constant *success* in all encounters with Fate which I call *luck*, others "cosmopolitan patriotism," and are easily led to play a part in it, if one offers; because it is said he has a "lucky star," and in consequence of the astral emanation every one feels compelled to do homage, which from simple admiration soon goes over to idolatry. But I will not draw down thy wrath upon me, and candidly confess whence this evil thought springs; it did not originate with me. People say that thou wert intensely excited when the Emperor made his entry, and that on seeing him thou didst weep, entirely beside thyself. Claudine told me all this. If it were true, it is still not necessary for thee to be carried away by him, as one may be greatly agitated without being inspired for a subject. I will not torment thee fur-

ther with unpleasant words that are not seriously intended, any more than will punish thee a little for thy belated letters.

I have received a package of manuscripts for thee from Offenbach, probably the novel. Shall I keep them for thee or return them? About Clemens too I have a great deal to tell thee that is good and pleasant, showing ardent devotion to thy welfare.

He is deeply serious in saying that thou wilt be lost to the future by thy carelessness, and he carries it so far as to blame me also in his ardor. One letter thou wrotest to him, in which my opinion is quoted as proof of thy incapacity to compose, or rather produce. For this I had to suffer; he showed me thy letter, saying, "Who writes thus can compose." I submitted to everything quietly and quiescently; do what thou thinkst best.

There in Marburg thou probably hast but little diversion, so who knows what thou mayst yet accomplish or what thou mayst think of. If thou hast thoughts, they will certainly fall from the skies. Too bad that this long looked for phenomenon will not take place!

I beg thee to write soon, that I may again follow in the course of thy events and experiences. I feel very solitary, and my eyes prevent me from writing much.

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

Dearest Echo, I must tell thee something about the painful weariness I experience in everything I undertake, because I have yet heard nothing from thee. I think that if I do not call, thou must; but no, thou art only the Echo, and I may not hope to hear from thee till thou art reached by my voice. Yesterday I sealed my letter and gave it to the footman to take to the post, when, lo! he returns it with a huge package of letters, thinking to have received instead of having been sent to deliver it, and now it will not go before four o'clock to-morrow. This return and detention of my letter, for which I desire wings, and which I never seal until it actually begins its journey, disturbed me. My memory is so short, that as soon as I have sealed a letter I already forget the contents, and only retain a lingering feeling as to how thou wilt be affected by it; but soon I begin to doubt if it is not all

fancy in thinking to have imparted deep contemplations to thee, and feel discouraging doubts about what to do with the large package of letters that cannot possibly contain much wisdom, when my head feels so very empty. Then I am sad not to have yielded thee my soul unveiled, as it is received by God, sending thee a torrent of words that strive and strive to breathe a flame up to thee from the fathomless ocean in which we all swim. I would like to open the letter to see but for a moment that I had my heart on my tongue, and yet, sealed, it seems already like thy property that concerns me not, as God deprives me of it as soon as with flushed brow I have written it down. Indeed it has several times happened that I found one of my letters when with thee. It was entirely strange, and I was much surprised at the thoughts.

To-day, then, for reverence of thee, I dismissed thy letter inviolate, not wishing to penetrate the secrets God commits to thee by my hand, else would he not so speedily take all recollection of them from me; therefore canst thou more implicitly believe in that which reaches thee thus.

Christian, who wrote such earnest and loving letters to me at Frankfort, often causing me contrition because they attributed so much higher faculties to me than will ever be awakened, now goes round me, carefully probing my ingenuity, only to discover that the mines of genius are partly exhausted, and the fields of knowledge only sterile soil, the light and enthusiasm nothing but mist; yet he does not forsake me, but provides teachers. Schäffer, was to study history with me, but as he is very serious and thorough, insisting that the free, enlightened human being is to fix its entire and undivided attention upon the subject, he could not go on with me, it was against his conscience; and he intimated to Christian that it were better to occupy me differently, as I had nervous sensations when figures were placed before my mind, or when I was to distinguish earlier from later periods, and remember names, and that he could not conscientiously rob me of time and money. I regret that he too is stricken with blindness in regard to me, and possessed with the droll idea that I study to *know*, to acquire knowledge. Heaven forbid! it would only be filling inner space with things that would be in my way. If a traveller accumulates too many things, he does not know where to stow them; and

if he is accustomed to superfluities, he must have a baggage-wagon to follow him. To wrap my cloak about me and jump out of the window, is according to my mind, for I will learn to drink the air, breathing the spirit by which I live, and exhaling it, not swallowing it like an intellectual ballast which will finally suffocate me. But no one will admit that such absurdities are according to nature. In the end, to be sure, I should know nothing. This I would freely acknowledge, but I should be wise, which they will not acknowledge. I would become spiritualized by the volatile salts of Knowledge, feeling then a breath of vitality, a kiss, (if you permit me to say so,) a fleeting one, leaving an impression that I realize, immortalize within me.

To know and to be knowing, are two different things; the first is gaining independence in Science, becoming an individuality by means of it, — a mathematician, an historian, a lawyer, — all these belong to the fossil world, and is Philistinism in a certain deeper sense. To be knowing is to thrive on the healthy soil of the mind, where the mind can bloom; there we need no memory, no separation of the imagination from reality. The desire for knowledge alone seems to me but as the greeting of Soul and Spirit, a tender contact with the Truth, energetically revived by it, as lovers by Love, by Nature. Nature is the beloved of the Senses, and spiritual Nature must be the beloved of the Soul; by constant life with and enjoyment of it, they gradually unite, but do not keep an account of everything, spelling out and reckoning up. Well, I cannot complain as long as I fare as well as here; I flit about like a bee, and where I find an open flower I slip in and taste of it, and drink my fill, if I like it. Old Professor Weiss, in whose house we live, is a little garden for me in which I yet find all sorts of open blossoms. The good old man knocks at our door, and there he stands, in smoking-cap and dressing-gown, asking to light his pipe, as candles have not yet been brought to his rooms; then I walk up and down the garden with him a little while, and he shows me the constellations, Orion, the great and the little Dipper, while he puffs the smoke into my face. In this way he has entertained me for three weeks past, as often as the weather was fine, telling me about the dancing planets, thereby vastly increasing my desire to know more. It has, however, not left any scientific deposit whatever; it was rather an unveil-

ing of the secret charm of the spiritual. Then, at night, I have yet had thoughts — stragglers — over which I went to sleep enraptured. Dost thou know what it is to go to sleep enraptured? It is to be in sweetest solitude with Nature, when her eye alone rests on thee, looking into thee and thou into her; both wrapt into one cover, like two children drinking each other's breath. Thus I feel when accidentally I get an inkling of her; but when it is measured out to me, and I am to render account of it, then I feel myself wronged to the very soul, for I do not want to know anything. I am ashamed and pained to think that the exuberant mirthfulness on the playground of my soul shall be stopped, and the singing and soaring cease, where in an instant all is spent as it is won, and not a thought of provision for the future interferes.

I have yet another pleasure. The old gentleman has a little greenhouse, a chamber with two windows towards the sun, where he keeps plants that he has raised and cherished during long years. I go there with him, helping him to cleanse them from dust. Many I was unacquainted with. He told me their names, their homes, and their history, how he came by them, what good and bad luck he had had in their care. All this is lively and interesting, for he is old, sickly, has many children, and consequently many cares. It is now his greatest pleasure from the so-called abundance of this wide field of scientific life, when these few tropical plants, that thrive on his love in a foreign land reward him by a scanty bloom. In the germ he already sees if it will put forth flowers or only leaves, counts them all, watching daily how they thrive, and no leaflet stirs but what he sees and understands it. Thou shouldst hear how he remarks upon their opening, their coloring, economically dealing out a share of sunlight to each, that none may fall short; and yet he goes daily to his old leathern lectures, which he has read once every six months for the last twenty-one years. With drooping ears he goes the accustomed way to the mill. Can a healthy human mind endure thus ever and ever to chew the cud of what it once has acquired? No indeed! it must cease sometime, and I think one would rather forfeit eternal life than impart one's knowledge over and over again, transmitting it to posterity; we must abdicate it sometime, not so? Should one desire to take the old thesis into eternity? No, indeed; just as little as the gold-laced coat, full-bottomed wig, decorations, titles,

and honorary offices. We feel very well that such trash is improper before God.

But how the mind coincides with Nature, who is its friend and beloved, how it develops in and through it, this is essential before God. If, then, knowing and possessing must change into not knowing and not having, what harm if I quickly allow everything to evaporate?

To know is to be a mechanic, but to be knowing is the expansion of the soul's life, and that of the spirit with it in Nature. But Life is Love.

Be indulgent; everything must be called out to thee, dear Echo, and do not be alarmed if it does not strike thee like sound common sense. Do we not amuse ourselves by imitating the bird in the bush, the sighing winds, and the wild things in the wood? When Weiss saw how much pleasure I took in the plants, he gave me a botanical book. I selected the mosses because they are yet to be found under the snow, and have a microscope through which I examine them. I discover a world. Everything runs and rushes as through a forest; it only needs the sound of horns, hounds, and guns, to think one's self present at a royal hunt. Besides, I have the pleasure of looking down from above like God into this busy life. When I recount to Weiss how it seems to me, he listens as though it were gospel, and is refreshed by the lies and fables of my imagination. He says, "If I did not have to follow the plow, I would chat with you all day." This is good for me, else it would be too much.

SATURDAY.

Yesterday evening I spent in a thorough test of my patience; the hour of twilight was once more filled with all manner of gifts from the Muse. Schäffer, who is a refined, intellectual man, was among the listeners. Savigny is extremely amiable to his friends and acquaintances; he beams with benignity, and every one around him feels unconcernedly happy and cheerful. Poems were read by their authors. This is difficult both for the reader and listener, as there arise two questions, — whence come the poems, and whither do they tend? Most of them claimed their descent from the ardent genius of Love, and maintained their right to enter the heart. I sat in a corner and heard a long poem with my ears; but my heart yearned to be out on the snow in the

starlit air. The stars have a sound, a speaking tone, that is far more audible in a clear winter-night than in summer; perceptible, not audible, as everything in nature is only perceptible, even if the outward senses do not perceive it. I dreamed myself out into all the world, while the verses were rolling on the poetic highway. It seemed to fall heavily upon my neighbor's heart too; he sighed deeply several times, then drew out his memorandum and scribbled something into it. I took it from his hand in order to try to make verses in the metre of the reader, the subject read furnishing me with words, as in a factory where one workman prepares the pieces for the next, and so for curiosity's sake I place it before thee. The Poet, namely, was reading plaintive conversations between two lovers who could not come to an understanding about their longing in spring-time and summer-time.

Es waren nicht des Mayen wilde Blüthen,
 Violon süß und Rosen überall,
 In grüner Lind die freie Nachtigall,
 Die mich vor Sehnsuchts-Schmerzen sollen hüten.

Ich klage nicht die lichten Sommerzeiten,
 Den kühlen Abend nach dem heissen Tag; —
 Der meiner Träume Sinn verstehen mag
 Der wolle ihnen Störung nicht bereiten.

Nicht dass sich bald das grüne Laub will neigen,
 In dem der Vöglein muntre Schaar sich wiegt,
 Dass Sonnenschein und Blumenglanz verfliegt,
 Macht dass mein Herz sich sehnt und meine Freuden schweigen.

Der rauhe Winter nicht, der alle Lust bezwinget,
 Die lustigen Gauen überdeckt mit Schnee, —
 Mir seufzt die Langeweile im Herzen Ach! und Weh!
 Die mit dem Dichter stöhnt und in den Veersen klinget.

'Twas not the wild bloom of the birch in May,
 Violas sweet and roses in the vale,
 On the green lime the warbling nightingale,
 That soothingly my longings should allay.

I do not at the summer-day repine
 When cooling eve usurps the noon's hot glow; —
 He who the meaning of my dreams may know,
 He will not mock them by a word unkind.

Not that the wood's green leaves so soon must fall,
 In which the birds' melodious choir reigns;
 Not that the sunlight and the flowers must fade,
 Makes my heart yearn, and still my pleasures all.

'Tis not rough Winter who with icy bounds
Checks merry life, and decks the meads with snow; —
'Tis weariness that's sighing "Ah!" and "O!"
Moans with the Poet, and in his verses sounds.

MONDAY.

Yesterday I received a letter from Clemens containing solemn exhortations not to throw away my life; so tender, so sincere, as though I were a flower-bud growing upon his stem, to which all the sap and strength is carefully spent, that it may open; but the bud is closed so firmly that neither rain nor sunshine will call it forth — what can I do?

Christian chastises me with words, saying there is no aspiration in me, and if I desire to travel in Italy I must study "Winkemann's History of Art," and learn Italian; the last I have tried, but the History of Art, why shall I bother about that when I am to go to Italy? Ei, let me see everything with my own eyes, and when I am drunk with rapture, that the trees, flowers, and fruits are different there, when a fairer sky arches over me, and people, boys, and youths, that are more nearly allied to me in the blood of indolence than our cold industrious German bread-students, meet me in the street, lightly saluting, turning to repeat it with ardor, — ei, will I then remember a word of Winkemann, and the old History. When the beauty of Earth is surging around me, I'd be just the pedant to refer to it! With thee I would like to lounge arm in arm, Günderode. If thou comest not to-day, I await thee to-morrow, each moment will be deliciously filled, why should we care what follows? Storm and showers write their imperishable Runes into the heart, as well as the cloudless day; each path conducts to hidden beauties of Nature, why shall we not, when the heart calls, follow the fair forms, the glistening glory of the plains, roving hither and thither upon them like lambs? Why seek the beautiful according to a plan? In the end perhaps accident is the most generous giver, why not yield to it? — does not God infuse his spirit most deeply through it into the soul, most readily gratifying its secret wishes?

I often imagine myself wandering with thee out of the nearest gate, along the most charming path, but Clemens urges me to the foot of Parnassus, desiring me to mount, and so I wrote to him: "My conscience keeps me from composing, and when I consider how much deep, pure feeling

is required, I dare attempt it all the less; sometimes indeed it comes over me, and I feel a longing for it, like a captive child for its play in the free air, on the green fields, and in the sunshine. I grieve that I cannot do as I desire, and thus the language in which I seek to hold my contemplations is burnt like a dry fagot by the fire of my heart. How often had I moments, whose solemn admonitions prepared me for something deep and earnest. Then Poesy seemed to me a developed butterfly, ready in the gentlest rain to burst its delicate wrappings, and soaring in the air to revel among the manifold blossoms of my soul; and I felt as though born for something divine and invisible. I was proud, and when Nature glowed upon me with her ardent eyes, I was shy and proof against her power, yet I would have yielded my heart to the first bold moment that dared unfetter the language in which my song could have flowed. But all this inner tremor and bubbling passed over without my retaining, or producing anything; it will perhaps return to me a thousand-fold without leaving one trace behind it."

I have copied this for thee from my letter to him, because it is something real, repeating itself in endless modulations in my mind. I have visions when I close my eyes, but I do not only see, I also hear enrapturing tones, as though intense feelings could become tones; thus only the next step is wanting for tone to translate itself into words; but over to this island it will not throw a bridge; on the contrary, all manifestations dissolve before language. I have a dim idea why I cannot compose: it is, that the Profound, which is entirely to penetrate me, that with electric power it were to free Language, is something not legitimate in my world of feeling; or, more quickly and directly to express myself, because it is nonsense that surges in my soul, it is nonsense that my thoughts repeat again and again, because it is nonsense by which I am seized, foreshadowed as the highest law of Wisdom. Wherever I turn, wherever I enter, I find no response to my feelings; I know that if poetic inspiration were to seize me, the infinite, the unborn, would open to let me pass. I see! — and if I look upon a germ of truth, however small, or folded into itself, I am inspired, even by the luminous path it unconsciously wanders. By thee I am inspired, because thy simple emulation teaches me unerringly that thou art the sweet cadence by which my soul is rocked,

and slumbering thou infusest the laws of harmony into it. Foreshadowings are said to become truths to the mind; shall a foreshadowing become realized, then the soul must unite with another soul, with Genius, — foreshadowings realize Genius within us. All things receive real life, by the consecration of Love and Genius. Everything is realized by the nuptials of sublimer Light with the mind. It streams down upon the mind that need only lovingly desire it; shapeless, it fills it in the dead of night, flowing about, and entirely surrounding it. Ah, Light is no tame lover. And is it to be wondered at, that he who abandons himself unconditionally to it, will see where others do not see? — Should I feel shame before thee, who appeared to me in many a sacred moment, when the Light was tenderly weaving its rays about thee, crowning thy head with double glory, to say, that it is not Language standing between me and Light; no, it is Light directly that receives my senses — and not my soul through Language! — therefore I cannot compose. Composing is not near enough, it thinks too much of itself.

Ah, but I am writing in the way to which we have agreed that thou wilt not reply, so that I may not be crazy before my time. Be silent, I will be silent too, else the demon might carry me off through the air. To Clemens I wrote that I am very happy here, not only on Savigny's account, whose presence indeed lends a charm to every place, but on account of the seclusion, removed from all the trifling that beset me in Frankfort, I may say limiting my liberty. Here I can give myself up to carelessness, without being directly terrified by its inconsistency, and can be serious and quiet without any one considering me sick or in love. I am in love with Heaven and Earth, both of which are lovely here, without being accused of coquetry. Here comes thy letter. Thou gavest it to Claudine to finish, who kept it two days, for it took her so long to write, — and now I must close this one without its being an answer. I would answer it directly, but the effect of thy letter is too powerfully upon me yet. I do not think it could have been written at thy writing-table, but at a strange one, certainly at Claudine's. I must let the sun set, and collect myself for to-morrow morning.

MARBURG, December.

I jumped out of bed this morning to melt the ice with my breath. At half-past seven the students came laughing and clamoring up the hill. It was hardly light yet, and the mist so thick that they moved in it like shadows. Meline and I see them march to Professor Weiss's lecture every morning, to our greatest amusement. They cannot see us, for our windows are thickly frozen; we get upon the table and breathe against the upper panes till we have a hole just large enough to look through with one eye. Each of them wears a different badge, and they lounge about for a quarter of an hour till they vanish in the entrance to the lecture-room, which Weiss opens at eight o'clock precisely. Meanwhile they carry on all manner of sport, and we were already led to think the great leaps over one another's heads were executed in our honor; but they cannot see us because the windows are curtained, besides being frozen; yet our green curtains mysteriously strike their eyes, which affords us abundant amusement.

A love-affair with the whole troop is fully under way. We have divided them amongst us. Meline says that one is mine, and I, this one is mine. Thus we have two regiments, and their scuffles are laughed over with great zest and triumph. Each party has a captain. The one with the red cap, which he never wears on his head, but swings on the end of a great stick, called by the students *Ziegenhainer*, is mine. He is always first at hand, the others assemble around him and listen to what he says. He is probably the head of a *Burschenschaft*, so young and handsome and taller than all the rest. A cloud of breath comes from his mouth as often as he opens it, clinging as frost to his little beard, of which he feels very big, for he draws it through his fingers once a minute certainly. His hair is brown, but he has a fair sunny face that beams so cheerily through the morning-mist. Then, too, he wears a light coat.

Meline's favorite is called the "Brown One." He is fair-haired, but wears a brown coat and a blue cap, with a tassel dangling about his nose. When the others wrestle or throw snowballs at each other, he sits quietly on the wall and draws his shining Phœbus-like curls through his fingers. I often begrudge him to Meline, and would be willing to exchange

a good-looking one from my regiment for him ; but she will take nothing less than my general, which I won't do. Mornings the yard is like Elysium ; the dense mist lighted by the early sun, with figures in every position moving through it. When the lecture is over, we see them come out in still greater glee. Ah, had I such a regiment, I'd answer the absurd accusations in thy letter about Napoleon. "Pray, and ye will be heard." I pray unceasingly that I may have wings. I would fly over his legions and seize his rein. Ah, Günderode, thy unfortunate idea, as though I cherished a peculiar reverence for Napoleon, torments me. He rides the raging steed of Presumption, leaping in wild ardor over abysses, flying in proud conceit through the plain, to dash across new ones. On he hurries past the Times that are so altered that they cease to recognize themselves. Men sleep without a thought of awakening, but at the sound of his thundering hoof they tear open their eyes. Dazzled by his glory, they forget what they are about ; drowsiness is changed to intoxication, and they rush around him exultingly.

Things go strangely within me. Before people I return into myself ; before them I never feel myself. Only at night, when I awake from my first sleep, separated from everything, ponderous queries place themselves before my thoughts. They are questions put to my conscience, before which I grow mute. Virtues ! what are they ? If I think back of the last days at grandmamma's among the Emigrants, everything in confusion, as though the unhappy death of Enghien had occurred before the very door. What tears did old Choiseil weep with Ducailas and Maupart ; how they wrung their hands, crying to God to witness this pitiable death. Thinkst thou not that this made a far deeper impression on me than the greatest sweep of glory in the world ? Dost thou think I could ever desert the sufferers of wrong to side with the wrong that is sanctioned by the world ? I feel there is greater freedom in bearing the chains with the oppressed, dying, despised, than in sharing the fate of the oppressor. What is the talent to me that marks its course by broken truces and assassination ? Would I myself fly through such a career ? Yes, truly ! I would build high that no one could approach me except he had wings ; but not like a bird of prey that tears the Goddess of Fortune to glut upon her and then leave her like carrion, but by sacred

peace, not by treason against it ; by protection of the confiding, and not by their murder ; by the free, sacred, incontestable clarion tones of Truth, and not by strangling their utterance. Thy jest made me angry. I wanted to write myself into quiet, but I must glow through and through. He ! an inconceivable conceit without shame or feeling, about whom frogs, crowned and uncrowned, are hopping, who is pulled hither and thither by his weaknesses, denying his descent and quarrelling about a few stars in his escutcheon, creating frenzy among all the French, poisoning, throttling, shooting, tearing asunder the family-ties of his own brothers. Him, whom the intoxicated people uphold because his iniquities succeed, of him thou sayst to me, "Thou art attracted by these doings, and thy excited feelings run away with thee." It is all said in jest, but I am pained by it, and the jest comes not from thee. Thy jests are like the spray spattered from dewy branches, or like the frolicsome morning-breeze ; but they never hiss at me with brands of reproach. Thou canst trust my prophetic gift so far as to believe that the foreboding sleeps in my soul, that the more this straw-fed flame spreads, the sooner it will flicker and die in the ashes. Thou reproachest me for plaguing myself so long with Ostertag's bad translation, in order to study the characters of the great Emperors. I certainly did study the twelve Emperors with deep interest, only to find what I might have known before, that all tyrants are mean, cunning natures, who commanded where a request would have sufficed. The progress of their power developing from the vanity of the people, everywhere met by the servile love of court-pomp and the frenzy to sell their souls to this idol, till everything turned to folly, emptying itself into the great flood of pride. This is what I learned from my study of the twelve Emperors ; not to seek comparisons for his greatness, but to see if all tyrants were not as abhorrent as he, — if they have not all poisoned a Toussaint l'Ouverture, throttled a Pichegru, or shot an Enghien, and if they did not all make a halter of etiquette to throw over the heads of their nearest friends. Could any of them bear one breath of freedom about them ; and did those slaves bear their yoke for any other reason than to oppress those beneath them ? See, to the least trait it is always the same selfish, unjust hypocrite, the same monster of mediocrity, without an impulse of the true spirit, no longing to set

up wisdom as the ægis of his actions, no knowledge of the fertile soil of arts and sciences, nor an idea how man develops his mind ; without self-esteem or inner discipline, uttering rude sarcasms, and every one cries, "He has a lucky star !" It cannot shine forever, and with its light everything will die away.

Don't write so harshly, else thou wilt receive harsh answers. I am vexed at every word I must write, because it seems like carrying on a lawsuit with thy common sense, putting forward newspaper wit and emigrant politics to maintain my right against thee.

There is a new moon to-night, and I must climb my old tower to see how it lights up the charmed, silent earth with its silvery rays. Meline is sound asleep, and I shall get out of the bedroom window on to the hill. To-day there was a dinner-party at Savigny's, and the Professor told of a band of thieves who had committed several robberies in the neighborhood ; who knows but what they are hidden in the tower. I am afraid ; but because I am, I must go up. Men are afraid of immortality too.

SUNDAY.

I was up there yesterday ; had great fear, in mounting, at nothing ; found the breeze of liberty freshly blowing. Silence, all compassing — all wrapt in slumber round about. The stars were beckoning Peace and Freedom ! so solitary, so secure. Thus must one feel who has shaken off life. On my way I was terrified by a crooked branch and a cabbage stalk. I knew it was nothing ; yet I was afraid. So, too, knows the inner man that all fear is naught, yet must he combat Imagination to gain Truth, which cannot be terrible because it is living and free, and that which is living and free alone can influence, not the fettered mind that fears because it does not understand. Knowledge neutralizes every antagonistic power. I will tell thee how it seems to die. I learnt it on my old tower. I climbed up, tremulous with fear, the inner voice of Truth helping me subdue my imagination that beset me with apparitions. Several times I hesitated between heaven and earth on the rotten ladder ; but the air from above touched me already, and suddenly I ascended, freedom breathing around me ; just so it is in death. The more light life has conquered, the more spiritualized it has

become, the more it avoids the spiritual, and at the close of life imagination sways it, limiting the radiance of the living, of Truth. Man is a slave to his imagination; it denies his inner self, but Divine Truth shines down into his dark, ruinous tower, and with double daring he now mounts the dilapidated ladder that leads him to freedom; and after this ascent to the heights of liberty, it can no longer endure in the dark tower, for that was imagination. One could perhaps take lightly what I say about dying, because it seems simple and fabulous, and perhaps has been said before. Indeed it was nothing new to me either, but derives its value from being an experience not understood by the senses alone. The starry heavens taught it me, and I was very happy over my lesson in dying, and mean to learn more up there.

TUESDAY.

To-day I have something merry to tell thee. The students had theatricals, and we went to see them under the protection of a strong escort. The play was an invention of the students themselves, and three duels occurred in it, with pistols, rapiers, and swords. When the shooting began, Meline grew faint; at the thrusts, everything turned blue and green before our eyes; but when they began with swords, the confusion became general. A great hubbub ensued; some leaped over the orchestra upon the stage, upsetting the oil-lamps and putting out part of them, and from the prevailing twilight impenetrable darkness was born. Our escort placed us upon benches, keeping us in their midst to guard against every mishap until we could dare escape from this confusion and lamp-smoke to breathe the fresh air of the street once more. The confusion began by the Beadle's telling the Rector, who had a seat of honor in the middle of the hall, that the duel with the swords was to be in earnest, declaring that he had overheard its arrangement; and they showed indeed a threatening aspect in their student's armor. The Rector held it his duty directly to discountenance this bold attempt. He opened a path through the orchestra, dashed by the bass-viol, that gave out a plaintive wail as he overturned it in his zeal, rousing the whole assembly. The Dean and other high University dignitaries rushed after their Rector regardless of obstacles, eliciting many more involuntary tones from the forsaken instruments. There was much loud talking back and forth

among the ladies, who, anxious as they were to prevent the catastrophe, did not cease to turn their eyes towards the scene of action, and laughter among the students who enjoyed the confusion; but the scene on the stage surpassed the rest in interest. The Rector and his volunteers solemnly facing us; a student, representing a lady in a long train, part of which had been demolished in the rapier-duel, now, probably from a spirit of waggery, turned his back to the audience, when through the breach in his robe a pair of high horseman's boots and his sword became visible, upholding the remaining fragment of the train, and over all a long lace veil streamed down his back, threatening at every movement of its wearer to extinguish the remaining lamps or take fire itself, so that several voices loudly called, "The veil is burning, the veil is burning!" The whole disturbance was soon discovered to have been a false alarm; but the play could not go on, as the lamps were out and the *élite* gone, besides a mass of people from the street having taken possession of the vacant benches to see what was going on. The next day we heard from Professor Weiss the issue of this tragi-comedy. It remained doubtful, he said, whether the affair had been seriously intended or not. The students denied it; but the Beadle took an oath on having overheard their conference in the passage. The student representing the lady was to have been one second, and my faithful captain the other. He further testified to having seen them measure their blades before the door, and hearing how many passes were to be made, and witnessing the inspection of their stocks, visors, and gauntlets. The students insisted that they were only rehearsing their parts previous to representing them on the stage, so nothing remained but to let them go. The Rector took their word to keep the peace, after which they held a convivium, keeping up their merriment to a late hour. The progress of the play had not yet thrown much light upon the development of the plot, and their object was in some way to replace the required issue. Therefore, in the ignored presence of the Beadle, whom they knew to be hidden behind a chest, they made him a witness to their whole proceeding, having dropt hints in his presence before to rouse his mistrust. In this way the whole audience assisted, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment, and no doubt young and old will have enough to tell about the droll things that occurred, for some time to come.

Professor Weiss was enchanted with his dear students, and says one must have been a student one's self in order to understand the enjoyment of such a success. He stayed with us, and we permitted him to smoke his pipe while he told us about the mad pranks of his college-days, whiling away the time very agreeably. This morning, when the students came to their lecture, we could plainly see how delighted they were, for laughter remained the order of the day. We two, behind the frozen windows like protecting deities, rejoiced in the mirth of our favorites.

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

If you are serious, you certainly are right too, and I will not repeat that I was but jesting; it would be doubly sinful, as jests are not seemly between us. You can least endure to have me touch a false chord. It was a worldly jest, not airy and light, besides being a pretext. I had become confused by my journeys back and forth between the Rhine and the Neckar, then home to the old household. Much has glided into time that was both joyful and sad. This winter brought me twofold experiences.

Clemens has written to me, and many bitter and sad recollections of him passed before me like a dream. His letter grieved me, because it foreshadowed distinctly, and again dimly, his confused and troubled soul. Even if I had never seen him, this cold indifference to life would affect me painfully.

He places himself beyond the limits of youth as though he had been rejected by it. How much this grieves me! why need he do so, instead of recalling the past, living on in that, ever fresh, young, and dreamy, as well he could. He must return to this, and it is for thee to write to him affectionately. He is pained and grieved at thy greater freedom, where formerly thy sole dependence seemed on him. Thou canst not alter, but must replace it to him, and as thy letters are always short, let them be frequent. I am rejoiced at his approbation of my poems. None other would please me so much. He writes that Savigny has heard of a translation of "Tian," which has been made in Paris. Write to him about it, and let me hear more.

I let Molitor read thy views on education. He was pleased with them, and promises not to disturb thee again, of which I am glad, even if thy arguments intended to overpower Phil-

ism have no basis, and are evidently hurled at random. I had rather read what arises from thy direct contact with the elements than when thy mind is centred in opposition on any given established subject. Thy truths indeed passingly reach the understanding of men; they would gladly admit thee to be right, but what of it? Until the dawn of poesy awakens the soul in every bosom, much will be understood that will as quickly fall into oblivion. Therefore I had rather thou wouldst create thyself, be teacher and scholar at the same time. It will bear better fruits, and thy own teachings penetrate thee more thoroughly and deeply. How thou didst resist the philosophy which thy own nature so individually expresses, in spirit, soul, and body. By this I do not wish to lead thee back upon thyself; it is merely a remark I make before the mirror, from which thou canst immediately take wing and fly; but thou wilt see that I agree with thee, for if thy organic nature is philosophy, thou wilt not of course have to acquire it. It will take a youthful form, meeting another spring and another understanding in the spiritual world; the more mistaken it seems for thee to put thyself in contact with realities and adapt thy mind to them. I seek to see myself collectedly centred in poesy as in a mirror, and my poems are essays to attain beyond myself to higher spheres. It seems to me that the phenomena of greatness among men all point to the same end. With such I would come in contact, enter into communion with them, in their midst, under their influence to follow the same course, ever progressing, with a feeling of self-elevation, with the aim to simplify, constantly gaining deeper insight into and knowledge of the practice of this art. And as the sublime works of Greek art were received as the results of divine inspiration, reflecting back upon the people as such, the great masters also producing them in this sense by the entire concentration of their mental powers; thus actively my mind and feeling awaken to their origin, their ideal, and seek to elevate themselves to it. For thee, a child born in the land where milk and honey flow, care were superfluous, the grapes hanging temptingly before thy lips, soil and climate favoring thy infancy. All combine to cherish, nourish, and protect thee as long as thou dost not change the climate, and to begin, it is of no consequence if thy early fruits are not palatable to the world, if only no wrong in thee disturb thy own

growth, for that would truly be a sin. Pass with people for what they please; be silent in regard to thyself. Promise me this sacredly, else they will transplant thee from thy native land, lift thee out of thy childhood *to make something of thee*. How sorrowful it would be, if thou wert estranged by thy own fault from thy inner life, thy religion, that ministers so gently and happily to thee. Oh, no; I will not fear it. Remain ever leagued with thy spirits that bring thee food, and reject it not for strange fare. I have often suffered reproaches on thy account. How could I have defended myself? It would have been treachery to unveil thee before their eyes. And what art thou? Nothing but the manifold expression of Nature, like that chrysalis thou broughtest from Schlangenbad this summer, so firm outside that nothing could injure it, opening at the slightest touch of the butterfly to let it forth, then closing again. If Nature so peculiarly provides to guard against every interruption in the development of its organic beings, even carefully closing the chamber from which it has dismissed its winged things, how deeply the instinct not to give up to strange powers must be implanted in these living beings. As thou hast a manifold understanding of Nature, thou wilt also comprehend me now. No more and no better I hold thee than anything that lives in Nature, for all that lives has equal claims on the Divine; but it is thy care that thy life in Nature develop unmolested.

Thy little poem, made to pass the time, proves that we are both right; for every one else I would count it a poem, but not for thee, because thou expressest an outward situation, not an inner one; and I think the true significance of a poem consists in making our inmost being apparent in a living form. The more purely and decidedly this inner life expresses itself, the deeper will be the impression and power of the poem. Everything depends upon power. It overthrows criticism, and maintains its own. What if it be so constructed as not to violate the accepted standard of art? Power creates higher laws, that before no one was aware of or ventured to express. Higher laws always displace the old ones, and we do not yet find an end. If the arena where our faculties are now trained according to established principles were but given up at large to facilitate Nature in following her own laws! I do not wish thee, however, to apply to my own poetical products what I say here, for I have learnt

to obey by strict discipline, and it was well, because I collected material in my mind, which in itself perhaps would not have satisfied me had the form by which I sought to entwine a charm not lent it additional worth. I believe that nothing in poesy is so essential as for its germ to spring from within us. A spark bursting from the nature of the spirit is inspiration, come from whatever depth of the feelings it will, and insignificant as it may seem. The most important in poesy as well as in speech certainly is the true and direct sensation then uppermost in the soul, because if the soul feels clearly and simply, and we were to heighten these sensations, the spiritual effect of them would be lost. The greatest master of poesy certainly is he who requires the simplest forms to express his inner conceptions, and in whom form is born from a feeling of inner accordance.

But as I said before, don't apply any of my words to me, or thou canst easily fall into error, although this very understanding has come to me from within. I was often obliged to acknowledge the scantiness of the pictures conceived in my poetic moods, and often thought that close beside me more luxuriant forms and finer robes lay ready, or that more imposing material was at hand, but as they did not originate as the first mood of my soul, I always rejected them, holding to that which really deviated least from my real emotions; thus it was that I ventured to have them printed, their value for me consisting in the genuine impress of truth they bore, and in this sense all fragments are poems to me. Thou hast probably also experienced this simple phenomenon in thyself, of tragic moments moving thy soul, that snatch their images from history, and that in this picture circumstances so combine as to carry thee through the deepest grief or sublimest elevation. Thou strugglest against wrong victoriously, thou art happy, everything favors thee, and thou becomest capable of developing great powers, and finally succeeding in expanding thy soul over all; or else a hard fate of suffering opposes thee, becomes embittered and violates the sanctuary of thy bosom, thy faith, thy love. Then the Genius takes thee by the hand, leading thee from the land where thy high moral dignity was endangered, and at his call and under his protection soaring upwards where thou hopest to escape from sorrow, or to where the spirit of sacrifice prompts thee. Through imagination the mind experiences these

changes as fate, it tests itself in them, and truly we often make the experiences of a hero through them, feeling ourselves penetrated by the sublime that sensuously we would be too weak to endure ; but imagination is the spot where the seed was planted and took root, — who can say how or when a mighty and pure power will blossom from it? How else is the hero formed in us? There are no secret workshops in the spirit unemployed, and however a power may show itself, its inner calling is the most important. Therefore I feel a sort of consolation at the insignificance of my poems, because they are the footprints of my soul, which I do not deny. Even if any one were to object that I might have waited till riper and finer fruits were collected, it is yet my conscience that induced me to deny nothing, for if ever, a pure and pleasing image developed itself, it belongs there too, and it was everything experienced in this way that led me to this standpoint of firm resolve. I have now told thee enough, and have done it for thy love's sake, as thou hast often said and done much for me ; besides thou hast a large share in all this, as well thou mayst have. I beg thee urgently, do not let it affect thy mood, but be careful to remain entirely thyself.

Thy manuscript has been forwarded to the Primate.

CAROLINE.

What hast thou written to Voigt about a Polish Jew?

TO GÜNDERODE.

The weather has changed, and the green hill-side laughs at the bit of snow that pretends to be winter ; I do not enter the house all day long. Evenings the sun and moon walk together in the sky, and yesterday I mounted my tower earlier, to see why they did not come ; I looked up into the soft, warm air, and over the changed landscape, for the snow had melted overnight, and in the sweet caresses of Nature I could not remember how it looked before ; the pines and meadows freed from their weight of snow must feel so too. The yellow willows and birches reel in the soft wind, hoping and longing that spring may overcome winter ; they are playfully bantered by spring-dreams in their winter-sleep, and I too ; — can all ecstasy here be a dream of the future? it is so fleeting, so accidental. Spring-time is ecstasy, because it is inspiration for the future ; ecstasy is inspiration to live,

that is always spring. He, who is always inspired to live, enjoys a constant spring, and life is only inspiration, else it were death. Thus to-day, and ever, life is a bud swaying in the wind, which is time; sensuously budding, which is Nature; showering bud-fragrance from the spirit, which is the sun. All life is only inspiration for the future, not one moment could issue from the other were it not the inspiration of Nature for life. Time would cease, were Nature no more spring-inspired, as by its constant striving towards the future it receives life; the constant return of spring is its soul, its word born into the flesh. She opens her lips and draws long breaths of the future, which is spring that bursts forth again in blossoms; — it is the breathing out of its inspiration, fruit of the blossom, confirming the inspiration of the breaths she drew; it is summer, when the bosom of Nature filled with vital breath, that it breathes out in its fruits till they ripen over into autumn. Now, winter makes the quick life pause in her bosom, for a moment she does not stir, just as the heaving of the bosom ceases between the coming and going breath; then her bosom heaves again mightier and mightier, inhaling life-inspirations with its holy breathings. Thus, life is nothing but spring-inspired breathing, summer and autumn the exhalations of this inspiration; winter is only a cessation of spring, in which all the faculties are preparing for new breathings. No one is old, excepting he who looks upon time as existing. Time does not exist — time flies. Inspiration cannot cling to the fleeting — it clings to nothing — it must be free, existing in itself, else it were no life. Nature then draws breaths of inspiration, which is spring, breathing them forth as summer and autumn, when she gives everything away, to inhale a new spring. So it is plain that the spirit only breathes spring-breath; and youth does not limit itself to time which passes away, for love of life cannot diminish as long as Nature breathes spring, so long we breathe life-inspirations.

What I say here is stupid; is it not the unveiled spirit that breaks our illusions, but beneath the poor covering of a twenty times repeated simile lies the germ of an annihilating answer to what thou hast told me more than once: "Know a great deal, learn a great deal, but only not outlive youth, — and die early!" Ah, Günderode! breathe out thy breath, to draw it anew, to drink inspiration; for is Nature not the

life of this inspiration? and were youth anything if it were not eternal? As I sat up in my old tower yesterday, and saw how Nature awaited spring in dreamy anticipation, it occurred to me that youth has an eternal claim on life, and he who gives it up breathes no more. I do not know what thou callest youth; is it not youthful to sacrifice the body to the spirit? — does it not strive with all its powers to become spiritualized? What then is time? Nothing but perpetual youth. We must always desire to live, because when it is time to die, youth just feels itself ripe for immortality. But how can he who dies in early youth become immortal? He who thinks: I will not live beyond the years that count with twenty, for at thirty, sentence of death is pronounced over youth, is one who has time to think so, and might as well stand as idle freight for Charon's boat. But to me it seems that thy spirit, like Nature inhaling blossoms, will not shrink from the future. No! The longing soul forms germs of spring, and love of life is love for these germs; the soul's eagerness to live is like the impulse in Nature that sends forth bud on bud. A melancholy life can only be there where the soul is inactive, and, unlike Nature, loses the impulse to nourish its germs with its hot blood; it would be giving up youth. All life is but one breath of spring, and we must draw it, if we live twenty, thirty, or a hundred years, struggling to perfect life with all our power, in fullest, richest bloom, to scatter fragrance on the wings of the wind. How canst thou grieve about thy youth? — who will not live for it, is dead in spirit. What dost thou think within thyself, to what feelings incline but those leading to the goal? To embrace the ideal that thou knowest in thy breast; thou longest to meet it; all thou dost is to attain it through childhood, youth, through thy whole life; how then can we say that youth ends on earth? Youth does not burst into full blossom until the close of life. Hast thou observed in many plants that the calyx enclosing the bud must fade before that can blossom? — should we on account of the young vigor of the covering, that protects the hidden bud, break out the germ, so that fools may not say youth has faded? Our earthly life is but the protecting mother-warmth, calyx to the spirit-blossom; we will not rob it of that, but leave it hidden in its wrappings till they decay. The secret life-impulses thou has given me, and which without thee I never would have had — let them in-

crease a thousand-fold! Thou lovest! — otherwise I cannot express thy being — is that anything but the prime of youth? Well then, if the character of thy soul is youth, why dost thou grieve about growing old? — What do I do? I live by the warmth that nourishes and protects the life-germ of thy soul, and all that lives within me now would never have stirred, had it not been touched by thy vital flame; indeed I am but a bough on the blossoming stem of thy eternal youth, also receiving nourishment from earthly life.

Earthly life is the cherishing mother of our spiritual youth, it may guard us as the bulb does the germ of the Narcissus, until it sees its own ideal reflected in a mirror.

WEDNESDAY.

I was merry yesterday, but on coming from my tower, I found a letter from Claudine about thee, prompting the serious mood in which I wrote. When it is dark we can fancy all sorts of things, because we have the opportunity of playing with shadows; even if we do not fear the grotesque shapes, yet we dislike the caricatured resemblance, and least of all we can endure that which we do not believe; look upon my letter in this light; I never liked thy sayings about living and dying, although I knew them to be only shadows, playing on the walls of thy soul, as though its light were displaced. Do not think unkindly, and let me not suffer if I have meddled with thy dreams, that perhaps were golden in the morning-radiance of their youth, while I tried to dispel dark storm-clouds that seemed to me to overcast thy evening sky, when Claudine wrote me of thy sadness. It is quite natural that they who only see thy exterior, cannot make a correct statement of thy inmost feelings, which I begin to believe are enthroned beyond clouds, that do indeed cast their shadows upon the earth, but thou, borne on them, art revelling in light celestial.

I here enclose the sheet, written before Claudine's letter came on Monday, when it was so spring-like that I had lost my faith in winter.

ON MONDAY.

By the poetical reading of Saturday I am impressed with its rhythm like the cylinder of a music-box, so that my language even partakes of it; thus can strange influences subdue

mind. Weiss insists that I bade him "good-night" yesterday in hexameters. Do not wonder therefore if I give this goblin the reins, and dance before thee in presumptuous rhythm, to the rare beauty of a spring-dreaming winter's night.

Eilt die Sonne nieder zu dem Abend,
Löscht das kühle Blau in Purpurgluthen;
Dämmerungsruhe trinken alle Wipfel.

Jauchzt die Fluth hernieder silberschänmend,
Wallt gelassen nach verbrauster Jugend,
Wiegt der Sterne Bild im Wogenspiegel.

Hängt der Adler ruhend hoch in Lüften,
Unbeweglich wie im tiefen Schlummer;
Regt kein Zweig sich, schweigen alle Winde.

Lächelnd, mühelos, in Götterrythmen,
Wie den Nebel Himmelsglanz durchschreitet,
Schreitet Helios schwebend über Fluren.

Feucht vom Zauberthau der heil'gen Lippen,
Strömt sein Lied den Geist von allen Geistern,
Strömt die Kraft von allen Kräften nieder

In der Zeiten Schicksalsmelodien;
Die harmonisch in einander spielen
Wie in Blumen hell und dunkle Farben;

Und verjüngter Weisheit frische Gipfel
Hebt er aus dem Chaos alter Lügen
Aufwärts zu dem Geist der Ideale;

Wiegt dann sanft die Blumen an dem Ufer,
Die sein Lied von süßem Schlummer weckte,
Wieder durch ein süßes Lied in Schlummer.

Hätt' ich nicht gesehen und gestaunet,
Hätt' ich nicht dem Göttlichen gelauschet
Und ich säh den heil'gen Glanz der Blumen, —

Säh des frühen Morgens Lebensfülle
Die Natur wie neu geboren athmet,
Wüsst ich doch es ist kein Traum gewesen.

Ever downward hies the sun at evening,
Tranquil blue is quenched in purple lustre,
All the heights are bathed in purple twilight.

Downward roars the flood in silvery gushes,
Spent its haughty youth, it rolls in silence,
Rocks the stars upon its heaving bosom.

Soars the eagle, floating in the ether,
Motionless as if in deepest slumber;
Not a bough stirs, all the winds are silenced.

Smiling, effortless, in godlike rhythm,
As when sunset strideth through the vapors,
Helios cometh, striding o'er the landscape.

Moist with magic dew of lips so holy,
Pours his song up to the Spirit of Spirits,
Pours the power of all powers downwards

Into Time's loud song of Destiny,
Blending melodiously with one another
As in flowers light and shade are blended;

And new buds of fresh and youthful Wisdom
Draws he from the Chaos of old falsehoods
Upward to the Spirit of Ideals;

Soft he rocks upon the shore those flowers
That from quiet sleep his song awakened
By the same sweet song in tranquil slumbers.

Had I ne'er gazed forth in still amazement,
Never to the godlike tones had listened,
Could I see the holy light of flowers, —

See full life drawn up at early morning,
And behold all new-born Nature breathing, —
Then I'd know that I had not been dreaming.

Dost thou remember that evening in early spring, when Arnim read his poems to us on the Trages? I recalled it in this sultry, bud-swelling weather, and the rhythm of that reading, which as I have said haunts me still, seemed to express in great luxuriance what now looks so scant upon paper; I did not mean to write it to thee either, but what else should I do with it? My letters to thee are like the bed of a spring, everything in me gathers there.

The pains I take to collect songs for the "Wunderhorn," brings me in contact with singular people, who amuse me like a pleasant pastoral. I need persuasive arts to induce a peasant-girl to sing her songs, and then they generally begin with abridged opera-airs, so that I have as yet been able to gather but very few grains from all this chaff, which for want of innocence, and abundance of ignorance, they neglect, or forget, and which in the end I can only bring to light piecemeal; I do it to please Arnim and Clemens.

Lately, a sweet pretty girl was sent me by Pastor Bang,

because she knew a great many beautiful songs. The whole family belongs to that musical race who maintain themselves by collecting herbs for the pharmacutists in the vicinity, and in summer by selling strawberries and whortleberries. The child stayed with me two days, and slept in the anteroom.

You cannot think what a lovely child it was, in personal beauty too. I took her to walk with me, and she showed me new paths I had never been before. I proposed to go straight ahead, regardless of everything that came in our way. So up and down hill we went till we came to the aqueduct by the lake in the woods, and in a spirit of extravagant mirthfulness I went backwards till I was at last surprised to find myself in a swamp.

What pleases me most is the knowledge of roots and herbs the child has, without ever having studied it. A traditional botany, so complete and furnished with so many historical comments leading to comparisons, that in this way a good deal of divine philosophy comes to the illiterate peasant. I dug up many roots, and the child told the name of every one, and each dry pod containing a seed the dear child knew.

She spied a little *chelidonium* that had wintered in the crevice of a rock, where the flower had bloomed and faded unmolested, and the skeleton was as beautiful as the flower never is. The plant in its simplicity has no greater pretensions than other wood- and field-flowers, but its delicate skeleton is like a Gothic work of art. The little point that grows out of the corolla divides at the base into five little fingers, each of them holding to the sun a tiny, covered cup, containing a seed, beautifully formed and cut like a jewel. When the sun shines upon them, these little seeds take daring leaps on all sides, and are thus planted around the mother-stem. A little earth, a bit of decayed moss, nourishes them, so that in the following year they blossom, a family-group. Indeed I love Nature; even if in future I am to be trodden under foot by the wanderer, like a *chelidonium*, the least of all flowers, I will yet yield to her as long as she pours her artistic spirit over me; would she but give to my unassuming flower a sceptre from which to scatter jewels around, to give new life, then catching the dews from heaven in the empty cups. In this way I think the sceptre of the Generous must touch the earth.

In all the changes of Nature the wisdom of Solomon seems

to be graven in spiritual characters, which, large and small, fill the soul with awe as they call, "Lift thy pinions like a bird high above the earth's dross, and fly upwards as high as thou canst. The bird flies with its body, but thou canst fly with thy soul. Pinions were not given to thy body, so that thou mightest learn to soar with thy soul." Knowest thou how often we tried to find why a longing to fly was caused by the sight of every bird? Had we wings like birds, this longing would not awake that now makes us think, thereby fledging the soul that once shall fly, for all thought is to the soul what budding and growing is in Nature.

Now thou wilt understand why in my botanical baptism the chelidonium is called the sceptre-flower. My botanical compendium has already increased to the seventeenth plant. I have closely observed and designated all as my contemplation of them suggested. Sometimes it is the leaf, sometimes the corolla, or the root, that solve a riddle for me, or give me one to solve.

I bring my specimens to old Weiss, who must press and arrange them neatly for me. At first he thought I was joking when I read my new botany to him, but when I seriously maintained that I could write a botany as well as others, I secretly observed how he did not want to disturb my childish innocence, and submitted. He was particularly pleased with the history of the buttercup, that expands its seeds in the form of a star. I gave him to understand that possibly the stars themselves were connected by a delicate shaft with the Godhead, and that sometimes, when it is ripe, it darts away to blossom in new soil, and that all heavenly bodies might be ripening seeds. Weiss says, "Extravagant similes; but they push my old scull-cap from my ear, breathing fresh air over me." Thus I bring many things to light to please my old neighbor, that I would not otherwise have thought of, and how kind it is of him to lend himself so obligingly to what he calls follies. Sometimes he exclaims, "That goes even beyond the impossible."

With the strawberry-girl I spent another afternoon in the woods, where we made a fire, staying till the sun set in a burning glow; and as we went home through the solitary fields, I discovered some beautiful songs, of which she probably has many more hidden in her head. Melodies that are magnetically connected with the words, infusing their spirit into one.

To-day I shall receive a letter from thee, for Claudine wrote that she found thee writing the second sheet. I know that if I send my letter away, the man will return with one from thee. I am so glad, and will meanwhile run to the old tower to romp away my joyful impatience with the goblins.

BETTINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

I have a great love for the stars, and believe all instructive thoughts that come to my soul are sent me by them. I would not miss going to my tower a single night; it would seem like breaking a vow I made them to keep them waiting for me in vain. What men have ever wanted to teach me, I would not believe; but what enters my thoughts up there in nightly solitude I must believe. Shall I not listen to the voice, speaking to me down from heaven? Do I not feel its breath streaming upon me from all sides? That is because I confide wholly to them in the lonely night. I climb a path that terrifies me, in order to be with them. I come to the tower, and my heart trembles within me as I anxiously mount, and not till I reach the topmost round, where I must rest my hand to raise myself up, do I feel relieved. There, all the stars shine down upon me, and whom I love I commit to their care—thee first of all. If I were cheated out of thee, it were all over with them. I write thy name in the snow that still lies on the tower, that they may guard thee, which they will certainly do; then I sit down on the battlements and commune with them, not sadly, not joyfully. Dost thou think I'm in a solemn mood there? Ho! they banter me: "Hast thou the heart to run round on the edge of the narrow battlements, believing that we will not let thee fall?" Thus they ask, and I think I could reach them with my hands, so near they seem. For if at their beck I place my life into their hands, I must become familiar with them. I know very well what people would say if they knew these things; but I tell thee it is seed sown into my heart, which is silent and yielding like the earth, collecting its strength to nourish the seed. Dost thou think I will ever retreat before fate, if a good spirit bids me go forward? truly not. The stars have sown it in me, this confidence in the right, in the great, that so often remains undone for want of daring courage. This is the flower of the seed that bursts forth,

and deeply I impress it on my heart, no more to listen to the counsels of men, heed their opinions, or refer to their will, thus evading my inner voice, that demands what perhaps may endanger, but shows me the Pure, the Real, and Great, not borne on a scaffolding of deceit, but purely, as they blend with the voice of God from one's own bosom, in holy contrast with all human foresight. As thou followest the stars, follow also thy inner self, that was not gifted in vain with that piercing voice to make manifest what is reconcilable in one's action in this cheerful communion with Nature. Never could I do anything my own soul did not sanction, and consequences, however severe they may seem, shall never pain me, if they arose from my confidence in this inner voice. For earthly fate! what is earthly fate? The actions of the human soul can never be too sublime. All little thoughts and deeds are a far greater misery, wasting far more good than can ever be taken from me by an adverse fate. To be great in deeds means nothing more than to let the clear voice of conscience blend with the harmony of nature, of the stars, of spirits. If it does not blend with them, I can never more question the stars, the moon, nor the mists; not wander through the darkness, roving over fields and lawns with spirits as with familiar things, my living feeling for Nature would die. Were the sun to shine upon me, it would not be to fill me with its spirit, nor to quench my thirst from the cup it offers, full of the rays of Truth; and if I gaze as to-day upon the coverlet of new-fallen snow spread over the land, it would seem dim to me, although it reflects the starlight on its diamond surfaces; and the light in my soul, formed to reflect the image of God, would expire. What matters it if youth or age is called my life, if Nature will but teach me her language, and not lose patience with her disciple, inspiring me day by day more ardently till the last hour?

In whom, of all those that deny my youth, will it have such electric bloom; on which hearth will flames rise so high; and where will the fulness of life roll in mightier waves than in my life's stream? Leave them alone, what do they know of youth? Leave the cold world to itself, that meanly calculates thee according to thy years, calling thee young or old. Who confides in Nature will be remoulded as often as she pleases.

"If thou desire anything," say the stars, "come to us;"

and I have promised it. Where else indeed should I turn, where seek it? No one's arm clasps me so tenderly as the spirit of the stars; it embraces thee and me; for when I collect myself, thou art the centre of my mind. What I speak with them I do not hear, neither do I read it. Their glittering weaves itself into my mind, and with my *faith* I understand it. Who would rob me of my faith? When we are intoxicated with balm, as it glows through our veins, how can we doubt? It is not that they communicate striking truths, nor is it like wisdom what my soul perceives.

They only nod fulfilment to me of my secret wishes; thou knowest well what that means. Inwardly victorious, soaring above all; outwardly unacknowledged, un-understood. Indeed, rather be despised than let them dream how it is, this heavenly trinity between thee and me and the stars. If anything goes on in me for thee, I stretch my hands up to them and they know my wishes.

Thy letter to-day has drawn a charmed ring about me. Thou hast admitted me into a new sphere, at which I am sad and almost jealous, for I feel I should be left behind if thou wert to rise on thy great broad pinions.

Thou art right in all thou sayst, that is, I understand thee. Yet a painful feeling is urged upon me, outweighing all the good thou sayst about thyself, all thy sacred counsel to me. The friend about to set out on a journey would speak so. It is not like thy former letters that enter right into the play of my thoughts; but thou standst aside on a height, overlooking and directing, as about to part from me. Thou sayst indeed thou wert touched by what I wrote, that it drew thee nearer to me. There is entire harmony with my own feeling in what thou sayst of thyself; but it grieves me that I am to write more to Clemens, and make inviolable promises to remain faithful to myself. But most it pains me that thou so distinctly tracest the different direction of our mental paths, and while choosing the most thorny and difficult one for thyself, thou sayst to me, I need not exert myself, because I live in a land of milk and honey. May I not be with thee? not offer thee my milk, my honey, and my fruits? For whom then does this milk and honey flow? Ah, if the trinity could but continue to exist between thee and me and the Spirit, that gives to one or the other for both, I will be satisfied forever, let happen what will, if only the fate that would part this union be not forced upon me.

I went with thy letter to the tower. Where should I go, if I would speak of thee? With what longing I went up, and the stars!—how their eagerness confused me; countless in number, higher and higher, all glittering as far as the eye could reach! Daily I must turn to them more, and what is dream must become reality, if I am to see my way. When the germ bursts forth, neither earth and air nor water suffice, neither the probable nor improbable; all counsel, all proof are invalid.

Belief is superstition; but Spirit is belief. One could ask what my confidence in the stars is. If not belief, then superstition. Between the stars and myself there is only Spirit; I feel it; they are all mirrors of the Spirit that rises from my breast, catching and reflecting it back. That only which thou thinkst is truth; they say, "Do not fold thy wings; fly as high as they will bear thee; it is no sin to test their strength." As Columbus sailed on the shoreless Ocean, so do thou not fear to lose sight of the shore on which human knowledge has landed and fearfully clings. As God is everywhere, so may human knowledge be everywhere, for it meets God in the endless wilderness. Thy searches for another world, which thy forebodings presage, are not sinful, for the soul was created to discover countless worlds. These worlds exist and are the life of the soul, without which it would not be; because the life of the soul is to discover worlds, and the life of worlds is to rise to the Spirit. All men are born to the Spirit, and eager to set sail for the discovery of new worlds. But the fear of the Spirit is so great in men, that they close their ports and will not allow any one to spread their sails; but all shout, "Stone him! stone him! for see he will leave the harbor in which we have landed." So they stone him rather than permit him to leave the harbor, and God's wisdom may never guide the human mind on the open sea, for they will hear of no new worlds. But truly, as infinite as the number of stars, so countless are the worlds the soul has yet to discover; and as the starlight shines down on us from the distance, so does the universal Spirit shine into the human soul; and this light is the germ that grows in the soul, that it may discover the worlds of the Spirit. As all Truth is fable, that is, a promise of God in the bodiless spirituality of the idea, and all history is symbolical, which means: the language of God unto man

teaching him to steer for Truth; so too is the history of Columbus a call to the human mind to spread its sails and boldly steer for the world that it has prophesied and longingly would reach. The fable of this realized foreboding is the promise that the human mind shall also land if it trust to its courage; for how are we to rouse and nurture courage in us, if we do not confide in the inborn power — the Genius. What is virtuous is unbounded; it compasses the heavens, we cannot limit it; neither can we limit the mind, it is Divine Power, and placing our trust in it is the spirit-germ that becomes alive. What gives us courage is always Truth. Untruth makes the mind despond. Despondency of mind is ghastly, and causes fear. Independent thought requires the greatest courage. Most men do not think independently; that is, they will not be taught by the fable of the Divine Mind, that penetrates reality with its light, picturing itself in hieroglyphs that treasure their wisdom in mysteries, in the solution of which man ripens to his blossom and his fruit, enabled organically to reach new worlds, thus lifting himself ever and ever towards the Deity. But if he is held captive in the narrow port for fear of shipwreck, he will never recognize the Deity on the open sea. History is symbolical; it is the teaching of God. Were it not so, men would not pass through events.

He who ventures to think will also venture to act; but he who does not free his thoughts, not venturing out into the vast, shoreless ocean with his mind, will never act and never reach the Deity, because obeying the will of others is not action. Acting is self-existence (*Selbstsein*), and that, living in God.

This I thought to-day on the tower in the agitation caused by thy letter; rising indignation called out these thoughts to me; an exhortation to remain faithful to thyself and me. As one Spirit has embarked with both of us, remain true to its standard and thy vow, which is, "Joyful courage," because with it Spirit will never forsake thee, but without it it dies. Wilt thou understand me out of all this? The dream is too vivid yet, and I cannot help being confused. I sink back into deeper sleep when, as just now, I cannot comprehend what strives to be, and become alive within.

How can the miraculous be possible? Indeed, how were the soul possible in the human breast without the stars? They

all pour their light into him; they create him, centring their power on him, who slumbers in his own breast as in a cradle, and are the guardians of his sleep. When he awakes he is fed by their spirit, and in sleep he drinks their light. Dost thou see? I spread my sails and dip forward to rend the chains that bar the port, because it is my will to meet God on the open sea. This will is pure and free from sin, therefore it is truth and cannot err in its search for God. My soul is not yet awake, but it sleeps beneath a light covering, like a child in the sun, delightfully conscious of its glow.

THURSDAY.

I must tell thee everything that chases in airy flight through my head. I feel as if sailing on clouds, the sound of my words dying in the distance; yet I must call to thee, as I see thee floating in the cloud-ocean, as though the winds had seized thee,—and me too, and thy cloud-steed were flying far before me;—my voice flutters against thy ear,—canst thou hear it,—although the moon shines brightly, in the infinite blue night that bears thee along? Nothing exists but Love!—but, remember, men distinguish between Love and Friendship, and particular attachment to this or that one; not so we.—Who speaks to me,—tell me? Perhaps the Demon, who finds me on the lonely tower, and speaks to me of thee; teaching me to pray for thee. To think of thee as thy soul unfolds more and more, is to pray. Wherefore should I know what thou art, for what thou thirstest; wherefore comprehend thee so deeply, and feel thy being? I will not call it love, if it be not that I learn to express thy being before God. All existence is God's spirit, and spirit will express itself, unite itself to spirit; and language is the echo of existence. I express thee before God, and my prayer is pure before God, as thy Genius taught it to me on the tower to-day,—and calm as thou, I considered with the stars, after which I marked thy name in the snow, and then the name of the King of the Jews, who, childlike, calls to God, "Father!" I wrote as guardian beside thine; a sign of thee in the cold snow. There thy spirit is free from the evil spell, in the cold pure air that blows around thee. The spirit of God above, and the incarnate spirit of Love encircling thee,—that thou must live,—unwilling to give thee up in thy radiant course. It must be so; thou art a pet child of God; for when I look

up into the cold night, I see thee gently mounting, as though it were thy accustomed way, entering, approaching; but thy spirit despairs not. Now, farewell; I am quiet again,—fear nothing for me. One thing I must yet tell thee: I never read through my letters; I let them flutter like sounds borne on the wind; I write them,—understand them as thou wilt, it is a deep proof of how my spirit is moved and penetrated by thine,—nothing else. And if thou dost not find them to be soul, then they are sound—the cry of my heart for thee. Then thinkst thou that is Bettine's voice, calling upon thee to receive her in thy spirit; how else can I speak to thee? what can I say? What else is understood between us, excepting the modulations of feeling? Everything else we know.

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

Thou wilt not feel hurt if I am a little afraid of thee? Thou even makest me afraid of myself! I am anxious about thee, and beg thou wilt, for Heaven's sake, take care not to fall. I am pleased with thy tower-inspirations, but want to be certain that thou art not exposed to any danger, else thou wilt make me sick. Promise directly not to run on that wall any more, for I cannot and will not hear any more about it. It was refreshing to hear thy voice from above, free and light as a sailing cloud; but I had rather the tower fell down some morning, than that thou fall down thyself some night, in the end. I know not, art thou a prey to evil Demons? If the good ones are protecting thee, pray do not give them so much trouble, as they urge me to exhort thee not to trifle. Does not that contain proof that they cannot protect thee? If I make myself the recipient of thy prophecies, and puzzle out the tone of thy soul, in which accident as often interferes as the wind that severs all the tones; if I gladly gather what thou scatterest to the winds, then listen to me, I beg thee to, or else I cannot think of thee quietly. If thou thinkst thou canst not give it up, then keep it at least to thyself; for how shall I overcome the fear of thy rashly dashing into an early grave?

Thou hast an anxiety about me, as though a grief oppressed my mind; do not feel so, because it was on the contrary a free moment, in which all saddening pictures became dim, that with clear mind I unlocked my innermost heart to thee.

I will explain, too, why I desired thee to write to Clemens. Thou sayst thou lovest Clemens, in the Idea. I too can feel very affectionately towards him ; but his real life is so distant from what I require of him according to this Idea, that he is a constant vexation to me, which prevents my forming a decided opinion of him ; through thy love I gain new faith in him, and feel a sort of confidence to an inner germ of good in him, hidden and retarded by manifold faults, as a healthy and pure spring sometimes sickens into mud and sand. Now, I think thy writing to him will clear away these perturbing and limiting hindrances, as thou knowst the way directly to his heart, which I have not tact enough to find. It is only my desire to be on better terms with him, and entirely to overcome what by his letters is disagreeably placed between us, that I wish thee not to neglect him. My conscience charges me to watch that nothing estranges thee from him ; for if ever I can comprehend him as faithful and sincere, it is towards thee ; wherefore there is double need of cherishing it ; it is the spring in which he bathes, to rise purified. Here I enclose his letter to me ; what he says about thee is so upright, so natural and heartfelt, but the rest so singular, that he appeared quite strange to me. I always try, when I write to him, to be very concise and truthful. This, however, seems only to serve in producing the most contrary views in him, concerning me ; I felt after reading his letter, and still feel, as if it were not intended for me. Were I to tell him so. I must be prepared to have him take it as an artifice, although I assure him it is the natural result. He cannot possibly think that his deeper insight into my nature, where praise or blame is due, should be entirely strange to me. I only understand the moment in which he wrote, and have on the whole not got any further than to understand his moments a little ; but of the connection of these moments, and their fundamental causes, I know nothing. Sometimes he seems to me like one who has many souls ; when I begin to be attached to one of these souls, it goes away, being replaced by another at which I stare in surprise ; nor does it treat me well, like the friendly one that came before. I should much like to analyze and classify these souls. Yet I do not like to think of them, for one of the souls turned that shy child, my confidence, into the street, which, having thereby become more shy, will not return, and this is the reason

why I cannot write to him any more about myself. His letter to thee on "Truth," gave me much pleasure, explaining much that before was dark and uncertain. Through thee I can understand and be just to him much better, even affectionate, as he seems to require. This makes me wish that, what I can lovingly be to him, may be promoted by thee; speak of me in such a way that I must appear natural to him, that there may be peace between us, because by direct intercourse it will never be brought about.

Savigny has written to me himself; do me the favor, when opportunity offers, to send those French translations of which he told me, and which he has promised to let me have.

For the rest, I would like to fill out this space on my paper with something thou dost not expect, because it is old and oft repeated; yet it is ever on my tongue and on my mind when I read thy letters, that indeed have a very different effect from Clemens's, which make me think and consider, while over thine I only feel, and they are grateful as a breath of air from the Holy Land. Thou wilt be the more astonished when I ask, what in this hovering between heaven and earth will become of thy music, of thorough-bass, and composing? — is it not stupid in me to ask? — but consider how much enjoyment they already afforded thee at Offenbach, how much thou couldst already do for thyself and those dear to thee, how soothingly it influenced thy excitement, that thou couldst so often quiet by it, and how beautifully thou couldst reconcile thy moods in the unattainable, by song. How often hast thou assured me thyself how deeply music penetrated thee; should this have ceased, all at once — or hast thou only forgotten to write to me about it? Farewell, love, and do not weary of writing.

CAROLINE.

Thy Columbus idea rejoices me extremely, it has made me quite subtle. Send Clemens thy rhythmical vision, it will perhaps please him; I feel much more living than painted flame in it; the description of evening already flows from living recollection, which is prophetic song of the world's destruction, and anticipation of the blossoming millennium. I well remember the ecstatic mirth in Arnim's song: "How the drunk page, wrapt in night's mantle to screen his secret love, would seek his lady's bower, but reeled into the den where lay the lioness and her sucking cubs."

TO GÜNDERODE.

Have I not told thee about Koch, who crucifies me twice a week with his thorough-bass lessons? — corrects everything I compose, cutting it down till not a tone, not a bar retains its old place; and when he has clipped it to make it look like a trimmed-down nosegay, he adds some streamer from his own wardrobe.

Arnim's worldly songs become sacred martyrs during my music-studies, but I cannot express their beatitude by prelude or finale, and must be comforted by the reflection, that salvation is something never yet heard by human ears. On the whole I do not deny that my music does not prosper, but not from *far niente*, it is an obdurate silence of my throat, leading me to suppose that with races of men as well as different kinds of birds, there are certain seasons of the year when they feel an irresistible impulse to sing. At Offenbach, it was in June or July I rose singing, and towards evening I mounted as high as the birds flew into the gilded tree-tops, to sing to the departing sun; and the dove-cot was my temple-roof, where melodies would come to me; budding from the gentle contact of tone and feeling, they lose the fetters of that which languishes in my bosom as in a dungeon, they quickly give it wings, that it may rise and freely expand them. I have often thought how easily, or as it were, of its own accord, music yields melodiously to rhythm, which is far less comprehended and ruled by reason than language, which never fathoms and develops the metre of thought without exertion. The melody, which rises in song-time ready made from the throat, without the aid of the mind, is so surprising that it always appears to me a miracle. Is language perhaps a spiritual music not yet organically perfected? and the stress of poesy, the impulse of the spirit of language to ripen? — shall feeling, perception, soul perhaps, be organically united by the language of poesy as an independently active phenomena? have not poems spiritual affinities, passions? does not one poem seize the other with glowing ardor? are poetical compositions not mere inspiration, glowing passion, one for the other? If a poem expresses love, it must be loving in itself — it inflames! I must live through every change of feeling, through every breath, for I love as ardently as the poem-begetting inspiration of love.

It was sacrilege to compose because I drink the wine, and see the god in my intoxication, because the impulse of worship trembles through me. I tell thee I cannot produce the godlike, and yet I am certain that I fervently love and recognize it even in the simplest germ; but I myself will beget love as little as a poem; I feel it, and there is in the secret workshop of my soul contradiction which will not be disturbed by reciprocated love. I meet little or nothing in the world of men that were simple enough, unalloyed impulse of life, that appeals to me like a blade of grass, like the early sprouting grain, like a bird's nest unwearingly built, or the blue sky; all these affect me like the human, and more fervently than the human; the transports caused me by the influence of Nature are like the spell of a sympathetic power; this must be the loving contents of my soul, and nothing else. It must be the poesy of my nature that I love thus, receiving, yielding, but not being received. Therefore it is love that poetically composes the human soul, and the contents of the poem are love without requital — the highest electric force! — Spiritual impulse! — like mine!

Perhaps temperaments are poem-germs whose sole mission it is to be developed faultlessly. I wish I grew from a great poetical mind that richly but humanly feels; no luxuriously transcendental excitement, only the sweet power of Nature, self-conscious feeling, producing me from its fervency, from the blessed charm of spring-light. Truly I wish I were not a bad poem. Bud more thickly twin-berries, ripen quickly and more shiningly! Ye are warmed by the mother-sun's parting glance, the teeming plenty of Heaven breathes around ye; ye are kindly fanned by the charmed breath of the moon, and bedewed — ah! — by these eyes — full of the eternally life-giving tears of love. This poem — it seems to me like myself, ripening under the influences of Nature and the tears of the Poet. How often in song-time I have sung this song, reflecting myself entirely in it; the growing fruit nourished by love's falling tear, that was not wept for it.

MONDAY.

Yesterday we were in the St. Elizabeth Cathedral; the hoar-frost on the steeple-top was changed to diamonds by the sun, and diamonds clustered in all the cornices; the garland of roses, delicately chiselled in stone over the portal, was

changed to a diamond wreath. The church seemed decked in bridal array. The trees in the church-yard, too, swayed in glittering jewels. The church, without, so splendidly decked by the winter's sun, was still wrapped in solitary twilight within; the rug woven by the holy hands of Elizabeth, was spread before the altar, in faded colors not pleasing to the eye, only as a resting-place for the soul. I looked about me and saw a blind man sitting by the door; otherwise the church was empty. Then I felt an electric thrill as the spirit of poesy gives it. "Autumn feeling?" why! — should I not love my Creator? — who feel myself thriving on the dew of his hot tears. In solitude the spirit of poesy is eloquent; when at night the moon breathes upon me from above, and the breezes play around me, I feel the Poet within, who supplicating them for my welfare, sheds the rising tear. Only to the twin berries, that fresh and childlike aspire to him, he gives the ever animating dew of love; how then can I be anything but the bitter grape, when the sweet one only is ripened by his tears of fire. I have made this clear to myself and shall abide by it, my inner being and my mission among men express it.

There is a great difference in poetic minds. Some are like Nature itself, that addresses me with distinct sensuous words; some are minds tested by Genius in every direction, that in their unassuming consciousness of immortality call to the soul to consecrate the altar to the gods, ever bearing the remembrance of the godlike, — which will become living Genius within it, — the vigorous form of bold and sacred thoughts. Many emotions of the mind are widely different, as though poesy could touch souls like chords, making them resound to its fire, — or bloom stilly and timidly like sprouting germs that look about them in the light of life, not understanding life, but determined to live.

If I could tell thee what makes me powerless, so that I shyly shun the impression, as though I must not listen to it, yet secretly lend it an ear, because it fascinates me, I do not know if it be the sound, or the meaning, and how both alternately overpower me, and how I — yes I will tell thee: — A divine, individual Spirit which I love penetrates me, I must love it in poesy till I am heart-broken with great grief.

Yet more! — It is still deeper: — I burst into grievous

sighs. And did I not feel this spiritual individuality in poetry, hovering over me as though rejoicing in its triumph, I would have to wander after it in frenzy, to seek it without finding, — return to collect myself and expire. It is Goethe who sends these lightning flashes through me, then looks at me healingly as though my sorrow pained him, swathing my soul again in the soft wrappings from which it had freed itself, that it may find peace in slumber, and slumbering thrive, in the glory of night, in the sun; and to the air by which I am rocked, he confides me. I do not want to feel differently in regard to him than in this poem; it is the cradle in which I feel myself surrounded by sympathy, nearer his care, catching the tears of his love, on which I thrive. Thou hast said “we will see him, the great, cloud-dividing, heaven-illuminating one;” and I replied, yes we will see him! but after I had said it out of sympathy and love for thee, I became jealous and at home alone I wept bitter tears because I had promised “*we* would see him.” The reason is because he has so long tuned the chords of my soul, stormingly touching them, and again lulling me gently to sleep like a child; and gladly I am the child upon which his eye rests with gratification. Had I not been filled by Nature with what bubbles from his own breast, how could I be what I am? and it is all I wish to be. I am certain that not all are made like myself, that the individual out of the poetry surrounds and ripens me, in the gushing exuberance of his secret soul. Tell me, thou! how could I breathe, rest, and grow, were it not in that cradle of his feeling, in his poems? Am I not well bedded? and couldst thou wish it sweeter? Indeed thou understandst what I mean; the “Manes” have set me to rights in thee, thou understandest life, and much more; for I only feel that of which thy soul teaches thee the trace, but thou knowst everything.

Thou sayst thyself, “To what our wishes do not attract us, is lost; and we consider impossible what only requires a wish to be realized.”

And since thou hast told me that harmony of the faculties is Unity — I have ventured because I love him; I willingly accept everything, pain and ecstasy; because feeling through him is continuous ecstasy. It is his gift, that I can feel how he breathes upon me from the flower of his poetry; he wishes it, and is rejoiced that I am agitated; it inspires the Poet’s

mind. Others only know the closed bud ; but to me the blossom opens and absorbs me ; therefore I am alone for him, and he alone for me, although the whole world may think to have a share in him ; I know it is not so, but must insist upon it, if I am not to be consumed by jealousy. Thou hast said, "To neutralize that which really constituted a harmony, must necessarily dissolve this union." To me, this will never happen. Thou sayst, "The noise of the world, the hurry of business, the habit of only touching the surface, do not allow this deepest and finest organ of the soul to perfect itself." What attracts me to the loved one ? do I not feel the great and mighty so far above me ? indeed, something which often seems sublimer than the loved one himself ; is it not that which I seek ? do I not comprehend this greatness independently of him ? is it not in memory of him, and at the same time a higher recognition, which by harmony is revealed with it ? can I be faithless to him in this if I yield to the other ? and does not inspiration always produce *the same* ? Ah, no ! within the limits of Love we cannot be faithless, only beyond them. In the cheerfulness that elates me I feel inspiration to be incapable of faithlessness. I cannot be unfaithful ; and often think I am sinning against what I love, if I do not love everything. There are things I must love, (temperaments, minds,) by which I am nourished as the plant by light, water, earth, and air ; — everything that causes me inspiration is like a ray of the sun.

If the sun glows upon a flower, we are aware of her condescension, and that the flower feeds upon the light with ardent passion. Who would not call this love ? who knows but what the sun's love is requited ? who can tell if the flower returns it ? Thou knowest when the sun's heat is intense, the flowers are not fragrant ; but when it sets, they waft their odors after it ; and when it comes, they greet it with them. Does this rise up to it ? I ask myself ; I long to know. I believe thee when thou sayst, that what we wish becomes possible ; certainly then the fragrance of the flowers must reach the sun ; are not its rays another's ? — can anything living affect me without my affecting it in return ? — are not its rays probosces, with which it draws the odor from the flower-cups ? And the Poet who opens the flowers with the rays of his inspiration, does he not suck their fragrance ? Is it not inspiration when the clouds disperse before

the mind's sun, — its rays falling upon the budding soul? Ei, therefore the flowers are not fragrant when the sun burns upon them, because it drinks all the odors with its lips. After a shower all is fragrant. Then, quickly it comes and throws itself upon them, drinking the wealth of their chalices till their fragrance is blended with its rays. When it retires, the fragrance follows it, rolling over the hills. Because, if we stand on a hill at sunset, we feel the balm rising from the valley in the wake of the setting sun. But at noon, in the hot season, when the sun descends to them, it is not so, because she drinks up everything; thus it is the same with them as with two lovers, — not leaving us to doubt their raptures. There is still earth and water to nourish the plant; the former bears it in its bosom, and the latter penetrates to the roots or falls upon it from heaven, changing their most delicate nutrition, the holiness of their nature, into palpable shapes. Are, perhaps, herbs and blossoms words — language, in which the feelings of earth and water become audible? Is the fragrance, the bloom of the flowers, perhaps, the earth's longing, — the inspiration of the water, finding freedom to rise from the open blossoms to the sun, to its beloved? The dark earth pours its fragrant sighs upon the flowers springing from its bosom, upward to unbounded freedom. The water, ever borne onward by its curling waves, in flower and tree becomes sap, and combined with other nutriment becomes substance, spirit, language, breathing its devotion in impulsive sighs. But what is air? Is it not a mediator between the others? — Genius of the world, giving life, guiding, eternally breathing through the Spirit? What is Spirit? is it not knowledge, aspiration, desire to lose one's self from the mother-lap, and rise to the Spirit? is the breathing of our physical life not the same? do not the feelings find relief in sighs? Without this constant absorption of the heavenly element, the body could not live, and the soul dies each moment without the guiding Genius, in which its actual vitality consists. Air is the Genius of life, its higher self, Water and Earth are its parents. Air is the mediator between the divine love, ardor, and the young, childlike desire for it; if the kisses of the sun are too fervent, it cools them with gentle breezes, easing their pent-up breath, the heart throbbing doubly as its quickening stream enters. Life yields itself up entirely when urged by powerful emotions.

To air it confides itself; when it becomes unconscious, it hovers around the departed till new life pours in, more mighty and powerful than before. When my soul has been benumbed, I feel distinctly a reciprocal joy between me and the Deity, by which I am sustained and nourished, without which the spirit languishes, and cannot bring nourishment to the soul from above. Indeed all revelation is the breath of the spirit breathing through it, without which he cannot live a moment, but is stifled; sleeping or waking, the Genius always breathes the air. I am so happy, Günderode, upon the hills here, with the wind rushing about me as though it would carry me off. I am full of mirth, and wonder if it is the spirit that tries to lift me up and carry me off.

The sun has a hot glow, with which it burns, and the soul has a hot light, that burns wherever it falls.

One after another slipped into the church to confession to-day; the priest sat in the confessional, looking at me, to see if I were coming, and out of sheer shyness I go and confess, how I always wonder why the three kings from the East did not protect the holy child, but left it in the stable, although they were convinced it was God's son, by a star rising to show them the way; they ought to have taken the child to their country with them, but instead of that they journeyed on; and they did not strike me as holy in the least, but like negligent, worldly men. The father confessor replied, "That is the way of the world; they had business to attend to, just as people have nowadays. But," said he, "that is not worth confessing; those are sins scratched from the plate for the cat, and God will not care a straw for them. You may pray half a Pater Noster, or a quarter for all I care, as penance." When I left the church and found myself again in the open air, it was already past three o'clock, and the sun was declining. I soon stood upon the tower and recollected that I was going to confess my jealousy of thee, how I could not endure thy seeing him together with me; I wanted to be alone with him. But now I am free from this sin; by thinking, evil is dispelled before our eyes like mist, and we find it to be only an illusion. For I believe the poet to be my sun, and thou art the breeze that blows away all surrounding evil, and teachest my soul to rise. How can I stand the test before him, without thee? In this manner every human mind is probably nourished by elements which one must

furnish to the other, and remember that thou art the atmosphere without which I cannot draw a single breath.

BETTINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

I have written a long letter to Clemens, in which I have told him about thee, too, how thou thinkst kindly of him, and that I write long letters to thee, to which I receive only a short answer or none at all. I told him that I spoke to thee as to an echo, in order to feel and hear myself, putting no check upon my thoughts and fancies, and that it seemed as if those letters were dictated by a good Genius. He replied, "Günderode is to be envied thy letters to her, if they are the productions of thy Genius; but it is strange she should answer so little; either there is nothing to answer, or else matters are already settled." To-day he writes me a long letter about thee; I am right, he did not intend to grieve thee, and loves thee too. All his souls are only one good one; thou art only a child, and that is all he is towards thee; children, however, do not waste their time in being sensitive, they are quickly reconciled and let the stream wash their toys from the shore they broke for one another, inventing new and more amusing ones. Do not read the letter with prejudice, but think thou hearest the voices of mischievous sprites, that oftenest play their tricks upon him; but the soul, the one kindly one, about which they hover, is only a child like thyself; and what a free, heaven-aspiring spirit does not take in a higher sense than even itself, is too trifling for it, and trifling things we must not occupy ourselves with, if we desire to comprehend the truth. I think, of all the histories of the heart's and soul's experiences, we had better place the leading strings in the hands of the Deity, who will always conduct it to a direct and unerring understanding. If thou art misunderstood, then look upon God himself in his love; him you need not fear, for he must understand thee.

I give advice which cannot be strange, Günderode; if thou recollect on the Rhine, when we discussed our correspondence, thou saidst: there was in every circumstance a soul reconciling us to it by love, that it must strengthen within us, else it were betrayal, murder, stifling of a divine germ. Where an attraction exists there is also an impulse towards it which we should follow, for thus the soul would grow, each con-

tact with the soul of another being growth of our own ; and all animation awakened for it, is like the awakening and unfolding of vegetable life. The human mind were preparing itself for a higher step of nature, for that of the plant, while that of the body stood on the last, the animal one. The body would die, but in the land of spirits the first metamorphosis the soul passed through were the vegetable creation. Thou thoughtst at the time that I was absent-minded, and listening to the bugles on the shore, but now thou seest I have double ears, not only hearing for myself, but for thee too, as perhaps thou hast long since forgotten it. Thou saidst, thou lovedst thyself in me ; do love thyself in Clemens too. I cannot find what I want to say. Bring him up as thou wantest him to be, as thou thinkst he should be, in order not to pain thee, to the very life thou requirest of him in thy idea ; it must be the true one belonging to him, and thou plainly showest by it that thou placest him above others. This idea is the real true one ; do think of the others that ideally thou canst not give them a place, but must leave them where they are. If thou wert to find a playfellow with such splendid great eyes, such an ivory forehead, and moments in which the gods prophesied through him, but rude and spiteful at play, biting thy hand, or scratching when thou wouldst caress, even striking at thee with his whip, — wouldst thou then regard him as a spiteful boy only, giving up thy first idea of him? — wouldst thou turn from him because he gave thee a poke in the ribs, leaving the higher idea unnoticed? Don't let thy ribs be so sensitive. God don't do so, — he adheres to the sublime in man, and for God nothing else exists.

Nothing shall exist for thee but the good ; even if thou dost not meet it, thou shalt know of and believe in it.

Do not dismiss him, Günderode, struggle on with him, who bears the idea within him thou requirest, yet far sublimer than he can ever realize it ; the others have no idea in them, they can neither remain behind it, nor progress. I lost myself so deeply in thought, that I fell asleep ; it often happens to me that I drop asleep in the midst of my best thoughts, just when I begin to feel as though a deeper understanding were awakening and I am eagerly bent on discovering what will produce itself in me ; and instead of its awakening within me I must go to sleep over it, as though an

ideal Nature would not let me know what it thinks and feels.

There is a conjurer in us who sees us strive after his knowledge, and confounds all our efforts; thus when I begin to see revelation dawn, he puts me to sleep.

I am reading "Wilhelm Meister" for the second time; on reading it the first time, my life had not yet attained to Mignon's death; I loved with her, and like her; the other persons in the story are indifferent to me; I was moved by everything that concerned the faithfulness of her love, only into death I could not follow her. I feel that I am removed far beyond this death, into life, but I am far more vague, and age lies heavy on me already when I think of it. I felt with her, and died with her then, and now I have lived through it, looking down upon death. Man certainly must die more than once, — he dies with the friend that leaves him. I suffered and died with that child, because I felt its fate like my own, loving it too dearly to let it enter the gates of death alone. If thou considerest all this, thou wilt be indulgent towards my fear for thee.

I have not heard from thee for a long time; on Clausner I cannot depend, and do not want to ask thee for letters; thou hast much to think of, and perhaps thy eyes trouble thee; nevertheless I am filled with anxiety on thy account if I do not get a letter on the day I expect it, which is increased if one post-day passes after the other; then nothing relieves me but to go to the tower in starlight nights to think of thee; there I feel the strong will of my spirit capable of protecting thee. During the last nights so much snow has fallen, that I was obliged to shovel a little path during the day to get to my tower, for as long as I am able, nothing shall keep me from going up there, to be with thee in my thoughts, and to pray for thee, till we meet.

From the Rheingau thou wrotest to me, briefly, but I saw by those two lines that thou wert affectionately inclined.

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

Do not doubt, dear Bettine, that thy letters gave me great pleasure, although I have written so sparingly in reply, but thou knowest, thinking much and writing often are two very different things with me; besides I have had a great deal of headache lately.

You do not say a word about Savigny and Gundel; do write about them.

I imagine thy life to be very secluded and genial,—yet fear thou accomplishest nothing. To Clausner thou hast written about thy studying mathematics with an old Jew, and that perhaps thou wouldst begin Hebrew, having already learnt part of the alphabet.

Thy history thou treatest as a kitten does a ball, throwing it back and forth as long as it amuses thee, afterwards to leave it untouched. What thou sayst about thy music, is nonsense; dost thou think because a thing is averse to the mind, and thou art not successful, it is a just reason to give it up? I am of an opposite opinion; even if thou dost find a thing trivial, the thing is not necessarily so, it is the want of clearness in thy comprehension; how wilt thou exercise thy faculties if not in what seems difficult to them? I believe that much which at present seems foreign to thy mind would then claim its inner relationship to thee. Thou hast a desire for knowledge without perseverance, wilt learn everything at once without applying thyself to anything; I have always regretted this in thee. Thy eagerness and inclination are not perennial plants, but delicate and easily fading flowers; is it not so? For this reason it disturbed me when I heard that thy history-teacher had left thee; the event really seemed to come in aid of thy natural bent;—he was said to be so intellectual, easily understood and amiable, and I felt offended that he did not take more interest in thee. Lately I have had to suffer again for thy extravagances in study; they were communicated to me in a reproachful tone, and I was well aware that my astonishment at them and ignorance of thy proceedings were not credited.

Regarding Clemens, I do not think it will be well done to yield, as thou suggestest; I cannot turn into his path to meet and face him, but be assured, wherever a meeting does take place, it will be a peaceable and friendly one; I am far from giving him up, he rather stands too high for me, I cannot reach him with my mind, and only find fault with him for wasting his splendid talents; I believe it is, as thou sayst, paltry in me, and hope to correct myself.

I do not know if I should speak of my letters as he speaks to me of them; yet it seems singular to me to hear myself speak, and my own words often strike me as more strange than

other people's. Even the most truthful letters, according to my opinion, are mere corpses, mere mementos of a life that was; although they resemble the living, yet the impulse of their life is past; therefore when I read what I have written some time ago, I think I see myself lying in my coffin, staring at my other self in astonishment.

My confidence, indeed, was not an amiable child, had not the art of making itself loved, and nothing pretty to say; moreover, the by-standers whispered to it: "Child be wise! do not put thyself forward, or Clemens will suddenly play thee a trick, find thee insupportable and lay the blame on thee." At this the child became embarrassed and awkward, it did not know how to be wise, and wavered hither and thither; can it be blamed for this? But headstrong the child is not; if it is kindly and cheerfully received in a house, it rather enters than remains on the street.

Thou canst tell Clemens of this, and also that his jests at my manner of writing, and the clumsy words I use do not vex me at all. These portions of his letters always make me laugh, and I shall never be able to use the word *Rathschläge* (counsels) again, as it will invariably suggest somersets.*

I know very few persons, perhaps no one thoroughly, for I am not skilful in observing others, if therefore I understand one trait, I cannot infer the rest from that. There are probably but few persons who can do this, and I least of all. Now I think it will be well and pleasing to contemplate Clemens; besides I think he likes to be contemplated. Is this view right or wrong?

CAROLINE.

In reading thy letter and my own, I recognize how different our frames of mind are, yet I do not fear thou wilt doubt me, or interpret my oversight falsely; but what shall I add, or suggest to communications that flow as spontaneously as thine to me; I will only touch upon what thou hast overlooked. Thou resemblest a conqueror who from sheer heroism despises all weapons, disdains the means of protection and defence, indeed every weapon to secure his conquest; I really think thou wouldst dispense with thy shirt. Yet to know, to understand, and to learn are not only the armaments of the soul, but also its limbs, with which it defends

* *Rathschläge*, somersets.

itself, and conquers what is due to its genius. Consider this, and lend my teachings a condescending ear.

Thy confession I accept with sanction, and give the absolution; besides I promise to accompany thee on thy visit to thy *creator*. I hope I am not to play the first part in this longed-for fulfilment of thy wish.

Do write a little more distinctly about thy Chaos of confusions.

TO GÜNDERODE.

The Frankforters wrote to me, and gave me a good basting with all sorts of queer prophecies. First: I am to acquire domestic virtues; secondly, where do I think to find a husband, if I learn Hebrew? Such things disgust a man like Spartan soup, writes dear, sweet, angelic Franz; "no one will want to settle at such a hearth, and a dish of mathematics, seasoned by an old black Jew, will not relish; I would not bid any guests to that, and the dessert of thorough-bass is as good as preserves of assafoetida. What a delightful table that would be!" etc. He says, I am generally ridiculed, because Lullu was married before me; and then adds, very good-naturedly, if I had shown myself as domestic as she, I would also have found a husband. I told him he might ridicule with the rest, for that now it was too late to mend, and that I had put the Jew into my order of the day, to keep me from the moth-eaten joys of domestic bliss, because I had had occasion to observe, that in a happy domestic relation the tiles on the neighbor's roof are counted of a Sunday, which seemed so extremely wearying to me that I preferred not to marry.

The Doctor's untruthful ironical letter was answered by another, so was Clausner's; there were many delicate allusions to thee that I answered in a charming humorous style. Thou seest thy turn has come at last.

With Clemens I have smoothed things over. — Thy care for my extravagances in learning could be relieved. The wind blows and shakes everything out of my head. If thou believest I am to blame for not learning anything, thou art mistaken. It is impossible to collect my thoughts; they hop like frogs on a green meadow. Thinkst thou I do not reproach myself? — dost thou not believe that I make a desperate effort every day, with the firm resolve to take a thing over and over till I am entirely familiar with it? — but

knowst thou what takes off my attention? — it is because I always know what is coming before the teacher finishes his explanation; by the time he has chewed his cud, my thoughts have flown; so it is not that I do not learn, I have only not listened to what he says. With Hoffmann at Offenbach, it was a very different thing, he taught so problematically, putting a hundred interesting questions to me, — some indeed he left unanswered, some tending to very unexpected results; but all stimulating me to return to them. I do not intend to excuse myself by this; I know it is a fault, a weakness, a disease, which I will not leave off struggling against, even should I have to deal with it to the end of my days; I will not give up what has once aroused my eagerness, I may say my passion, for it.

Thorough-bass! if thou couldst only dream what an ideal this word conjures before my senses, and what an old periwigged fellow my teachers introduce to me instead, insisting that he is the one I dream of, thou wouldst pity me for being obliged to recognize the Genius in this shape. Indeed it is not he. The whole world consists of Philistines, and they find no peace till they have dragged the whole world down to their own level. Were he freely and originally treated, his manifestations would be childlike, and not unreasonable, with nothing but bidding and forbidding, which does not seem legitimate. "This thou must do, and this thou must not." — Why? — "Because it is rule." Yes, but — I feel it will not prevent me, I will do what is in my power, and for the rest God must grant indulgence to my wanting faculties. Thou also must make allowance for a decided turn of mind, that tempts me ever to other thoughts. One advantage I have however, — my great talents are being very much questioned, or rather denied, my talent is styled "conceit," and my character "inconsistent," every one thinking me capable of every kind of folly, without a right to draw it to account. I feel very comfortable in my skin, and at ease with all men. It never occurs to any one, however, that I never pretended to any of those fine qualities they expected would come out of the shell, and that it was our good angel who trumpeted all these things into the world behind my back, and in consequence I am called a conceited, puffed-up creature, who thinks her imagination flows in golden showers. It neither pains nor mortifies me, but is on the contrary an

inducement to be charmingly stupid; I join in the laugh against me, and so the mirth continues.

Thou inquirest for Savigny; he is the same as ever; he beams with the greatest kindness and generosity, the greatest indulgence and purest intentions in everything, entertains the noblest confidence in the will, and regard for individual nature,—indeed I do not believe a more perfect harmony can exist. I am not in the least disturbed, therefore, if he calls me conceited a hundred times over, laughs at my absurdities, and thinks me capable of still greater ones,—placing no faith at all in my sound common sense; but he does it all with such amiable sarcasm, so good-naturedly, without the least intention of giving pain, and is so indulgent—why, truly, I could desire nothing better than to be so agreeably exiled, and I seem to myself like an actor who has become a favorite by the representation of one character, and who, because he becomes pleased with himself, always retains it. Clemens indeed complains that he never received the least return for all his confidence, that he always felt himself repulsed, and that it seemed as if he only stopped the wheel of his studying-machine out of civility, till he had finished speaking. He had often been vexed, on going to his room eagerly, to make some communication, to have had simply a hearing without receiving any reply, and hardly had he turned his back when the studying-machine rumbled on at its old pace.

Here Clemens is wrong. First, Savigny's interest in life, outside of his scientific sphere, is only a borrowed one, perhaps only from duty; secondly, it is a mistake on Clemens's part to think he must make communications to him if he finds they are disregarded, or chooses to be confidential on matters in which Savigny holds different views. It never occurs to me to tell him anything of the kind, and I am glad enough if he looks upon the errors and follies that one will presuppose in me as supportable. "What folly art thou coming out with next?" or, "I beg of thee don't talk so extravagantly," they often say to me; or, "How canst thou say such a thing, people will not understand thee." At this, extravagances generally pop into my head, and I say them only to hear them scolded at. There, thou canst see that I am well off, but thou needst not become jealous, for no one shares my deeper confidence in thee;—but for just these reasons I am

jealous of thee, and anxious ; for not only do persons stand in my way, but I also fear every accident, every caprice, and distraction of thine ; I would always know thee cheerful. When thou hadst a headache, I always looked about for it, as for an aggressive force, that was to be pursued and routed, even in its flight. If any one writes me, thou art still, or hast not been seen, or it is believed thou hast left town, I am always troubled, careless as I am ; and if I do forget it a moment, the idea soon comes again, and increases my sad thoughts about thee, — and those I have often enough, truly.

My teacher in mathematics is the old Jew. One morning he stood at my door, in a black gaberdine, white collar, and his shining black beard, to ask permission to call upon me. I was glad to see him ; he looks so much nobler than the other people we daily come in contact with, or meet in great assemblies. At the theatre I have often vainly looked about for one commanding countenance. He seated himself directly with quiet ease at the table on which he rested his arm, and soon observing my surprise at his amiability, smiled upon me like a prince. I asked, where have you been this long time ? “ Why,” said he, “ how strangely you speak ; am I changed, and not to be called ‘ good Jew ’ any more ? ” I involuntarily held out my hand and said yes ! I wish you had seen the ironical expression in that sublime face, and his mild, condescending smile to me. He continued, “ I am not pleased with the *thou* from every mouth, by which the Jew must submit to be addressed, but I do not care to wean your lips from it.” Thou wouldst have been pleased with the man, Günderode ; he merely related general things from his own life, of his seventeen grandchildren, and their joy at seeing him again ; I asked him how old they were, and how they all looked. “ There are five of them who have lost father and mother ; they are most dear to me ; the eldest one resembles me ; you would know him to be my grandchild far off.” — And the second ? — “ He is like me in his love for mathematics ; he cares for nothing else, and likes to be alone.” — How is it with the third, does he resemble you too ? — “ He is a little fellow, but does not deny his grandfather ; and the daughters are both so helpful, one is thirteen and the other is eleven, that they keep house, and provide the clothing.” These were all commonplace remarks, but full of sincerity, — like Nature, enthusiastically bearing care and trouble.

Formerly he was only teacher of mathematics, teaching the students at Giessen and Marburg, only returning to his family in the vacations. He had two sons and one daughter married; his daughter died after burying her husband, whom she was very fond of, leaving those five children. Old Ephraim could take up no other means of support than the one he had been accustomed to from his youth, — which is his passion, and in the pursuit of which he has drowned much grief, as he says; therefore, in his vacations he passed through all the towns on his route, to barter second-hand clothes, as his means did not suffice to clothe his grandchildren new. By and by, his trade increased; old wedding-dresses from the last century, old-fashioned laces the merchants could not get rid of, he trades off into Poland, and this time it brought him to Leipzig, where he has done a very good business. Dost thou see, I have quite a business-like style of writing. I would like to enter into partnership with the old man, and help him take care of his grandchildren, but as that is fraught with some difficulty, I only take lessons in mathematics of him, which I briefly arranged thus: Wilt thou come to me twice a week, for I want to learn mathematics too? He laughed, and would not believe it; but I brought him my mathematical books, which Christian had left me, and what I had written; this pleased him very much; Christian had dictated nearly all of it, and he is the most intelligent fellow in the world. I have already taken three lessons, successfully finishing the tasks he set; for I stand in awe of the old man, and would not on any account like to give him the idea that I am the erratic sprite others make me out to be; I don't care for them, but I do for him, because in his calmness he never doubts my sincerity, and because he has such a deep love for the science that he cannot regard those who do not sympathize. Say what thou wilt, thou must yet acknowledge that if, under this oppression, these most degrading outward conditions, the nobility of the mind asserts itself freely and irreproachably, not even feeling itself bowed by the lowest occupation, it proves an elevated soul, that has a greater claim to our solemn respect, because according to outward circumstances it is all the more exposed to misconception and contempt. When he left, he called me his dear child, and placed his hand upon my head; I stood quite still as he stroked my cheek, and said, "*Ja so*," — which means,

with him, thou hast a human germ in thee. He comes between three and five, so that it begins to be dark when he goes. I took him through the garden, and showed him the tower from which I overlook the land. No one can get up there, said I, for the ladder is broken ; — then I told him my experiences in thorough-bass, and he said it was because I could not overlook everything at once that my understanding comes to an end. Many things which some men puzzled over all their lives must be compassed by others at a glance, or else time and trouble would be lost. I told him I was afraid that would be my fate too. “I have never in my life,” said he, “seen a little acorn that was afraid of not becoming an oak ;” and at the same time he placed his hand upon my head, cheerfully adding, “Now that we have placed the acorn in the ground, and covered it up, we will let it quietly lie and see what rain and sun will do.” Thou canst not think how dreamy the man makes me ; I dare not mention him to the others, as thou mayst well think, because they will only interpret my reverence as frenzy. Patriarchal dignity beams on me from him, and I speak defiance to the whole world, that it cannot find a place among its trash for such elevated, sacred characters. I always go by aristocracy, and this the man has. Do look at the bearing of some in human society ; does not their painfully acquired rank rob them of their wits to such a degree, that they believe only to do themselves justice by folly. Wise no one can be who sacrifices a higher conviction to folly ; for all reason seems but at the mercy of superstition, if everything is not sacrificed to holy Wisdom ; I mean, if all outward advantages, dignities, and fame are as nothing to the inner call of the Divine. I am yet young, and may live to have Fate question me ; — at such times I may think of the old peddling Jew, Ephraim. Oh, for shame ! Who would regulate their social relations according to outward rank, boasting with the fetters prejudice places upon us. The only pride I have is to be free from them ; and whoever seeks advantages anywhere, except in the sacred conviction of his conscience, is not my companion. But the Jew gives me no offence ; he is free from all this. Adieu.

BETTINE.

I will add one thing more : every event shall forward thy spiritual life ; regard my acquaintance with the Jew in this light.

TO GÜNDERODE.

A mathematical parallel of the Jew's: Inspiration is a realm of existence of which, although ruled out of reality, we feel the truth. — How could this realm not be a true one, as the mind leaves reality; for where shall the mind live but in inspiration, as it only then lives when inspired. — From these conclusions he now explained to me what he desired me to comprehend, — and I took his hand and said: Ah, Ephraim, I know now who you are, you are Socrates. — “I am not exactly Socrates, but he is part of my religion.” — Indeed, have you studied him? — “I might rather ask how so young a child came to know about him.” — I read parts of it to Günderode, but was inattentive and merely remember that he draws just such conclusions as you do. — “Who is Günderode?” — My friend, whom I tell all about you, and how you have caught me in a net, so that I must learn, you being the only person of whom I stand in awe. “If that were so,” said he, “I would be still severer.” Ah no! — do not tear the net, it is delicately woven, leave the fish room to splash about a little. Now, it amuses him very much to chat with me, he went on: “That is all very well, but we will not have become acquainted with each other in vain, and you shall sometimes follow the traces of Old Ephraim in your mind, when he will long since have passed away.” Truly, I had at my tongue's end to tell him how inexpressibly I loved him, and that I cared more for his blessing than for all the rest of the world; but I kept silent, why should one say such a thing as that, he sees it, and must feel it to be true in his heart. I ask him everything that enters my head, and it seems impossible that his mind should not make everything clear and comprehensible to him; I only hesitate to tell how much faith I have in him. Yesterday, as we spoke of Napoleon, I said, With you I would win battles! I have often thought, if I were a general, and everything depended on my presence of mind, all responsibility resting upon me, if I would not hesitate between inspiration and fear; but had I you at my side, I would be sure of my decision. “Why? — do you think I have so much courage? I have never proved it, perhaps I have not yet had an opportunity to test it, for the way of the Jew lies between the thistles and thorns with which the Christian bars his way, and he must be careful not to

rouse the hounds that pursue him even into the thorns, so that he cannot go backwards or forwards, often ending in the agony of his exertions, and what is still sadder, can no more find his God in his heart." Here he folded his hands and changed color; he has a delicately organized soul; I was moved and said, — I did not think of your courage when I spoke, but it seemed that to look into your face would collect my scattered senses, and make my decision firm as a pillar, because I never would want to stand abashed before you; then I feel that you would grow in danger, you would become potent where mind was required because evil passions are unknown to you, so that they would not keep your mind from being calm; as I firmly believe that presence of mind is only owing to absence of passion, by which one is generally upset. You are perfectly collected, having your object in view, you stand above the prejudices of life; advanced in years, you are firm and serious, not yet wearied by severe trials. You never complain, but are satisfied with life as God gave it; that is wisdom, I think. "And yet Ephraim is nothing but a peddling Jew," said he. Yes, but you have made your life a temple, and are high-priest in it. The conversation was carried still further, the last of it I wrote down for thee.

"That the body is spiritual in itself — has a soul, we recognize by the sacred consciousness of thought. A thinker, one who is intellectually active, has a consecrated body."

This was the last of our conversation, what lay between I do not remember; — but on the tower, in the clear winter-night, the stars went on chatting with me: —

"In love, the first thing we consecrate is the body; this is the root and germ of love, — without this consecration love cannot exist, it fades like a broken flower; but by this consecration with it, love must exist; all recognition of the sublime begins with this consecration; when the spirit divinely receives, the body is sanctified."

"Each approach of the mind seeks the seat of the mind within, this thou perceivest, surrounded by the body; as the hall of the temple is consecrated where thou knowest thy sacrificial flame will rise within."

"The temple represents our body, and the teachings of God our own soul. To understand the soul of another, as it understood itself when active, makes the soul fruitful."

"Understanding is direct contact of souls, it is becoming alive, producing a self-dependent life, everything else is not understanding, but the least germ of self-dependence in the breast is revelation."

"Therefore, by true understanding the soul is fructified."

"Fear not that thy love will be lost ; spirits will bear it where its influence is needed, where it begets, penetrates into the life of the mind. It is love's sole need to be received, and what is not capable of receiving it is not an object worthy of love ; therefore do not fear that thy love will not find an aim, for all true life has an aim."

"If then thou hast a living, generous love, it will not miss its goal, it lies within it, as breath does in the bosom."

"All action, that is not generous, is false, is a life of pretence, all which is not soul is a lie. By generosity a false life must be changed into a true."

"What is generosity ? — Soul ! — thinking, acting, and feeling at the same time. Generosity must develop from the inmost soul. Soul compasses everything, every emotion flows from it ; the more soul thou pourest forth, the more will stream back to thee."

"Generosity, one may say is a sensuous stream poured forth by the soul ; everything that checks generosity is soulless."

These are some fragments of my conversation with the Jew. Am I not happy, Günderode, that God sent such an one to my door, from a despised race, only to make his high mind shine the brighter ? — who gives my languishing heart to drink from the source it could not find, for truly this man gives me princely gifts, and I cannot requite him, and I think I am as dear to him as one of his grandchildren for whom he cares with heart and soul. I liked him the first time I saw him ; he attracted me, and I chatted cheerfully with him as I wanted to be kind, well knowing that no one is pleasant towards such people, and they are often scoffed at. But now I think, every time I see him, how far he is above me, how kind and benign he is, yet treating me as the master does his pupil, so that I am conscious of his superiority every moment. While we speak together, he always writes propositions into my mathematical book, showing me how to solve them. By this means our conversation is divided by regular pauses, and we carry it on slowly and solemnly, which increases my enjoyment of it.

When I come down to Savigny, I am generally merry beyond bounds with secret glee at having such an amiable master, whom I love with all my heart, and would run through fire for him—for thee too. I always envied the students when I thought they stood in such a relation to their professor, proud of being his scholars, and conducting themselves to please him, that is, devote themselves to him with all the ardor of youthful enthusiasm. Nothing in the world seems more splendid to me than this. If I were a wise master, and the students cheered me heartily as they marched past by torchlight, I should value it more than all other distinctions. Ephraim has a character that would awe and attract them, if he were to instruct them; philosopher as he is, his scholars must become passionately attached to him. He says his scholars love him too, but that prejudice stood like an insurmountable barrier between them. The Savignys ask me frequently, “Was thy old mathematician with thee, and hast thou been studying Hebrew wisdom?—Art thou wiser again to-day than the rest of mankind? Has thy old Jew initiated thee?” I say yes, and laugh with them, rejoicing that I alone know all about him. I will tell thee something.—I read the “Manes” to him and asked him for an explanation of some things; he wrote in pencil underneath it, “Thou shouldst call spirits and they would not answer thy call! Never believe it.”

Evenings when I go to my tower on the days he has been with me, the thoughts that come from the stars coincide with his words, so that I sometimes think they must have suggested them. Such thoughts as I am pleased with I write down in a book, and select the best to write to thee; the day before when I came from the tower, it was late and I was tired, and I wrote down hurriedly, without considering, what yet floated in my mind from above: “The reason why the Divine will often not abide in us, is, because we become wicked in combating wrong; we become malicious in the persecution of wrong.”

“God did not expel Adam from Paradise, Adam escaped of his own accord. How would it have been possible for an angel to have driven a God-created being from Paradise? All which is divine, rises; what cannot rise with it, sinks.”

“Whence could the divine rise, but from the ungodly? How would the divine separate itself from the ungodly? No, it is even its inherent divine nature not to separate from

it ; it unites with it, leading it to the Divine ; only irreverence separates from the Divine, death only separates it, and much is like death by which men seek to separate themselves from the ungodly, in order to gain eternal salvation."

"Freedom must become the slave of the slave ; she must conquer the mind of the slave, else how could she be Freedom ? How can Freedom express itself but by being bound and subjugated by the divine impulse of elevating the ungodly to the godlike ? Who is strong enough to wear the chains if not Freedom ? and what can invigorate the languishing senses, but life itself ?"

"One argues indeed, the divine will not unite with the ungodly, but it must unite with everything, because only in eternal change the divine consists."

All this I learnt on the tower, and then I thought :—

"If thy soul should meet what it loves, then show thyself in the raiment of Inspiration, else it will not recognize thee."

"That the beloved meet thee in spirit can only be through Inspiration, and only by Inspiration canst thou speak to him."

After I had accompanied Ephraim, I went up into my tower, although it is of no use as long as the stars are not in the sky ; but I felt so well in the open air, that I did not care to return to the house. Dost thou feel that happiness too, only because thou breathest ; when out of doors thou seest the unbounded ether above thee — that thou drinkest it, art related to it so nearly that all life flows to thee from it ? Ah ! why do we seek yet another object to love ? cradled, incited, nourished, inspired by life, sometimes in its lap, sometimes borne on its pinions, is that not love ? — is not our whole life love ? — and thou seekest for something to love besides ? Do then love in return the life by which thou art penetrated, that ever powerfully attracts and from which all ecstasy streams to thee ; why must it be this, or that, to which thou wilt yield thyself up ? receive everything thou lovest as a tenderness, as a caress of life itself, cling with inspiration to the Life whose love makes thee spiritual ; because, that thou livest is for Life's ardent love of thee. It alone bears within it the object of love, it spiritualizes the living, the beloved. All creatures live by love, by Life itself.

Such a thought, Günderode, one might ask if it were not imagination. But I don't care if they will not believe it ; it

suffices for me, and I don't need confirmation from them. To recognize a higher truth is to understand life; in this way we feel that great deeds are the sublimest moments of our lives, thus, really, an ardent embrace with Life itself, heavenly moments from which we win the certainty of love. Indeed, a great deed is the consecration of Life and Love. Are men not intoxicated with the love of life when they do a great action, as the lover is intoxicated by pleasure by the certainty of being loved? Are these not the raptures unknown to those who have not the courage lovingly to yield to the holy devotion of life, but stealthily creep past a noble act? What, indeed, is the inner enjoyment of those happy ones, but to be drunk with inspiration, which is the return of their affections; for to be pure and great in our inmost consciousness, is to be penetrated by Life.

It is said, each great deed brings its own reward; or, he carries his own reward in his bosom; therefore no one can be fathomed in whose bosom the eternal devotion of Life, to the living, produces this reward. It is this solitary, deep-hidden, unwitnessed moment of joy, no one can feel after him, that every truly loving one hides; it lifts him beyond earthly fate and also places him above that which is acknowledged by the world, which stamps him with the Sublime.

Yes, great deeds, the passionate kisses of Life, leave a visible impression behind them, which I admit may be transmitted to children and grandchildren; else where should nobility come from? did it not spring from that sacred moment in which Life won its beloved through its love, this secret inner enjoyment of a rapture unknown to others, in which we yield up everything to be all in all to the beloved, to Life. I think this must mark one's appearance, express itself through the body, and it might lead us to trace in the lineaments of an ancient race what laid the germ to these ennobled traits, if a daring deed, bravery, or even self-denial once claimed a love-sacrifice from our ancestors. Arnim's face already suggested this; and a man filled with a divine passion for Life is the founder of the noblest line; he is a prince among men, even if he walked in rags among them. They who do not reverence this nobility are the rabble, who are not fit for nobility; and because they mistake their own origin, cannot produce it in themselves, be it prince or vassal. — This was my talk with the stars to-day.

TUESDAY.

To-day is the seventh day since my first letter was sent off; Saturday the second went, and to-day — shall I close and send thee this? I sometimes fear it is too much for thee, but that cannot be, for I have promised to write thee everything I hear up here; thou hast frequently urged me to do it, and how can I help it, if so much comes into my head, or rather into my pen, for if I think I have finished one line, I can hardly get it on to paper, so many hundred others crowd between. Thus, yesterday I thought how foolish it would be to stop to think of one's own life, and believe far behind us what is not the beginning of life, only the reason, the cause of it.

At the coronation of the German Emperor, when they go from the Dom to the Römer on a breadth of scarlet cloth, the populace behind him seize the cloth from under his steps, cut it off, and divide it in fragments among themselves, so that when he reaches the Römer nothing of the crimson cloth is to be seen. Thus the entrance into life seems to me like the scarlet path of the Emperor, each step erased, not existing, till life demands every moment of thee, so that not one is thine, and thou art entirely lost in life; from that time canst thou count the beginning of life, and the desire to die will cease of itself.

All life in contact with thine depends on thee; thou hast no more a separate life; real life is an overflowing which will not be checked. How astonished I was when I heard thee say, "Learn much, and die young." I thought I had sadly misspent my time, that I had grown so old without learning anything, and in consequence I would have to give up dying, or else leave off learning.

But the imperial scarlet path! I assure thee, all thou canst cut from thy life is only a prelude to it, which annuls itself; it is perhaps an ideal beginning, but wilt thou end thy life with that? That would be destroying the Emperor with the cloth. Still, thy life is nothing but a path of honor, created for thee by the ideal. I feel, indeed, how can we attain to the sublime but by joyfully yielding to all sacrifices life imposes upon us, that our desire for the ideal may change into life itself. How can we become individual, but through life? Thus we must also be willing to bear old age, to take up the

whole burden of life, rejecting no part of it. If thou desirest to die early, holding it unworthy to go on, dost thou not thereby reproach him who does not end his life? Heroism is greater than humiliation. In this world of Philistines, who do not understand my mind, I am not ashamed to pass for old, for they know nothing of the bright spring-days which the spirit enjoys. Knowst thou what makes old age wicked? When it has become a pile of towering prejudices, through which the sacred echoes of youth can penetrate no more. But when the soul pierces the accumulated misery of Philistinedom—this untruthful, yet real world of conceit—to the heavenly freedom in the clear ether, there to blossom, then age is but a vigorous sign of eternity. All those I meet seem as nothing, or at least like trifling, unreliable minds, because they have not the power in them to arrive at the flower of old age,—a blighted blossom. Ephraim seems to me a perfect spirit-blossom, now standing in the spring-rain, his days being warm, but overcast. It bears the foreboding of the heavenly charm of youth, neither felt nor needed by others; but tell me when does a Philistine ever stop before the budding Times, awed in prayer for the awakening bud.

What follows, then, from thy desire to die early? To please whom dost thou wish it? For thy own sake? In that case thou countest the Emperor's scarlet path as the flower of thy youth, only because of its brilliant lustre; but see, the world regards it not, tears it in fragments, and as thou approachest its end, not a trace is left of it; therefore, wouldst thou destroy thyself with it? The impulse to bloom does not become really spiritual until that false bloom has ceased to deceive thee; when the flower is produced entirely from thyself, I will say, Indeed, thou hast the spirit of spring; but to renounce life in despair is not youthful spirit. I distinctly feel that I am more in the right than thou, and can defy thee; but I also know that thou wilt see the higher spiritual truth in my simile more plainly, and have deeper forebodings than I can comprehend. Is it not always in our confidential talk that I stutter, and thou must afterward make more clear what I wanted to say? Here I have the Jew in my mind, who, beyond the bloom of the parent, fulfils those difficult conditions, following that weary path after a subsistence for his grandchildren, unheeding himself, counting no day as his own; returning to his family in the heat of the

day, wearily stooping to gather the crumbs by the way to bring to his orphan children. Formerly he followed the path of science, studied ancient languages, philosophy, — and now! does Fate throw him out of his path by imposing tasks upon him more nearly connected with real life? I think not. It seems to me to be the first sacred blossom of his rejuvenated spirit; therefore he is peaceful and calm, thriving and budding in the young sunshine; his soil, the air; his will, his thoughts are filled with vital warmth; what he says is like the vine, in which the sap of his future inspiration rises. I know nothing more of growing old, of fading, since I have seen this man. Each day heightens the blossom-inspiration. In my haste I can find no other expression, and every succeeding one is fuller of life-impulses than the last. Be it as it may, it is a constant progress towards spring, and I believe our whole life has no other object.

The stars have told me this for thee.

BETTINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

It is not long since I received thy letter, it is just a fortnight, and if I count the writing-day and the journey, it is sixteen or seventeen days. Thou art not mistress of thy time as I am, for I have nothing else to do but send all my life to thee; I should not even care to think if I could not give it to thee, and it is only on thy account everything comes into my head. I know it is folly to be eternally anxious. One thing I cannot endure; when they write to me, "Günderode sends her love," I had rather hear them say, "Günderode is not to be seen." Sometimes it seems to me there is a cloud of mist between thee and me; I believe thee at my side and continue speaking to thee, but the mist is so dense that I do not see thee; I call, but receive no answer. Then I begin to fear, and know not where to turn, and it seems as though all I have told thee were like straying away from thee, instead of its having bound me closer to thy side; then I think thou hast left me, because I say so many things thy soul will not hear, by which it is disturbed. Ah! thy soul, I have only been born to flutter around it. I do not feel as much at home on the tower as I did, for my first thought is always: wilt thou be pleased by what I think of up there? — but I must go up, I am impelled. How the wind blows there, as if it would carry one away! the clouds

and the moon are chased past each other, each a different way — as if in discord ; I do not know what to say to it. The way up there frightens me more every day ; I had nearly become accustomed to it, and enjoyed going up, but now the thought of it fairly weighs me down. Sometimes I am so absent that I forget all about it, not thinking of it till late, when every shadow frightens me. But where shall I go ? I must get up there, because it seems as if I helped to hold the world. What a storm there was up there to-day ! an ash-tree grows on the wall, that had until now its red berries upon it ; I took much pleasure in it, and thought : it shall be a sign that all remains bright and cheerful between us, and the berries must stay on all winter ; so I tied them together that the wind might not carry them off so easily. However, there was no holding them, the tree was whirled about like a banner in a storm ; so I jumped upon the wall and threw both of my arms about it to protect it, venturing the utmost to keep it firm, till the wind subsided, and would have clung to it till morning ; the berries showered down upon my head singly and in bunches, until the last one was gone, when I let go my hold. The wind soon subsided, and the skies became quiet and calm ; I sat there awhile, quietly wondering how just now I could have been so stormy, and why my heart could have throbbed so loudly, when formerly thou and I were so merry to be caught in a storm in the open field. But I do not want to tell thee all that comes into my mind and urges itself upon me, and for what causes my cheerfulness is changed into melancholy that will not be dissipated.

Often in summer when I heard a bird sing, I felt as though cheered by a joyous message ; often when I saw the ripening corn shaken and broken by the wind, I lost myself in deep thoughts, considering how I could send a messenger to treat with the winds. Let us put my present superstition on this account too. It will pass away and I shall become quiet.

Last Sunday, Bang preached here ; I promised him to attend, if he would speak a sermon on the Jews, how the Christians closed their unchristian hearts against them, so that the Jews perceive nothing of Christianity.

Bang preached on the passage where Christ commands his disciples to divide the bread and fish they have among the multitude, without considering themselves. "And see ! suddenly there was a profusion for all. And if it is a

miracle, that baskets were filled with the remains, why will you not regard it as a divine miracle, that love flows from the hearts of all, touched by the electric love of the Son of God for all, that it may impart itself from neighbor to neighbor, making them willing rather to suffer themselves, than to see others suffer. It was the blessing resting on those few loaves, as each one shared his part with the other, that created abundance. If you do not count this a miracle, but, as a natural occurrence, hold it unworthy of a place among divine miracles, is it then not the more to be expected from those who called themselves his disciples that this natural occurrence should arise to them from the Divine? But as among you, who are followers of Christ, the contest is not for divine wisdom, but for daily bread; it may be that the godly power of the miracle caused the loaves to multiply, or in the hearts of the Jews, making them disregard their bodily wants in their craving for the divine word, and in the true Christian spirit that began to spring up among them, shared the bodily food amongst each other, ungrudgingly, we can still draw this lesson from it: Let your souls rely on divine Wisdom, and your earthly cares will be taken from you by a heavenly Power. Or: the earthly cares are alone born into the world, that you learn to overcome them for the sake of your brother, and mutually strive for the divine that will flow to each one as much as he can contain. God's blessings are showered over the land, and in brotherly love to share your earthly possessions, do you not hold that as a miracle in your hearts?

"Let your hearts be ready to practise brotherly love, and you may be sure that the miracle of divine wisdom will bloom within, pouring its abundant blessing over all equally, not over one because he is a Christian, or over another because he is a Jew. For, as soon as we attempt to separate the blessing, be it earthly or heavenly, it dies within us, for its life is a common blessing. The world is to be governed by our inner sense; the outward rule affects its formation only passingly or not at all, and can only retard the spiritual and real development; but the mind, penetrated by the higher government of the world, expands and spreads, and cannot be checked, is begotten in every heart. May each one plant the seed of this sweet fruit into his own heart; it is the spring of life, without it we will not reap and be powerless."

After service, Bang told me that no one had been attentive but me; the whole congregation had slept. I wrote about this sermon in a letter to Voigt, because I had nothing better to say, and he replied: "The inner sense spreads about more than the rule of the world, because the winged seed of the mind will not be held captive, the wind carries it about, and our precautions are all made naught by the currents of our spiritual nature. Therefore, the trouble men take to hold everything in check is ludicrous, — as well as the attempt to attain freedom by anything but mind. Freedom is the severest check, for it steps in where neither law nor license take effect, crushing the evil at its birth. Freedom is a divine Power that can only do good, but men do not understand what it is; they would seize and stifle it. We cannot seize upon Freedom; it must appear to us as sublime; it is the law by which the mind constructs itself. Bondage within and freedom without are doubly heavy chains, because the intoxication arises that binds and confuses the senses." This is about the substance of a letter of ten pages, very illegibly written. I would not send thee the letter, because I feared it might try thy eyes to read it. He says many kind and pretty things about thy "Frank in Egypt." "I am the Frank, but will never find the maiden to lead me to her father's hut; for that which fills my soul is not written with letters of beauty on my face, and my Frankish nose is not surrounded by a handsome profile." I can read the letter to thee sometime when my own horn of plenty is exhausted; — but when will that ever be? My heart is so full before thee; I only spoke of others to-day instead of my own soul, because I did not want to pain thee by my complainings. But on the tower I can heave my sighs, and my thoughts are like torn boughs and scattered leaves, whirled by the wind; I can catch nothing of it, and what *is*, falls upon me, dissolves, leaving no sibylline signs. Indeed, I will not complain; I know it is all imagination; thou art only silent because thou art lost in thought, as thou wert already last fall.

Wilt thou not see Voigt sometimes? he is so good, and would write to me about thee. Thou wilt find him cheerful and modest; he has so much to tell about his early youth that is beautiful, and his life is nothing but music and painting. It is like looking about in the world with a cheerful mind, and meeting an open glance that invites us to relate

what passes within us, to make his acquaintance. I will readily believe that he has written badly, but that does not injure him in my eyes; it was probably the herd of possessed swine that rushed into the ocean. And as it usually happens to good men, when they have produced something bad, that they feel inexpressibly relieved when they are rid of it; so he, too, is unusually cheerful. I made his acquaintance when he was introduced at Frankfort as School Commissioner, and he always refreshed me by his witty humor. There was, for me at least, so much of striking truth in his remarks, that I believe he would have been able to advise and effect the very best measures. On one occasion he said to me, "I am a mere infant, whose hands are held down by his swaddling clothes; and I can only make grimaces, and people think I laugh and weep in my dreams, and will never believe that I am present with my five senses when I say anything." If it is not disagreeable to thee to have him call, I will send him a letter to thee.

About Hölderlin I have heard much, but it is all sad, and I do not care to tell thee now, because neither of us could think of anything new about it; in my heart I find written: Strew the seed of tears upon his memory, perhaps from them immortality will bloom for him anew! He, too, has said, "He who strives with all his soul never errs." Indeed, if any one were to give their whole soul to it, they could raise the dead; therefore I will collect myself and think of thee, and thus keep thee awake that thou canst not die. But I will not close my letter so sadly. A letter I have recently seen of Goethe's thou wilt also take pleasure in; it was written to Jacobi in 1800. "Since there has been no direct communication between us," he writes, "I have enjoyed many advantages of intellectual improvement; formerly my decided hatred against transcendentalism, hypocrisy, and presumption, often made me unjust towards the ideal good in men, which in practical experience cannot well show itself. About this, as about many other things, we are taught by time, and we learn that true appreciation cannot be gained without forbearance."

Much as I have always longed to see him alone and secretly, the wish has now left me; I do not want to go to him at all without leading thee by the hand, only to show thee the way, and only to gain thanks from him and thee; for

what he says in that letter entitles you to mutual claims on one another. How joyfully surprised he would be at the ideal in thy breast, as thou hast expressed it in that letter, when it appeared to thee as vividly as if thou couldst look beyond to thy immortality. But with what could I meet him? I have no prerogatives; nothing but the secret worth of not being forsaken by thee, and gazed upon by thy spiritual eyes, that charm thoughts into me which I never would have dreamed of, had I not read them in thy soul.

Last night, young and old presented gifts to each other; the empty Christmas-trees fell to my share. I asked for them, and planted them before my door; so now there is an avenue from the stairs across the broad hall to my door. These green firs so near my door make me happy; and the world outside is so great! and the desire rises in my heart to travel — with thee! — were that impossible! Am I, then, under such restrictions that I cannot have my way in this? Wilt thou, too, not avoid the misery of those who died without having seen Jupiter Olympus? I feel that all my longing would be soothed, if I could overlook the country from the highest mountain in the land; for whatever the eye can compass, of that the great of heart feels himself master. O Günderode! I do not know if thou hast ever felt it, but at present the sense of sight is active above the others; I would see, only see! How magnificent is the power to govern everything with the eye, to contain everything in ourselves capable of producing the sublime; how the spirits would circle about us in lonely spots. Then, too, we know each other, and would be so familiar that no communication were necessary; thoughts would fly in and out, in the one as well as the other; what thou seest is also in thee, for I have not closed myself against thee. Indeed, thou lookest deeper into my breast, knowest more of my spiritual fate, than I, because I need only read in thy soul to find myself.

And how joyfully have I not allowed myself to be drawn into thy circle? and, protected by thy spirit, I have ventured to think and maintain the impossible; nothing was too rash, and everywhere I felt the thread of thy wise understanding leading me through the labyrinth. I would possess everything, wealth and power of beautiful ideas, art and science, only to give it to thee, to gratify my love to thee and my pride in thy love. This friendship, this existence with thee,

can thrive but once. I feel, at least, that no one can rival with me in love; that is why my generosity conquers. I do not want to burden any one with blame, for which he would always have to repent.

My letter is distractedly written, because I seek thee. At other times thou standest before me when I write, and I speak to thee; half the letter is my thoughts and the other half thy answers, for I always know what thou wilt answer when I speak. In this way I constantly learn from thee the deep, the wise, the confirming.

The mail closes, but I will leave my letter; perhaps I shall hear from thee, then I will directly ask pardon for my complaints. I wish a letter would come. No, I have received none.

I am angry, but not at thee, at myself. Whence comes this disease? for disease it is, that has long been gathering in me; it seems to me as though I knew nothing about thee, I am so despairing. Was I so anxious last year? There were times then, too, in which thou didst not write. Thou hast spoiled me by thy little letters from the Rheingau. I know the great calms in which thou art sometimes so silently lost, that I could be with thee for hours without thy speaking; perhaps it is so now, — 'tis the echo of thy silent inspiration, or the deep melodies of thy soul are repeating, and thou art listening. Just as it was in that glorious, enchanted night on the Rhine, as we sat beneath the blossoming orange-ry on the deck. How splendid it was that it happened to be brought from Cologne to Mayence, and that we two were the only ones who spent the night up there, the others being afraid of the night-air, which was very fortunate. We were delighted when the last had gone below, and we were left alone with only the helmsman, the oars, and the great stillness. I threw my fur around thee, sat down at thy feet, and covered myself with it too; how lovely was the moonlight night, not a cloud in the sky, in the boundless ocean of air, in which the moon alone floated. There thou wert so silent too; and when I said a word, it was directly lost in the deep stillness, so that I dared not speak again out of reverence for the deep silence enveloping nature. And who can ever forget it that has floated down the Rhine in such a clear night, with both shores bathed in moonlight? Then came the wind, rustling softly in the leaves, then louder, till blossoms fell

upon thee and me ; I looked up at thee, and found thee smiling at the beauty of what happened to us, but we kept still in order not to disturb the beauty unfolding round about us. We sailed past the silent islands, and, coming nearer the shore, the willow-branches caught in our trees, shaking them so that all the blossoms over thee showered down. Thou wert awakened with a start, for thou hadst dropped asleep — just for a moment. Ah, yes, I too like to sleep where I feel happiest ; then rest is always over me as though ecstasy were only a cradle swaying my soul back and forth from one dream into another, fairer and fairer. I thought then that it was a heavenly feeling within me, and prayed it out before God ; I desired no more happiness from the wealth of the world than was given to both of us then ; and I felt strengthened and bound more faithfully to thee. I made a vow to arm my soul, and many bold contests hurried by, that I had decided in my mind, and for a moment I was hot with a quick resolve of life and inspiration. This caused me to understand what thou sayst in thy letter about a simple phenomenon, of tragic moments passing through the soul, that catch a picture of our life, where circumstances are so combined that we live through the most painful and the most sublime in our own minds. My feelings were not tragic, but glorious, jubilant ; I was victor everywhere ; like an eagle that rises without the ballast of earthly fates, only to soar, so I too fell asleep for a few moments over my vows, as though sleep were the confirmation of all spiritual elevation. Or is it, perhaps, in slumbers that the soul rises to its vows.

When I awoke from that short sleep, it seemed as though I had run into the port of my life, and I needed no more to seek strange paths. I would always remain devoted to thee, and all happiness by which we were met should only be thine, I would only enjoy it through thee. That was why we parted so easily and cheerfully next morning ; I got into the carriage that awaited me on shore to take me to Frankfort, and thou remainedst on board the boat ; I had not even given thee my hand, but only called to thee “ Adieu, Günderode,” and thou spokest my name, but it seemed as if the world could not separate us. When I had driven on for a while, and yet saw thy boat with its southern garden in the distance, I suddenly recollected that I had not given thee my hand and kissed thee, and that I had not received thy accus-

tomed kiss on my forehead, which thou always gavest me, each evening when I left thee. I felt so troubled about it that I would have turned back, if I had dared. And now too, when I think of thee, and receive no letters, I become anxious. Yet it is a sure sign, a feeling of confidence, that we are not separated; and if that lovely ideal night was the last we have spent together, the Genius will unite us again, and lead us through tropical lands where there is no longing, and where the morning will not bring the pain of parting, for then we will part no more. Only now I look upon the snow-covered fields, winter seeming so dead to me while an Italian summer-heat swells my heart.

Yes, we will go away, Günderode, we two together; that heavenly night beneath southern flowers was a call of Fate, it called us to the Land of my longing, for which I have wept through many a night with Mignon. The first thing we will do, when we meet again, will be to form a ripe and decided plan. It is ridiculous in the end to reach and enjoy all the delights we hear spoken of only mentally, while in reality we are ice-bound. I am curious to see if we cannot accomplish it in this pasteboard world; just because it is made of pasteboard.

Here I remember a childish dream. I was travelling down a river of bricks, in which the rowers vainly tried to dip their oars, and only with their boat-hooks they moved us slowly along, which gave a disagreeable crackling, squeaking sound that set my teeth on edge. Oh, and my travelling companions did make such terrible faces! There I saw in nature, and unveiled, what a hideous living mask a Philistine has. The impulse of beauty seems to be the only thing left of a higher nature.

On the Holiday I wanted Ephraim to visit me; it was really my lesson-day, but being Holiday, I could chat the hour with him, for which I had a great desire. I made an arbor over his chair with my fir-trees, which I enjoyed very much, and offered him wine, when Professor Weiss came, who wanted to speak to him about two scholars; he spoke with much respect to him, and of his great knowledge. His grandson called for him, and stayed a little while, but would not sit in the presence of his grandfather, and only sipped of the wine. I will confess that I spoke of nothing but thee the whole time; I could not well speak of anything else, because

the expectation of a letter is ever uppermost in my mind. What else shall I tell about him? — he has a peculiar manner, it seems like modesty, but one feels that it is condescension and kindness; I would like to tell thee much more about him, but because I hear nothing of thee, my courage fails; I do not even know if thou wilt read it with interest. He told me that between the Holidays and New Year he would make a trip home to his family, because all his scholars were absent. It is a journey of forty miles — near Butzbach; he will make it on foot, and in this weather; there is a storming here of which thou hast no idea in the city; from the avenue or the woods all kinds of brush is blown upon the tower, and yesterday I was obliged to sit down on the ground in order not to be blown away.

I fear for Ephraim, or wish I could go with him, staff in hand, ever on into new lands, where other breezes blow, other trees bloom, — but I shall have to wait awhile for that, calmly talking with a wise man from the East. I am naturally very curious; and when I enter a village, everything strikes me as singular, and on the little journeys I have yet made how strange things seemed to me! When at dark we stopped at an inn, the dimly lighted entrance gleamed so strangely at me, as though it could speak, and would relate to me; there must indeed all sorts of things pass here; or a night spent in strange night-quarters, in a strange country, when we awake and hear the clocks strike, first one, then another. I think there are so many churches, how may they look? The watchman too, who sings a strange song in a hoarse voice, and the bells in the houses one hears ringing; and next morning everything looks different, and has a new and surprising aspect, as though the whole world were a toy-shop, — and the people who live and move the toys, the dogs that run about, the pumps from which the people fetch water, all seems put there for one's pleasure, like pictures, and we are pleased to see everything so charmingly arranged, and nothing forgotten. These strange places are like fairy tales, and I would enjoy them all with thee; it would only be the prelude — but heaven and earth, in the open air, out into the distance — where we stand mute, seeing the mountains rise to kiss the dawn, and all the infinite passing before us, making us mute and wisdom superfluous. As the infant, when the milk streams to it from the mother's breast, must swallow

rapidly to conquer the abundance, so it is in Nature; she gives so plentifully to the eye, to the heart, that we cannot stop for breath. I have Ephraim very much at heart, because now, when Nature sleeps and has troubled dreams, he should travel over rough roads, and, night setting in early, he must lodge in mean inns; but he says he has missed one day on account of the weather already, and that his grandchildren are waiting for him, and would have great anxiety on his account; he would be very well able to weather the storm, and his grandson carries the bundle. He must see the children, and it will not do to persuade him out of it; he did not look troubled either. If I could do as I liked, I would have a comfortable carriage drive up to his door; I have a great mind to do it, if it could be done secretly, but I am afraid they will cry out at my extravagance, and that I try to play the peculiar one; and after all they would not have permitted it, because they must keep me from perverseness; — excepting Clemens — he would have liked it. Now I shall have a week's longer care about thee and the old man. I am afraid of the tower, but I will and must get up. It happens to me for the third time, that I am compelled thus nightly and secretly to go to a spot appointed by the spirits.

When I was a little child, my father preferred me to the other children. I could have been hardly two years old, when I was sent by my mother, if she had a request to make, with a billet to him, for they always wrote to each other, and she would say to me: "When papa reads the billet, ask him to write yes;" and often he would give an answer according to my request, saying, "Dear child, because thou askest it, I will say yes."

All the children feared father, and, kind as he was, they all had a reverence that kept their boisterousness in check, and a serious look of father's would make them all avoid him. I liked dearly to play with him; and when I knew that he sat alone on the sofa after dinner, I would steal up on tiptoe and creep into his dressing-gown on one side, and skilfully twine myself about his body, appearing again on the other; I was very skilful in this manœuvre, and, half asleep, he would give me all sorts of Italian pet-names, and then sleep on. He was never vexed.

When mother died, all the children were afraid of his sorrow, none of them ventured near him. Evenings, when he

was alone in the hall where her picture hung, I would run to him and cover his mouth with my hand when he sighed too deeply and sadly. I well remember that I was fond of going to the Carmelite church, where no one went; it was always empty because it is so sombre, and there are so many dead buried there; father and mother lie there too, and many brothers and sisters. I never felt afraid in lonely places. How often, when the sun was shining, I went in there, where it was as damp and cold as on the dreariest autumn day! — I tell thee about it to assure thee that I am not afraid of lonely places, nor of sad people; so if thou hast anything to make thee sad, thou need not tell me of it, but do not shun me, for I can keep quite still.

Yesterday I longed for evening all day, because I was so restless. Had I only a line from thee, about thee! I have nothing but half thoughts that rise from the depth of my bosom, but I dare test them. If thou wouldst only write me this, "Bettine, I love thee," it would suffice.

Were I like the rock by the shore that urges the dashing, gushing stream of life into a quiet course, and each thought, each wave of thine rolled brightly by, I would not seek to check it. I will not say that I love thee, but would gladly sacrifice my life for thee, and know no one for whom I would do it but thee; and if thou canst not give me thy confidence, I will not ask it. Every thought in thee is plainly written; thou art all mind for me. What indeed hast thou said or done that I have not enjoyed with my whole soul, often recognizing in thee what I could not make clear in myself as it dawned? Bold thoughts dashing for the first time over the narrow confines of life, leaving me amazed and astonished at *mind* — where did I read them? They were written upon thy brow. How many conflicting voices hast thou separated in my breast and my wild thoughtlessness? Gently thou hast curbed it, teaching me kindly, playfully. Through thee the meaning of the world has been opened to me, which I would never have revered, and always despised. Formerly I often thought: why was I born? but after thou wert with me, I never asked again, I knew that life was an eternal development, and only sometimes I was overcome by a joyous impatience, a hurried expectation of the future, but no sadness; indeed, since I know thee, I remember nothing that has pained me. I recall those days at Offenbach; could life

burst more luxuriantly from the bosom of the earth than it did from me beneath thy warm, life-giving breath? Oh, believe me! I was often drunk in mind when thoughts were bedded so gently beneath my gushing feelings; often at dusk, when I looked over into the purple landscape from the roof, that I climbed, only to feel the life in my breast, that was so new to me; there I felt myself one with all I saw. Such waves of purple rolled through me, and I had a foreboding of the wealth within, all to be given me through thee! Indeed I do not doubt there is a noble seed within me, taking root, which will restore me to myself. Thou hast placed it there; courage, clear-sighted cheerfulness were its first blossoms, and each day it will put forth new ones, like the tree in the midst of kindly Nature. I receive all fate like the wind and the rain, and can bear it, for thou hast made me strong; and if now I should be torn from this soil, — oh, that cannot be! it will never be true! No earthquake, to swallow the mountain whose top bears the tender stem blossoming and spreading far out into the distance, thriving, because it feels the grateful warmth of the sun, because all the echoes reach it from the surrounding hills, and it over-looks laughing Nature round about it, standing so high, so lonely and happy, all because it is planted in thy bosom.

After I had written thus far, I went to bed, and forgot to go to the tower, which I had been impatiently waiting to do all day, and fell soundly asleep. Why, I must have been ill to write thus sadly to thee, quite against my will. But on awakening I recollected that it was the first time I had neglected the tower; I threw a cloak around me and was up there before I had time to consider if it were the spirit-hour; my haste was too great to have time for fear, and I only thought, if Midnight were past, I should have lost one day. No, I will not do that; up there, in Nature's arms, I have placed thee in keeping of all good powers, the stars know about thee, and come what will, I shall not break my vows. I have told them about thee, and made them responsible. I am attached to them, and my feeling that they favor me, their consciousness of my ardent claims on life, I will not weaken by not solemnly regarding my promises.

It was beautiful up there too; the pure snow yet retained thy name clearly, written the day before. I sat down upon the wall, and hearkened to the stillness; and here write

down what dawned in my mind, as one constellation after another became bright.

"I drink love, to become strong; when I think, I am moved by a secret inspiration for my own elevation; when I love, also. Only, when loving I feel as if supplicating in a temple; when thinking, I am bold as a general.

"To demand everything of one's self is the nearest and most direct approach to God. To the godlike the stars are a sure promise for the fulfilment of a higher Will; the bold assurance that we may gratify our demands." — So counsel the stars.

"Have good courage for everything, Günderode, and at last no false impulse will crowd between, for the soul is pervaded by but one spirit, and active for that alone."

This the stars told me for thee, when I questioned them about the deep life-secrets in thy bosom; they want thee to lift thy shield freely and boldly above the heights of life. Everything is height, nothing depth. Thou shalt see them, that are so high, before whom nothing is abyss that is touched by their light.

"There is a magic art, its chief foundation is the firm will of the mind to achieve the great, making the desire for it preponderate in the mind."

Thou hast once told me this, and the stars admonish me to remind thee of it.

"In view of the sublime, we must never have desires of our own, else we defend ourselves against our own will."

This was added by the stars, with the admonition to tell thee clearly and forcibly.

I interpret this thus: Man shall not follow his own fate, because there is no fate for the soul but the divine, and in view of this all else must be rejected as trifling.

The stars further say: "The inner man cannot appear to himself without Magic." — Oh! the stars are kind, they say so much that is great, showing us how to be great ourselves.

"The final aim of truth is to yield to higher truth, it is the charm by which the inner man is made to appear to himself; it is development of the divine nature. Heaven is developed from longing, and from the infinite peace of Heaven deeper longing is developed. Truth issues from Truth, and goes beyond Truth.

"The utmost that Truth is capable of, is to dissolve into higher Truth; — it says, no! — negatives itself.

"The mind must never consider itself highest, but must place those it influences above itself, because they improve, develop it.

"Truth and Love are slaves; he is master whom they nourish.

This the stars tell me when I speak to them of thee; they love thee, they are thy slaves; the sublime knowledge they flash down upon thee, develops their power to influence the human mind, to express the sublime, and if it meet thy ear, they will tell thee more. Oh, they told it to me for thee on New-Year's Night. The harvest of kindly admonitions was far richer, but I could not bear everything in mind. They said: Confide to them, and thou wilt experience, — rich sheaves I will bring home to thee. There thou seest what life is; the stars sow seeds of knowledge into thy soul, and thou wouldst despair because thy feet are rooted to the ground.

Yet, this is it; thy soul has drank light and will sleep now; lie down and rest; I will watch that thou canst sleep and wake at the same time. Let us wait and see what the stars will finally do for us. Art thou not curious?

What messengers sent by God whisper to thee? mayst thou not listen to them and forget all else over it?

Oh, listen! When they had spoken thus, the stroke of midnight rolled out upon the deep silence, confirming that though years glide into time, the Spirit blooms eternally fresh in the skies; and that our inspiration flows ever towards this youth, rose up to me from the town below, where all were mirthfully greeting rejuvenating Time. Why did they beat the drums and blow the trumpets from the steeples? — the trumpets! — and why did those rejoicings fill the air? Why, because eternally rejuvenating Time awakens all childlike voices of joy at its immortal youth. I was in raptures on that dizzy height to which the student-songs rose like an upheaving ocean, wrapping me in their rejoicings as in a cloud, and bearing me upwards. Oh, how beautiful is this world! Just think, so many young voices in this little town, all full of joy! Who would undertake anything in life to bow this untroubled youth to heavy inward responsibility? No, indeed, if it were only for the sacred right of youth to exhaust the gushing fulness of its stream, I would not turn aside the ever un-

troubled vitality in my bosom. See, young Günderode, thy youth is that of to-day ; midnight has confirmed it ; the stars admonish and promise thee that thou shalt pour thy spirit into them, as they rise in jubilant choirs to sing their inspired songs down into the New Year. They salute thy century. That they are born to thy inspiration, makes the young hearts shout. Oh, do not leave thy dear ones, and me with them ; depend upon thy Genius, that he stand erect in thee, and proudly reign between spirit and soul.

What could have made thee despair ? See how much life is wasted, seemingly only, because it rises again with allied powers and tries anew. But it must not be that thou tear thyself from their ranks, for all belong to each other ; and it must not make thee sad, that much which is prized as virtue are only glittering faults. Are faults not virtues just as often ?

I do not want to send this letter ; I am inexcusable. Blame the weather in my breast for it. It is the time of storms within me, else what could rise so gloomily ? Storms rush over me, bowing down all blooming vigor, and clouds hang darkly above me ; my heart struggles and glows convulsively for breath. Why else should I have such dreary thoughts about thee ? And is it not sad, only to-day I hear from Claudine that thou hast enjoined her to let me know thou art absent from Frankfort, and with thy sick sister. My heart is like a gushing spring ; a few drops of oil will quiet it ; I was quite confused, and awoke as from an evil dream. Heaven be thanked that it is over. I am still cast down, and angrily see the dreams hover off across the gloomy day. They would have troubled me still longer.

However thou mayst receive my letters, I will save thee the trouble of setting me to rights about them, by telling thee all I think of myself. I have written thee a series of letters, I do not know what about. Should I have rendered an account to myself as to their object ? did they render account of my spiritual life ? is only a single one of my early resolutions mentioned in them ? has not everything departed from me that I took upon myself with a sacred vow ? have I not promised thee and me to subject myself rigidly to the laws of an art, and have I not dallied again and again with everything I began ? What couldst thou do with me in the end ? I always acknowledged thee to be in the right ; in-

deed I daily repeated thy deep and true ideas, on the exertions of the mind to produce what yet lies unborn within it. Once thou saidst, "From the longing of the mind to master arts and sciences, I understand how the fruitful earth longs for the seed it is able to nourish." And to me thou saidst, "Thy constant unrest, thy wandering and chasing after everything that would grow in thy mind, even thy opposition to it, proves that thy mind is fruitful throughout." Thou askedst but this one sacrifice of me, that I should devote myself to one thing entirely for a time, when all the rest would find room to ripen in consequence. "What is time, if not eternal cultivation of the faculties? And is the trouble of acquiring not also its highest reward? No exertion is in vain, for is not every exertion the highest exercise of our productive faculty in the end; and he who strengthens his mind by exertion must become skilful in creating and reproducing lost faculties, not only in himself, but in all others." And much more thou saidst, which filled me with ardor to follow thee alone, and exact everything of myself; I told thee that from thee alone I received light on this life, that thy soul was a holy religion, and that I had a foreboding for what man was born, and that he shall ever be united with God, which means, always making sacred exertions to understand him. What indeed are art and science, if not the deep beginnings of a spiritual universe? What is earthly life, if not the sensuous soil from which a spiritual world is born? Thou saidst, "Were we not angry, how could we become gentle? were there no lies, how could we become champions of truth?" And because I did not understand thee, "Had the world not resisted, how could Cæsar have become a conqueror?" Suddenly all was clear, and it made me so happy to owe my own self to my exertions, that I readily understood this to be the only divine Power to develop free minds from within us — gaining it from our own independent exertions. What is freedom, if not to be godlike? To gain all we possess from our own exertions is the first condition of a divine nature.

To these demands of thine I swore, as one swears to his standard; certain of my inspiration, I was sure of faithfully caring for whatever the inner voice imposed, and am yet penetrated by this secret impulse to become divine.

Even if I have left one thing for another a hundred times, I do not despair of beginning again. To thee I will go, in

thy lap I will learn ; I know it should be, that we are together. If I cannot daily disclose my thoughts to thee, I am so easily carried away. This also I must tell thee about myself, that often I do not know why I am suddenly carried away so far from what I had entirely turned to ; not by my consent, but I am then so filled and overcome by thoughts, that I must follow, and am so weary when I return to that which I would learn and make myself master of. This is my sin ; I should reject it as a weakness. The soul should not be weary, but throw off its weariness. I know that in the Rheingau, during walks of four or five hours, I went newly strengthened on my way when I said to myself, I will not be tired. This influence the mind has over the body ; but the inner spirit that tames or awakens the mind has not power enough over it. Perhaps I deny it ; but not so thee. From thee it could speak to me. The evening of the last day has not yet set in. Consider all this as a prelude, as a rapid current of confused and erring faculties and feelings. Dost thou despair that the clouds will ever be dispelled in my mind, and Light beam down order into it ? I have confidence, and do not despair ; a constant impulse to receive, a rapid movement in my soul confirm it, and thou wilt not reject me ? Day will dawn again ! Eos steps from the misty atmosphere ! Writing has relieved me. I dream no more that the Thunderer will shatter my ship and bury it in the waves ; it would be irreverence towards him who on Hephæstine wheels drives his steeds to the Ocean of the sun to bathe. No ! At thy side I lead forth the pure lambs on the strand to meet him ; and if thou belongest to him, I belong to thee.

BETTINE.

TO BETTINE.

I was obliged to leave without being able to write to thee in detail : a sister of mine, who has been out of health for some time, desired me to come to her, which will probably prevent my doing it for some time. Do not think I neglect thee, dear Bettine ; but the impossibilities to fulfil what I desire in my mind increase, and not knowing how to overcome them, I must allow myself to be carried on as accident wills ; resistance were only a waste of time, without result. Thou hast a far more energetic nature than I, indeed more so than almost any one I am capable of judging. Not by circum-

stances alone, but by nature also, narrower confines are drawn for my sphere of action ; it might therefore happen that something is possible for thee, which I would not find so for myself ; this thou also must consider in thy glimpses of the future. If thou wilt wander thy road of life with me, thou mayst perhaps feel induced to sacrifice all the wants of thy heart and soul to my hesitation, or rather to my incapacity, for I do not know how I could manage to follow thee ; wings have not grown for that purpose. I beg of thee to consider this in time, and to regard me as a being who must leave much untried to which thou art impelled. Even if thou wouldst resign many a claim thou hast on life, to cling to me, or rather not to allow the element that stirs within to penetrate thee, in order not to be weaned from me, it would only be vain. There are laws in the soul that assert their rights, or the whole man is ruined ; this thou wilt not be ; they will rise again and again, for in thee dwells the right of conquest, and thou art awakened to a quick and active life by what would perhaps sing me to sleep. When thou holdest conference with the stars of heaven, boldly forcing them to answer, I would sooner yield to their gentle light than the child to the slumber-bringing motion of the cradle. Every one is opposed to thee ; thou wilt only understand and experience the whole world by this contradiction ; there is no other possibility for thee to understand it. Where wilt thou ever meet an action, much less a mind to harmonize with thine ? It never has been, and never will be ; (of myself I will speak by and by.) What others conform to, taught by experience, strikes thee as the folly of lies. Reality has shown itself to thee a distorted monster ; without filling thee with fear, thou didst place thy foot upon it directly ; although it writhes and moves under thee, thou art borne by it, without once giving up to the thought for a moment that thou couldst be one with it. I speak of to-day, and more yet of the future. I wish, for thy sake, moments might occur in thy life in which this confluence of powers were granted thee. Dost thou remember telling me thy dream that night on the Green-Castle, when I awoke thee because thou wert weeping so violently in thy sleep ? A man who had accomplished, I do not remember what great deed for the benefit of mankind, had for this very deed been dragged to the place of execution, and the populace in their ignorance were rejoicing at it,

but in thee there was a great desire to get to him on the scaffold, but the stroke fell just as thou thoughtst thou couldst reach him. Thou canst not have forgotten the dream; thy painful sobbing touched me so that I hardly dared tell thee it was only a dream, because it was just this that made thee inconsolable. Not even in a dream, thou saidst, was it permitted thee to carry out what moved thy soul, and thou hadst far less confidence in reality. That night I jested in order to console thee, but to-day I feel inclined to recur to the question, if it were or were not a loss not to have died with that hero. Yes, it was a loss; for the awakening the continuation of life after this test of thy deep inner capacities, that so rarely confirm and assert themselves in reality, must have been a triumph for thee, affording enjoyment even if it was only a dream; for how often are our noblest convictions wrecked in dreams. I agree with thee, it was a trick played thee by thy demon, but a wise one; because, had thy dream been fulfilled, perhaps thy longing to accomplish great deeds would have been gratified too. And what wouldst thou have gained by it?—perhaps that negligent confidence in thyself that Savigny might call conceit? No, not that perhaps; but probably the tension would not have endured, that now, I'll be bound, will renew itself at the least impulse to that unfulfilled longing.

I wish for thee, Bettine, (but this must remain between us, as no one must hear it,) that each deep-laid faculty of thine would be called into requisition by Fate, and no trial be spared thee; that not in a dream, but in reality, the riddle may be gloriously solved why it was worth while to have lived. Plans are easily made, but for naught, therefore we must make none. The best way is to hold one's self in readiness for what may offer as worthy to be done, and the only thing we are bound to do is, never to violate the sacred principles that spontaneously grow from the soil of our convictions, but by our faith in them and our actions constantly to develop them more, so that in the end we cannot help professing that which is originally divine within us. There are many men, who have received great and sacred gifts from the gods, incapable of making use of one of them; who are satisfied to believe themselves above the level of vulgarity, only because they are impressed by the letter of a higher law. But their minds have never expanded, and they know not how far they

are from that nobility of soul upon which they pride themselves so much. This seems to me the principal discipline of life: to watch over ourselves, that the principles by which our minds are consecrated are never denied in word or act. From this training a noble human being is never dismissed but by the last breath of his life. Thy Ephraim will agree with me, and is a proof of what I say. I also believe that it is the greatest distinction conferred by Fate, to be impelled to higher and higher probations; and I think we should be able to predict the fate of a man by his faculties.

Thou hast the energy and courage for truthfulness, and at the same time so cheerful a nature as hardly to perceive the wrong done thee. It is easy for thee to suffer what others cannot endure, and yet thou art not compassionate; it is energy that moves thee to help others. Were I to take thy character on the whole, I should prophesy that, wert thou a boy, thou wouldst become a hero; but being a girl, I look upon all thy faculties as for a future sphere of life, and take them as a preparation for a future energetic character, that will perhaps be born into a more active age. For the times seem to ebb and flow like the ocean. We are now in a time of ebb-tide, where it is unimportant who asserts himself, because it is not yet time for the ocean of mind to rise; the human race are holding their breath, and whatever important event is offered to history is only a preparation, an awakening, a concentration and exercise of the faculties to compass a higher potency of the mind. Mind enhances this world; through it alone life is life, through it alone event is joined to event; all else are passing shadows; each man who realizes an event in his time is a great man; and startling as some of the events of the times are, I cannot count them among realities, because they are not actuated by an impulse for deeper knowledge, or pure will to elevate the mind, only by passion and vulgar motives. Napoleon, for instance. But they are not without their advantages to the human mind. Prejudices must be gratified — satiated, as it were — before they desert the spirit of the Times. What prejudices may this universal hero not have shaken already? and which ones will he not satisfy to repletion? and what will future Times not tear up by the roots that they now blindly adhere to. Or can it be possible, after such a shocking, ghastly fate, the age should not be allowed to recover? I do not doubt that everything

comes to an end, and only what gives life, lives. I have told thee enough about this, and thou wilt understand me. And why should not every one begin his own career with solemn consecration, regarding himself as development, because our universal aim is the Divine, however and by whatever it may be advanced.

I have now told thee enough to bring home to thee, that those higher faculties of the human mind must be the only object of thy inner contemplation, and that it must be quite indifferent in how far they are brought into action. Nothing in man remains untried that is to produce his higher ideal, nature; for our Fate is the mother who bears the fruit of this Ideal under her heart. Take everything from these lines that refers to thy copious pages, and quiet thy anxiety about me with them. Farewell, and many thanks for thy love; thou canst also greet good Ephraim in my name, and write to me about him, and speak to him also about me.

Thy sister Lullu asked me if thou wouldst go to Cassel with them for a few months. Do go; an interruption of thy present life will be good for thee, although I should not at all times be in favor of it.

CAROLINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

I have once more drawn a long breath; thy letter has come. Canst thou guess what I have done? — I lay down for three days to stretch myself and rest, as though I had completed the most severe labor. I certainly never will be so again, but who can prevent the gathering storm. I will say nothing to thee about thy letter, only that I read *thee* there with secret awe. Perhaps it is yet the echo of a melancholy, I know not what it is; I will not approach thy heart, I feel as though it desired to repose in itself. The whole letter seems to me like a settled account, — ah no! not that, — like an arrangement of affairs on sending me out into life, like an older brother to the younger ones — is it not so? — but for how long? — It is thy wish that I should learn to think in order that I may also learn to advise myself; therefore we will not speak of the letter; I understand it all; but either some things give me pain because I am still wounded, or I am not strong enough to perceive the divine voice speaking from thee; I listen to thee with tears. I read the sound of thy voice from thy letters, it reaches my senses and

nothing more. I am a sick child, weary from the exertion of its love, and now I must weep, that the anxiety, the despair is taken from me! Stupid I am, and capricious! My heart beat so violently when I got thy letter; it was already night; I took it with me to the tower, and begged that all it contained might be well, and asked if what was in it would give me peace. What the stars answered me I do not know, but that unrest I did not want to take upon myself again. Günderode, if I ever deserve to have thee turn from me, I have made atonement for it beforehand. Thy letter seemed to me like mist — yes, like mist; — and then it seemed as if a lighted altar shone through it, and then I heard a whispering, like prayer in that letter; a concentration of all thy mental powers, as though thou wouldst exorcise the spirit of sadness in me.

When Ephraim came to-day I was not at all inclined to learn; — I forgot to welcome him, although he had just returned from his journey; but he began of his own accord to speak of his grandchildren; he was sitting and I standing by the table; but as he kept beaming on my silence, with his soft, melodious words, as the soft sunset beams upon a cloud, — the cloud dissolved by the light of the parting sun, and I had to weep, and dared not look upon the man whom Fate had ripened into beauty, whose life was holy language with the Divine; what excuse could I give for appearing so? I only said: do stay, when he thought I would prefer to be alone; because, said I, these walls say: Thou art as nothing upon earth when thou art alone. But if you remain, the walls will open and I can look out into the distant Orient. I took his hand in mine which he held, and now we spoke of his children, for I did not want to yield so; it is all the same about what one converses with him, for his being and his language are spiritual humanity; and so healing is this ideal health in him, that one desires to drink more and more of his pure words. Thou sayst I shall relate a great deal about him — wert thou only here thyself! Day before yesterday I thought, just as sunset was giving way to night, and the pure, cold blue shone in at the windows, how infinitely delightful it would be if we three could sit together, talking deep into the night. He speaks of all that is great, so cheerfully, so simply, and unconditionally, as though life were more thoroughly spiritualized in him. And so indeed it is. I

gave him thy letter and told him he should interpret to me from that why I could not collect myself, and why it is that I cannot as usual find the secure haven of confidence in this letter, as though the entrance to thy heart were wrapt in mist. When he left I had become far more cheerful. The day before I had been on the tower, but the stars said nothing to me; I only recalled my early childhood, my father, and how I soothed his pain. After mother had died, no one ventured near him, as he sat before her pictures evenings, in the long hall where it was dark, the lanterns from the street alone throwing in unsteady rays; there I went to him, not out of pity, for I did not weep with him; just as thou sayst in thy letter it were no pity, but energy. I have often wondered at myself that I remain so cold at so-called misfortune; others, upon whom it often falls heavily, cannot help, but they can sympathize. I cannot sympathize, but am impelled to pluck the thorns from the path.

But with father it was different. I believe there may be moments in life, when a pure relation is established between God and men, so that human nature is adapted to convey what men call messages from God, thus performing the duty of angels, for I ran to father, threw my arms about him, and remained sitting silently upon his knees; long ago as it is, and my thoughts not being fixed upon it at the time, I still remember the calm coldness I felt, and how the burden seemed to fall from the heart of my solitary father, as he allowed me to lead him from the room.

Later, at the Convent in Fritzlar, when his death was communicated to us, the Prioress asked if we had had no indication of his death; I said yes, I read it in the fountain.

I was awakened at night by the moonlight, rose and followed a dismal way, through many dark passages, till I came to the fountain in the garden, because I wanted to speak with the soul of my father in the water. I went down every night, and the waves spoke to me just as the stars do now; but they were spirits at that time, for I saw them floating in the air across the moonbeams, and sometimes down in the grass, or over the high yew-trees. But if thou ask me, how that looked which I believed I saw, I tell thee it was a feeling of something higher than myself, whose existence I became conscious of through my eyes, giving me a feeling that it was busied with the spirit of my own life; and that which

acted as medium of these apparitions, or non-apparitions, produced a complete want of volition, just as the soil unresistingly receives the seed strewed into it. I only saw that these spirits crossed my vision, and there was a clear affirmative of their will within me, although I could not have translated this will into thoughts.

Truly, I believe the spirits place the mind in the human soul. All truth that we think is a gift, and later it surprises our comprehension as a thought, as the appearance of the blossom from the earth also surprises us. Then it is strange that this spirit-spell benumbs one, as it were, causing us to forget everything, and that for a while it seems like deep sleep in the soul, from which we awake to entire oblivion.

Fantasy! — what is fantasy? — is it not the gay playground to which the spirits carry thee as a happy child. Although everything is play, it is yet in relation to the secrets in the human breast. Men do not know how they receive the light of the mind, for this is one of the secrets of life! But how do I know it? — perhaps because I had firm faith in them from the first, perhaps it is faith that binds the spirit, so that they draw closer to us. Faith is the spell by which we retain, and want of it expels. At Offenbach, with grandmamma, — it might have been two years after I left the Convent, — I looked about me with a dull feeling, as though everything were insane, — all instruction, moral preaching, and religious doctrine, — I overturned them all, I could not comprehend it as living, nor could I reject it, because I knew nothing of life. Then too I was attracted out at night to a solitary distant spot, and what I experienced was far more distinct, far more certain; I did not doubt for a moment that everything about me was narrow folly that I perceived of life, and the manner in which it was understood. No one could ever have awed me; but when I saw thee, it became clear to me in thee; I never would have doubted a single word; on the contrary, a good deal that sounded like mystery seemed as though those spirits whispered it to me with thy tongue. It was not long before new and deep paths of light were opened to me; and, as I said before, that the unformed mind of childhood, still familiar with the Divine, adapts itself as a messenger of the Divine to suffering human nature, so may aspiring natures, whose path does not separate from

mind, be found a fit medium for spirits to communicate themselves by words, or electric effect. Thus those spirits of my childish years have become communicative to me through thy mind. Ah, yes; but what did I want to talk to thee about? — it was, that the first day after receiving thy letter I had nothing but such recollections, and there was no conversation with the stars; but yesterday I became very cheerful, and will here write down what I heard up there from them.

“True mind is not alone; it is with the spirits; — what it radiates is reflected back upon it; — its productions are spirits that reproduce it.

“Minds are suns that shine upon each other; light receives light, — light longs for light, — light is merged in light, — light is lost in light. Perhaps that is love.

“What longs for light is not without brightness, for longing itself is light; the rose bears its light hidden in the bud.

“Beauty, which is sensuously perishable, has a spirit that will develop itself further; the spirit of the rose ascends as its beauty fades. A thousand roses bloom in the soul; the senses are the soil from which the beautiful blossoms in the soul. Soul is the ether of the senses. The rose reaches our breath, our sight, our feeling! Why does the rose move the feelings? Breathe its breath, and thou wilt be moved; there certainly is in its existence an ecstasy peculiar to itself; truly this ecstasy must once have been thine, and now that thou breathest its breath thou feelest the spirit of the long since faded rose blooming on in thee.

“What is Memory? Memory is far deeper than mere recollecting of what we have experienced. In its changes it also eternally affects the mind; it is infinite, it becomes feeling, then thought, — rousing the mind to passion, and as passion it produces mind anew.

“Life rises from every germ of life; life is constantly producing life-germs that must all blossom. All experience is a life-germ which memory bears in its lap.”

I know very well why I spoke of roses with the stars. First, I became cheerful after Ephraim was gone; and secondly, pink clouds were still floating in the skies when I came to the tower; then I will never sigh again in depression; it is not my habit to pant under a burden. Dost thou not again and again furnish me with new wings, and do not

the stars teach me how to use them? and do I not bear thy life in my breast, and mind too? and if I have wings, what will be a burden to me? I will carry everything up to the sky; it will cost some sweat, but why shall I not carry burdens, if I can bear them up to heaven? what is it to be an athlete and not let the globe dance on the tips of our fingers?

Have we not agreed to leave vulgar life beneath us? have we not said to one another, let us hover, and not cling to this or that? and did we not found our existence upon the resolve that we would venture to think everything? and is he not frenzied who would thrust thought from his door? does he not turn off a divine messenger? why is that only mind which soars freely, and not that which requires support? Ah, indeed, I am inspired to think thus? Mists float around thee no more, and all brightens as I think of thee, — and if it is so, we will rise above the mists; do not allow thy wings to be broken; I warrant thee to keep the earth and its wrongs against the mind in check. What is it? what canst thou win, if thou dost not venture? and is what thou canst lose worth the trouble of keeping? Thou wilt only lose what thou dost not venture.

To become a hero who fears nothing, spirit flows over thee and makes thee an ocean. Truth fills thee, and Courage embraces all-compassing Wisdom. Truth says to Courage: break thy bonds, and they fall from him. Semblance is fear; truth fears not. Fear is an ending, an extinguishing of true existence. Existence is the daring courage to think. Thinking is the motion of God's pinion. How could divine thought be cast into the bondsman's chain. Is that which ye hold up as true, truth? I will rise to it in thought. If I rise, it is to truth; if I wear chains, I am not fettered to truth. To be free alone makes all things true; what I allow myself to be fettered by becomes superstition. Mind and Truth live in one another, and constantly produce anew. Thus I have freed myself from fear, because fear is a lie. Courage must conquer what is a lie. I am again one with thee. Ah, how many rays are to-day reflected in my soul!

Adieu. I have written to Lullu that I will accompany them to Cassel. She writes: "for three weeks only."

BETTINE.

TO GÜNDERODE.

I have been made happy to-day in many ways, chiefly by really having a rose-tree in my room that some one secretly placed there, with twenty-seven buds; these are just thy years; I joyfully counted them, and rejoice that it should happen so. I look at them all; the smallest bud, yet in its green swaddling-clothes, art thou, just born; then comes the second, where thou hast learnt to smile and prate through the small, green, closed visor of thy soul; then the third, in which thou hast thy freedom, and canst move alone,— then thy rosy lips already attract, the buds speak and open to the sunlight; besides, there are five or six fragrant roses, that pour their secrets upon the air; this fragrance floods around me, and I am happy? Who can have brought them to my room? This morning, when the students came up the hill, all eyes were turned towards the rose-tree in the window, for it is a rarity at this severe season in Marburg, and I do not believe there are any hot-houses here.

Ephraim has not been here, although it is his day to-day, which he never misses; and in the evening, as I was about to go to my tower, his grandson came to say that he was not well. What is the matter with him? I asked. "He is only weak," answered the boy; "otherwise he is well." Look at my beautiful rose-tree, said I. "I know it well," he replied, "grandfather sent it by me this morning, and as it was yet so early I left it before the door." Did you raise it yourself? I asked. "Yes; grandfather has already made it blossom twice."

I am delighted to have the rose-tree mine, and wish Ephraim were well again, because thou hast written that I may speak with him of thee; the last time he came I was too much oppressed. I am afraid he thinks I am not inclined to learn, and so does not permit himself to come; but I have asked him to do so when he is better, and sent him some old Madeira, which will do him good. It was beautiful on the tower to-day; the air is spring-like, and the evenings mild and pure. I go up earlier now, as soon as the sun has set, and before I go home it is already starlight. I shall soon leave the tower, for Lullu writes she is coming on the seventeenth; thou hast bid me go with her, and I did not want to refuse. My life here was beautiful and full of meaning; why

shall I ask what has come into being within me? My mind is full of secret impulses; that is enough; and I have not offended Nature, nor denied my inner voice.

That which denies the mind dries up a spiritual spring. Penitence is a seeking, a re-finding of this spring, for mind flows from true mind. Generosity pardons, but does not suffer what is against the mind. Generosity is the parent-root of the mind, by which mind becomes substance, action. What is not produced by it is not virtue.

Generosity involuntarily spreads over all; where it is concentrated we find love.

In love, thy soul burns in the flame of generosity, else there is no love. By generosity alone everything becomes realized, for the mind only lives in it; thus alone can love enrapture.

All love is an impulse to glorify one's self. If the Deity, Wisdom, does not itself anoint the head of the loving one, placing the royal band about it, then it is not true love.

A lover is a prince, spirits are his subjects; where he goes or rests, they attend him; they are the messengers that bear his own spirit over to the beloved.

This was my yesterday's star-lesson. 'Since the roses blossom in my room, they always speak to me of love. This morning I put the rose-tree into the window again before the students came, and watched behind the curtain if they would look up. One counted seventeen, the other fifteen, — just as many as there are to be seen; the others are yet too small. I wish I could throw one down to each of them to wear in their caps.

To-day Ephraim came; he knew that I leave next week; we spoke of my return, for I shall only remain away three weeks with Lullu. We spoke of thee, and he said much that was charming; my last lines to thee he also read, and said we must not fear to lose what we love, because he saw that something in thy letter made me anxious about thee; he said thou wert single in thy kind, thou hadst chosen a grand path, and whoever did not walk other paths than those laid out and appointed, was not a Poet. There are not a thousand Poets, there is only one, the others only chime in — echo after. If a voice resounds, it awakens voices. He only is a Poet who stands above the others. The poetic spirit dwells in many, but is only concentrated in one, who often is

not acknowledged, although he stands higher than all the rest. He who does not follow other paths than those already marked out, is not a Poet. Upon whose own hearth the fire does not burn to light and warm, he will find none other kindled for him. We can rest in mind, and be active in mind, but all which is not done by the mind is lost time. Justice is rarely done to the poetic mind; the bold nobleness of those thoughts we experience as poetic, should always be heroically imposing. — Thus we chatted for a while, and I have not remembered everything that followed. Ephraim was pale, and his grandson brought him a cloak. I will see him once more.

Was on the tower to-day, but wrote nothing down; I am sorry to part from it; where else will it be so beautiful, and have I not to thank the stars for everything. They have kept their word to me. They cherished both of us, did they not; and what they told me they also told thee, and by their care we were both more closely linked together? How will it be when I return? These last four months of my life I could not have passed more delightfully. Was I not kindly received by Nature and Spirit, the two genii of my life? And Ephraim. What a world I am living in. Perhaps I dream that I sleep, and the great minds accompany me in my dreams, placing themselves between the earthly world and me, so that I may lead a heavenly life. If I look upon this time, it seems like a diamond reflecting the sun a thousand times. Thou saidst from the first, "Go," and thou wert right; and surely thou art right too in desiring me to go to Cassel, therefore I do go with great confidence; nothing must endure longer than the least impulse to permit it.

You dear students! to-day they looked up at the roses again, — I would like to break them all off and throw them upon your heads before I go.

Ephraim must not come up the hill again, it wearies him too much. It was too cold during his journey to his grandchildren, and he over-exerted himself. Perhaps he will be well again when I return; he is seventy-one years old already, but he will get well for me; this spring, when we meet on the Trages, — Savigny thinks thou wilt come there, — then we will write to him together, will we not? — and cheerfully. This will be the last long letter I write to thee from here.

Lullu brings me many greetings from thee, and says thou

art glad to come to the Trages; thy note says so too. She adds that thou art quite cheerful, so I am happy too. Oh, how I did torment thee by an anxiety which is not natural to me! Heaven knows where it came from; I am merry now, and cannot understand whence it came. I believe the winter-wind confused my head and heart. Day after to-morrow we leave.

Dost thou know what I have done? I sent word to Ephraim yesterday that I would come to him, and was conducted there about the hour he used to come to me; but it was Friday, and when I came he sat in his chair, handsomely dressed, and a candlestick, with four lighted candles, stood upon the table. He tried to rise, but was too weak. I wonder if he must go home to his Fathers? I brought him two gold pieces for his instruction; and he opened a little box containing two wedding-rings and some other ornaments, which he said belonged to his deceased wife and children; he put the gold pieces with them, and it was done with such an air of refinement and nobleness. What a spiritual mind! O Ephraim! thou pleasest me infinitely. I had brought back his rose-tree to him, that he might nurse it for me while I was away; the roses have opened much more; how beautifully they looked, contrasted with his white beard. I said to him, that his beard and the roses belonged together, and I was glad not to have broken any of them, for he was wedded to the tree, it was his bride; I was several times tempted to break them and throw them down to the students, because they looked up at them so longingly. "Oh!" said he, "if you will permit me, I can easily divide them among the students; I am daily visited by some of them, and more will come, if they know I dispense roses." I agreed to it, and was glad that the students are to have my roses.

He blessed me when I left him, and I kissed his hand; how beautiful is mind when it matures so faultlessly. His grandson had to accompany me home at his request, as I had only a maid with me. I soon sent him back, telling him to remind his grandfather to think of me till I return. When I left Ephraim, he placed his hand upon my head, saying, "All existence develops for the Future." I went home, and directly up to the tower, because I wanted again distinctly to recall that powerful, and yet so simple, peace-beaming countenance, as I had just left it, in the bright candle-light,

with the roses, and his white beard, as I saw him for the last time. Does this not point to his departure from this earthly life, which he carried out so peacefully and cheerfully; for at parting he also said to me: "You have given me much pleasure." After I had thought of him awhile, I recollected his words, "All existence is developed for the Future." Yes, we live upon the Future, it inspires us. The Future bursts from the mind, as the seed from the nourishing earth. Then it rises heavenward, blossoming, and bearing Light. The tree, the plant, is the soul of the Earth, that rises to the light, to the air; the soul of the Earth will wed itself to Light, and light develops the Future.

All true creation, is an ascension to heaven, is to become immortal. Within this last hour on the tower, the beauty of the man rose brighter before me than ever, for the picture with the roses seemed as if arranged by my Genius for me to comprehend, as we regard the temple consecrated, within whose walls we know the sacrificial flame is rising. The temple is only then sacred to man when it represents his own form, and the law of God his own spirit. This he once said to me.

I just saw the students go to their lecture, and they seemed quite surprised to find the rose-tree gone. I plainly saw they were sorry, for they had already counted the roses eight days in succession. Only wait, you will soon discover where it is, and then the best among you may wear my roses in your button-holes.

BETTINE.

APPENDIX.

DER FRANKE IN EGYPTEN.

Wie der Unmuth mir den Busen drücket,
Wie das Glück mich hämisch lächelnd flieht.
Ist denn nichts, was meine Seele stillt?
Nichts, was dieses Lebens bange Leere füllet?
Dieses Sehnen, wähnt' ich, sucht die Vorwelt,
Die Heroenzeit ersehnt mein kranker Geist.
An vergang'ner Grösse will diess Herz sich heben,
Und so eilt ich deinem Strande zu,
Du, der Vorwelt heiligste Ruine,
Fabelhaftes Land Egypten, du!
Ha! da wähnt ich aller Lasten mich entladen,
Als der Heimath Gränze ich enteilet war.
Träumend wallt' ich mit der Vorzeit Schatten,
Doch bald fühlt' ich, dass ich unter Todten sei;
Neu bewegte sich in mir das Leben,
Antwort konnte mir das Grab nicht geben.
In's Gewühl der Schlachten
Warf ich durstig mich,
Aber Ruhm und Schlachten
Liessen traurig mich:
Der Lorbeer, der die Stirne schmückt,
Er ist's nicht immer, der beglückt.
Da reichte mir die Wissenschaft die Hand,
Und folgsam ging ich nun an ihrer Seite,
Ich stieg hinab in Pyramidennacht,
Ich mass des Möris See, des alten Memphis Grösse;
Und all die Herrlichkeit, die sonst mein Herz geschwellt,
Sie reicht dem Durstigen nur der Erkenntniss Becher.
Ich dachte, forschte nur, vergass, dass ich empfand. —
Doch ach, die alte Sehnsucht ist erwacht,
Auf's Neue fühl' ich suchend ihre Macht,

Was geb ich ihr? Wohin soll ich mich stürzen?
 Was wird des Lebens lange Oeden würzen?
 Ha! sieh, ein Mädchen, wie voll Anmuth,
 Wie lieblich, gut erscheint sie mir!
 Soll ich dem Zuge widerstehen?
 Doch nein! ich rede kühn zu ihr.
 Ist diess der Weg der Pyramiden?
 O, schönes Mädchen! sag' es mir!

Mädchen.

Du bist nicht auf dem Weg der Pyramiden,
 O Fremdling! doch ich zeig' ihn dir.

Franke.

Brennend sengt die heisse Mittagssonne,
 Jede Blume neigt das schöne Haupt,
 Aber du, der Blumen Schönste, hebest
 Jung und frisch das braun gelockte Haupt.

Mädchen.

Willst du in des Vaters Hütte dich erkühlen?
 Komm, es nimmt der Greis dich gerne auf.

Franke.

Welchen Namen trägst du, schönes Mädchen?
 Und dein Vater; sprich, wo wohnet der?

Mädchen.

Lastrata heiss ich; und mein guter Vater
 Er wohnt mit mir im kleinen Palmenthal;
 Doch nicht des Thales angenehme Kühle,
 Nicht Bäche murmeln, nicht der Sonne Kreisen
 Erfreuet meinen guten Vater mehr.

Franke.

Wie! freut den Vater nicht des Stromes Quellen,
 Der Palmen lindes Frühlingsäuseln nicht?
 Ich fass es; doch wie es einen Gram mag geben,
 Der deiner Tröstung möchte widerstreben,
 Das nur, Lastrata, fass ich nicht.

Mädchen.

Italien ist das Vaterland des Greisen,
 Und vieles Unglück bracht' ihn nur hierher.
 Mit sehnsuchtsvollem Blick schaut er am Mittelmeere
 Hinüber in das vielgeliebte Land.

Und seufzend sehn' auch ich hinüber
 Nach jenen blüthenreichen Küsten mich.
 Erkranket ruht mein Geist auf jener blauen Ferne,
 Und schöne Träume tragen mich dahin.
 Sag', wogt nicht schöner dort der Strom des Lebens?
 Sehnt dort die kranke Brust sich auch vergebens?

Franke.

Mädchen! Ach! von gleichem Wunsch betrogen,
 Wähnt' ich: Schönes berg' die Ferne nur,
 Doch umsonst umsegelt ich die Wogen,
 Hat auch diese Ahnung mir gelogen,
 Die du, Mädchen, jetzt in mir erweckt. —

Mädchen.

Fremdling! kannst du diese Sehnsucht deuten?
 Fühlst du dieses unbestimmte Leiden?
 Dieses Wünschen ohne Wunsch?

Franke.

Ja, ich fühl' ein Sehnen, fühl' ein Leiden,
 Doch jetzt kann ich diese Wünsche deuten,
 Und ich weiss, was dieses Streben will.
 Nicht an fernen Ufern, nicht in Schlachten!
 Wissenschaften, nicht an eurer Hand,
 Nicht im bunten Land der Phantasien!
 Wohnt des durstigen Herzens Sättigung.
 Liebe muss dem müden Pilger winken,
 Myrthen keimen in dem Lorbeerkranz,
 Liebe muss zu Heldenschatten führen,
 Muss uns reden aus der Geisterwelt. —
 Mächt'ger Strom! ich fühlte deine Wogen,
 Unbewusst fühlt ich mich hingezogen.
 Nur wohin! wohin! — das wusst' ich nicht,
 Wohl mir! dich und mich hab' ich gefunden,
 Liebe hat dem Chaos sich entwunden.

THE FRANK IN EGYPT.

How my bosom is oppressed by languor,
 And how Fortune flies with treacherous smile.
 Is there nothing that my sad soul stilleth ?
 Nothing, that the vagueness of life filleth ?
 'Tis, thought I, the yearning for past ages,
 For the day of heroes longs my spirit,
 My heart seeks to throb in bygone greatness.
 Thus I sped to reach thy distant strand,
 Holiest ruin of those distant ages,
 Land of fables, thou ! O Egypt, thou !
 Ha ! I thought all suffering had ended
 When I saw the shores of home grow distant.
 Dreaming roved I, midst those silent shadows
 But soon felt, I was among the dead.
 Life sprang up anew within my bosom,
 And those shadows never solved the question. —
 In the din of battles
 Then I fiercely plunged ;
 But the fight for glory
 Left me melancholy.
 The laurel fair that crowns the brow,
 Not always happy makes, I trow.
 Then Science held me out her hand ;
 I wandering by her side obediently
 Descended to the night of Pyramids ;
 Measured the Sea of Mæris and old Memphis might.
 All the grandeur that once swelled my bosom,
 Only gave to me the cup of knowledge,
 I but thought and searched, forgetting that I felt. —
 Alas ! that ancient longing wakes anew,
 Anew I feel it in its strength while searching.
 What must I give it ? whither shall I fly ?
 What will relieve that long drear road of Life ? —
 Ah ! see a Maiden ! full of beauty
 And lovely, good she seems to be !
 Must I resist th' desire ?
 But no ! I'll boldly speak to her. —
 Leadeth this path unto the Pyramids
 O, Maid of beauty, pray thee, tell ?

Maiden.

This path leads thee not to the Pyramids,
 O Stranger ! but I'll show it thee.

Frank.

Burning withers yonder noonday sun,
Every flower droops its lovely head.
But thou, loveliest of flowers, thou
Bearest high thy head of auburn curls.

Maiden.

If thou'lt rest thee in my father's cottage ;
Come, my father gladly greets a stranger.

Frank.

By what name call I thee beauteous Maiden
And thy father, speak, where dwelleth he ?

Maiden.

I'm called Lastrata ; and my good old father
Dwelleth yonder in that vale of palms ;
Not, alas ! the coolness of the valley,
Not the rushing stream, nor morn, nor evening,
My good father now delighteth more.

Frank.

How ! is not thy father pleased by rolling rivers,
Not by the palm-tree's waving in the breeze ?
I see it ; but that there should be a pain,
To lessen which thy solace proves in vain,
Lastrata, that I may not comprehend.

Maiden.

My father's home is distant Italy,
And great misfortunes only brought him hither ;
He strains his longing eyes on yonder shore
To view his much-loved home.
And, sighing, I too long to see
Those shores adorned by richest bloom.
My sickening spirit rests on the blue waste,
And on I'm borne on wings, on blissful dreams.
Say, flows not fairer there the stream of life ?
Yearns ever there the longing heart in vain ?

Frank.

O Maid ! I too, impelled by that same longing,
I dreamed of beauty in the distance only,
But in vain I crossed the foaming billows.
Once more I'm deceived by my forebodings,
By thee, Maiden, wakened in my heart.

Maiden.

Stranger ! canst these sufferings explain,
Feelest thou that undefined pain —
This wishing, all without a wish.

Frank.

Yes, I feel thy longing, know thy pain,
And may now thy wishes all explain,
Full well know I whither flies thy soul !
Not on distant strands and not in battles ;
Ye Sciences, within your realm 'tis not ;
Not in the gay land of my Fantasies,
Is that which satisfies my empty heart.
Love must be the goal of weary pilgrims,
And the myrtle twine in laurel crowns ;
Love must lead us to the land of heroes,
Love must speak to us from spirit-worlds.
Mighty stream ! full well I feel thy current,
Unconsciously I've floated in thy torrent.
Whither ! whither ! oh, I knew it not ;
But 'tis well for thee and me I've found,
Love is no longer unto Chaos bound.

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